THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill… Weekly
Founded A… …enj. Franklin

MARCH 10, 1917 5c. THE COPY

In This Number

Will Irwin—Mary Brecht Pulver—James H. Collins—William J. Neidig—Ethel Train
Forrest Crissey—Nalbro Bartley—George Kibbe Turner—Holworthy Hall

The New Hupmobile

The Gauge of Beauty for a Year to Come

FOR years people have bought the Hupmobile for quality, for performance.

Now they are buying it for beauty as well. The world's finest Four has become the year-ahead beauty-car.

We have always built for goodness and performance. We always will.

A Leader in Beauty as in Performance

Those properties distinguish the Hupmobile. They stamp it a car of special values. They give it a special reputation.

To them is now joined the new distinction of style and extraordinary beauty.

In designing for greater beauty, we have looked a year ahead. In this field the Hupmobile is to stand as high as it does in performance.

Supremacy Won in Every Field

Here its supremacy is established. It has won not only over other fours, but over sixes, eights and twelves.

Owners glory in the way this Perfected Four outdoes cars with more cylinders, on the hills, in sand and mud.

Dealers welcome the chance to demonstrate its superior pulling power in any test that brings out the best a car has.

Such a car was deserving of all the beauty we could give it.

Quality Coupled to Good Looks

We began to prepare a year ago. New factories were built. New equipment was installed. Our plant investment was increased by nearly a million dollars.

This was to provide for a larger production. To effect greater factory efficiency. To cut factory costs. To enable us to add more beauty without encroaching on quality.

For that is the last step we could consider. We value Hupmobile reputation too highly. Satisfaction of owners is worth far more to us than any profit we might make by building to a lower standard.

We could build our motor for less. Another car maker has called it "fit for a $3,000 car."

We could save on our clutch; on our transmission; our rear axle. But we have not permitted ourselves to be tempted.

Keeps Faith With Hupmobile Ideals

Hupmobile policy says, in so many words: "To protect ourselves in our constant endeavor to make the Hupmobile even better than it is, we reserve the right to change specifications and prices without notice, or to use equipment other than that specified."

So the new Hupmobile keeps faith with Hupmobile ideals. It remains the same wondrous performer. It will continue to out-perform the multi-cylinders.

See The New Car; See What It Does

It wears a new dress. It comes to you with new beauty, new style, new luxury—which no other car will attain for a year to come.

See the new Hupmobile. Note its betterments. Check its performance against other cars—cars that have more cylinders or cost more money.

That is your one sure way of proving Hupmobile value.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

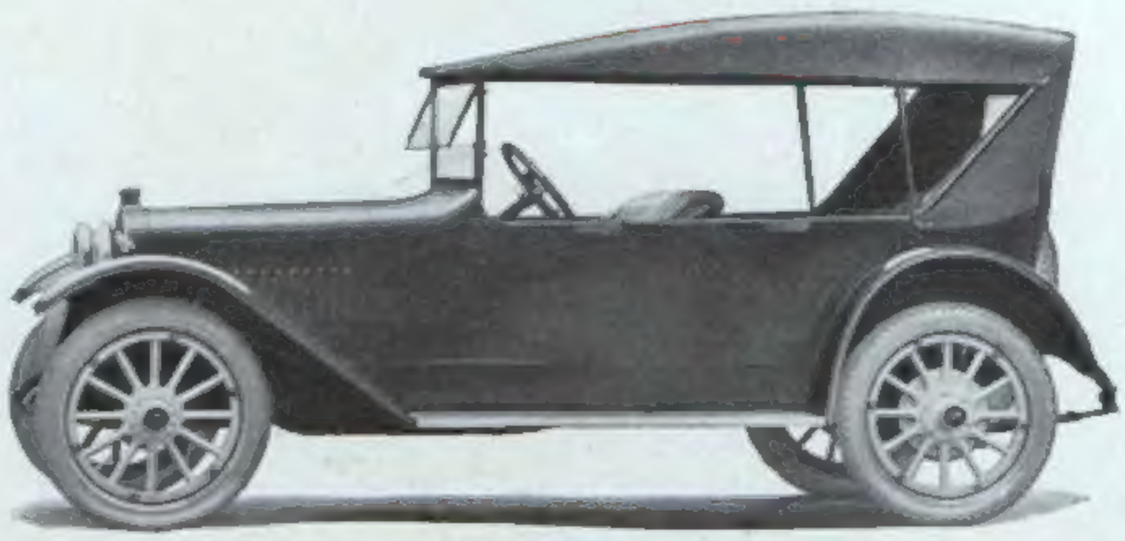
Some of the 25 New Style Features

- Bright finish, long grain, French seam upholstery
- Improved cushions and lace type back springs in seats
- Leather-covered molding finish along edge of upholstery
- Neverleak top, black outside, tan inside—waterproof
- Tonneau gipsy quarter curtains, integral with top
- Front and rear edges of top finished with leather-covered molding with aluminum ferrule tips
- Bow spreaders to carry top when folded
- Hupmobile-Bishop door-curtain carriers, folding with curtains—exclusive feature
- Bright leather hand grip-pads on doors
- Large door pockets with special weighted flaps
- Bodies a new color—Hupmobile blue
- New variable dimming device graduates brilliance of head lights
- Tail lamp operates independently of other lamps
- New soft operating clutch

Six Models

Five-passenger Touring Car; Seven-passenger Touring Car; Year-'Round Touring Car; Roadster; Sedan; Year-'Round Coupé

The Mark of Superior — *Motor Car Service*



By The House of KUPPENHEIMER

YOU can see half-a-dozen of the season's smartest top-coats at your Kuppenheimer dealer's. This one is a bit unusual: a most practical coat, serviceable in all weathers. Wear the belt outside as illustrated, or inside with the coat buttoned over it. Has slashed pockets of the new saddle-bag type. An all-round utility coat—yet see how it sets up a man's figure. Write for our new book, "Styles for Men."

HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
Chicago

Copyright 1911, The House of Kuppenheimer

NATIONAL MAZDA

THE WAY TO BETTER LIGHT

"Oh! I can see a LOT better now!"

Of course you can! When old-fashioned lamps come out of the house, and National MAZDA lamps take their place, you can see the difference at once. Your vision's clearer. Close work is less tiring. And a great source of eyestrain is gone.

For, the first requirement of good lighting is enough light, and National MAZDAS give three times the light without using any more current. Never was electric lighting service lower in price than today.

These Spring weeks are known as House Wiring Time all over the country—*now* is your time to "do it electrically." Wire up for Better Light. Or, if your home is already electrically lighted, see that the lamps are all National MAZDAS.

Buy National MAZDAS where you see them displayed. Buy five at a time in the handy Blue Carton. Let the lamp man advise about sizes—he'll help you get the most light for your money.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
30 Nela Park Cleveland, Ohio

Any of the labels below is a guaranty of National Quality

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Secretary and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1917, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 189 *PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 10, 1917* *Number 37*

THE MAN-KILLER

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THERE are innumerable ways of beginning a story and only four are absolutely unpardonable. This, of course, is one of the four. But there was once in Templeton a wishful woman, whose hobby it was to follow the styles, whether in art or in music, in batiste or in literature; and presently she, too, discovered Kipling and disregarded the flight of time until she had finished the set.

Now by the grace of God and a heritage from her ancestors she was possessed of large and beautiful violet eyes; fortuitously she was acquainted with a few celebrities and a swarm of hopeful prospects; and—at least in Templeton—she was called clever. She discerned an opportunity and she trapped it. Not even the anomaly of an undramatic husband and a long-legged offspring could prevent her from studying the technique of her subcutaneous sister, Mrs. Hauksbee, and shaping her words and deeds accordingly. Marvelous to say, she proved a fairly distinguished credit to the foster relationship, and at length it was universally acknowledged that she had married beneath her own intellectual status.

For a decade and a half she amused herself by serving as branch manager in Templeton for the Indian Psychological Survey, and took her payment in the consciousness that she exercised a sturdy influence over anyone who would listen to her. Like her famous prototype, she especially loved to mold the destinies of young and attractive men; and on one occasion she succeeded in establishing by a single sentence the ambition of a juvenile satellite.

The man was Robinson Whittier, who had also read The Education of Otis Yeere, and knew exactly how Otis felt. And suddenly she said to him—because in his attempt to interest her he was stammering flagrantly—she said sweetly to him with a glance to correspond:

"Bobby, I don't know where you got your experience; but you're an artist with women!"

Whittier flushed, and went on manhandling his vocabulary in a desperate effort to deserve the hyperbole. He drifted home among the stars that night, and his exultant thoughts were sacred to the memory of a rank plagiarist.

The boy Whittier was eager, impressionable, yearning, and hardly twenty; and the natural consequence of that outrageous flattery naturally occurred. Everyone takes more or less innocent pleasure in his own personality; and Whittier, for all his height and weight, was fundamentally as playful and affectionate as the cub of a mountain lion.

Previously he had approached women with apprehension and incoherence; but, because he relied implicitly upon the matron who had emboldened him, and witnessed that many older men were in her confidence, he based his future campaign on the theory that she had given voice to a hitherto unsuspected fact. He endeavored, as most of us do, to live up to the blarney. He began to examine, to observe, to file away his notes of actions and reactions, to judge and classify. Four years later he was moderately proud of his achievements; but meantime he had forgotten, as students will, who was responsible for sending him to school. Indeed, she had long since quitted Templeton to live in Pittsburgh, and Whittier had almost forgotten that she ever existed.

And from this point forward she has nothing whatsoever to do with the story.

Miss Standish, Fashionably Tardy, Was Coming Down

To Bobby Whittier, descending from the afternoon local express at Orient Lake, where all good and solvent Templetonians sojourn from May to September, the vision of Mrs. Brewster standing on the platform astonished no less than gratified him. In all his research he hadn't yet sacrificed his sense of proportion; he was ingenuously delighted that Mrs. Brewster had come in person to welcome him, and his formula of homage brought to her eyes a responsive brightness which was somewhat better than mere hospitality.

"Bobby," she said, squeezing his hand, "I knew you wouldn't fail me! Give your checks to Patrick. We're going to drive round by the lake road while I tell you how you're going to save my life. Why didn't you come sooner?"

Whittier delivered the credentials to the chauffeur and anticipated him in opening the door of the tonneau for Mrs. Brewster.

"Surely," he said, "with five men up at the house, they haven't all passed back to the dealer, have they? If they have I loathe 'em for cowardice and bless 'em for the privilege. Say on!"

She nodded affirmatively.

"They've mutinied!" declared Mrs. Brewster, assuming a terrific frown, which was agreeably tempered by the indulgence of her mouth. "They've gone and spoiled my party!"

Whittier, at this moment, was regarding her with manifest admiration. To figure strictly by the calendar she wasn't a young woman; neither, in this age of dancing and fluffy clothes, was she condemned to obscurity by her age; she was possibly forty-two, but she had kept her moods and her complexion youthful, and summer fabrics were amazingly becoming to her.

Whittier was charmed anew, and rejoiced that Patrick, under instructions, was heading for the longest route homeward. But she had said something ——

"Spoiled your party!" he echoed, incredulous.

Anyone else, to produce the same effect, would have emphasized it "Spoiled *your* party!" The inference was complimentary to the extreme.

"Yes—they have!" she reiterated. "And I've been longing and fretting and counting the hours until you got here. It's a girl."

Whittier laughed outright, and builded on his certainty that Mrs. Brewster liked badinage.

"It's been ten years since girls spoiled house parties for me," he stated. "What's the matter with her—can she swim already?"

Mrs. Brewster's lips curved; but she shook her head.

"Bobby, you know I trust you, don't you?"

"If I doubted it," said Whittier, "I should take to opiates and die in a nice muddy gutter."

"You needn't laugh. It's a very critical situation!"

"She must be pretty," guessed Whittier.

"Well, she is. She's too pretty."

"A paradox I refuse to grant," he denied.

"Just the same, she is. She's positively a man-killer!"

"And so your guests have mutinied and you're calling for volunteers? Where is she?"

"Bobby! You sit there and rest your mind, and let me do the talking! You see—I didn't want to confine this whole week to Templeton people; so I asked two men and two girls from outside. She's one of the girls. I hadn't seen her for a season or two, but she was always a dear; so I asked her. And, Bobby, she's all there is to the party!"

"Oh!" said Whittier. "That's superlative!"

"The men are simply crazy about her," related his companion. "Why, if somebody turns on the phonograph you'd think she was a fire and the men were a lot of battalion chiefs! They don't saunter up politely to ask her to dance; they make one wild dash, and the losers sulk and sigh, and then finally remember their manners—or me—and pick out somebody else! They've been impossible! But that isn't the worst of it, Bobby——"

"On the contrary," opined Whittier thoughtfully.

"Exactly! The worst of it is that nobody's having a good time—not even Cecily!"

"That's curious," said Whittier. "Doesn't she care for popularity?"

"I don't know. But I've got a whole houseful of constraint, and I need you. All the other girls are feeling hurt and snubbed and wallflowerish; and Cecily's bored. Imagine it!"

Whittier smiled his allegiance.

"And my pleasant duty?" he queried.

"Monopolize her," said Mrs. Brewster grimly. "I've known you ever since you wouldn't play Post Office, Bobby. I want you to put an end to the nonsense; and you can do it without even working the old conservatory! You're such a genius you won't have the least trouble in the world. You monopolize her!"

"Now, Mrs. Brewster! You ——"

"And as soon as you can get your monopoly under way you'll do three things—you'll make it possible for the other girls to have a wee bit of fun indoors without seeming like second choices; you'll be a perfectly adequate little playmate for Cecily outdoors; and you'll make me a very happy hostess."

"By nightfall," said Whittier resolutely, "my hostess shall be trebly happy—that is, unless my educated feet lose their cunning and my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth."

Her smile was an inclusive reward.

"I knew you wouldn't fail me, Bobby!"

"Provided always, of course, that the lady is willin'."

"She will be," promised Mrs. Brewster. "Now to warn you—she's unutterably captivating, and she hasn't any heart."

"Things equal to the same thing," said Whittier—"that's logic."

"She'd flirt with the newel-post, if nothing better offered."

"My rival fills me with contempt," said Whittier.

"She's overwhelmed every man in the house."

"To-night, as a courtesy to you," said Whittier, "I shall give her the opportunity of maintaining the average."

"And you'll save me from nervous prostration."

"I'll do my best," vowed Whittier, "to cheat the doctors."

"She's an expert, Bobby. When she looks at you you'll writhe!"

"I rarely fidget," said Whittier, "and I've been reading a book on will power."

"Temporarily you'll make an enemy of five men, and you may have to arbitrate later with five girls."

"Your friendship is worth fifty," said Whittier. "I renounce 'em in advance."

She leaned toward him and became impressively serious.

"Bobby, I'm really not joking. You will help me out, won't you? It's been perfectly hectic! Nobody's at ease—nobody's vivacious—nobody but Cecily and the man she's with; and I know she isn't altogether joyous. If you'll just institute an old-fashioned rush ——"

"I shall do an unqualified hurl," Bobby asserted. "You've got me all stirred up, and I'm glad I bought a new silk waistcoat. Ask Patrick to drive faster, will you?"

"But—don't forget—she knows your horrid past from A to Izzard."

"My past?" he puzzled.

"Don't you remember your first affinity? And how Cecily used to loiter round so unobtrusively? She's profited by her examples, Bobby. She's infinitely more resourceful than her mother was."

"Mother!" exploded Whittier. "You're not talking about little Cecily *Standish* who used to live in Templeton! That spidery-legged ——"

"Sh-h-h!" said Mrs. Brewster. "She's nineteen, and the water's so cold that we haven't been to the beach yet; so you can't say a word authoritatively. But it's Cecily Standish. . . . And she's a terror!"

The car swung into a wooded driveway; and between the trees Whittier could catch glimpses of a great white house, fronting the placid lake. He stared at Mrs. Brewster in extraordinary bewilderment; long-discarded images were flickering before him; he recalled a certain evening when he had made a confessor of Cecily's mother, and in the midst of his peroration Cecily had been detected in hiding behind the portières.

Whittier's pulses quickened; but after that one spasm of perturbation his magnificent assurance remained intact. The problem was slightly more complicated than usual—that was all. It was a chance for strategy.

"Well," said Whittier complacently, "that ought not to sour my disposition, ought it?"

Nevertheless, there was a subsequent moment when, with a clean dress collar in his hand, he stood contemplatively striving to visualize Miss Standish, and to complete, from the shadowy vignettes of his memory, some analysis that would serve as a criterion for his present conduct. She had been a highly ubiquitous child, with a penchant for sarcastic remarks and shrill laughter; and toward the end of her residence in Templeton she had won more than transient notoriety by giving public imitations of her mother's reception of a courtly visitor.

She hadn't succumbed to Whittier's blandishments—at least, she habitually flung barbed gibes at him when he came up the walk; and in winter she frequently managed to have a snowball or two to fling along with them. And once she had been caught listening behind the portières! Whittier reddened, in spite of himself, and began to fasten the collar.

He balked over his tie—not because he was one of those temperamental and profane bunglers who really ought to wear made-up cravats, but because his mental processes weren't in synchronism with his fingers. Mrs. Brewster's report had originally filled him with enthusiasm; the girl guest, until her name had been mentioned, had suggested novelty and refreshment. He had been strongly predisposed to like her and to find entertainment in her unique character. He had been inspired by the knowledge that, in supporting Mrs. Brewster, he would necessarily have to go out in competition with the field and earn his monopoly by sheer merit of plan and discourse; and this was the warfare he most enjoyed.

But to learn that the triumphant creature of ineffable beauty and unapproachable repartee was Cecily Standish,

He Was Irritated to Discover That She Had Gone Quite Limp

who four years ago had scandalized the town by mimicry which was too professionally accurate to be more than half humorous! . . . Whittier's pupils dilated, and he noticed with signal amazement that the palms of his hands were moist. He inspected himself in the mirror and grinned sardonically.

"Well!" he said to himself. "Are you sixteen years old, dressing for dancing class—or are you just plain buffaloed?"

He buttoned his new silk waistcoat and slipped into his dinner jacket. Of the numbered hairs of his head a few had encroached upon the aisle; he coerced them relentlessly with a military brush. Immaculate, splendidly tailored, he scanned with approval the blond young giant smiling at him from the pier glass, and was about to move away satisfied when automatically he was reminded of a brief but essential rite, and paused to fix his eyebrows in engaging symmetry.

At the conclusion of the ceremony he remained in profound meditation; then again the color burned into his cheeks, and under his breath he quoted a phrase that wasn't morally adapted to the drawing-room. It had flashed across him that the person who had first hinted that a well-groomed man also cares for his brows was Cecily's mother. Women, she had told him, were propitiated by these niceties; and he had bought a tiny implement of velvet bristle forthwith.

"I hope she chokes!" said Whittier piously, and went out to the stairway.

Scattered about the lower floor were several people he recognized, and three strangers—two men and a girl. He was duly presented; he accepted with exactly the right degree of humility the conventional declaration that they had heard much of him; he scrupulously refrained from the crass banality which is the conventional response.

Miss Standish, he was informed, was mad to meet him; as a rejoinder he alleged that in his insane rage to meet Miss Standish he was all but violent. The anteprandial hush ensued; tumblers were heard to clink in the distance; there was a rustling on the stairway—and Miss Standish, fashionably tardy, was coming down.

Whittier, with the rest, had turned to watch her entrance. He was prepared to behold a vivid, smashing beauty, enveloped in one of the modish ruddier shades of burgundy or dregs-of-wine; what he saw was sufficiently astounding to force his lips apart in stupefied vacuity.

Cecily Standish, advertised as the man-killer, was a slim, exquisitely tinted girl of more than ordinary poise; her gown was a dainty specimen of those daintily flowered substances that show to such advantage in melodramas of the Civil War; it had dim roses on it, and bastions of flounces; it fairly exhaled an atmosphere of modesty and sweetness.

And Miss Standish herself! . . . Whittier's heart delayed its functions as he verified the detail . . . she was brown-eyed! Before he could properly give thanks that she had escaped the lighter pigments, before he had comprehended the extreme simplicity of her coiffure and the unerring craftsmanship of it, before he had fully appreciated the marvelous blending of her features, Miss Standish, dimpling, had raced down to the lower level.

Then silence—dead, civil silence. The gentle voice of Mrs. Brewster intoned a pair of surnames. Whittier bowed blindly. There was a smooth current of people flowing west and Whittier was carried incontinently along with it. He assisted someone to a seat at the table. He dropped his napkin on the floor. In groping to retrieve it he disarranged ringingly his series of silver accouterments.

A hum of conversation arose and cheered him, and he breathed more freely. He ventured to look at his right-hand neighbor, and found her smiling at him. Her eyes—which, if they had been the hereditary violet, couldn't have been clearer or larger—stifled his budding arrogance. An enchanting warmth crept over him and he was beatified.

"It's quite four years, isn't it?" she said slowly. "Tell me—am I to be afraid of you?"

"Afraid of me!" echoed Whittier. "Why?"

"Why, because," she said, allowing her eyes to display illimitable depths, "you've had so many years to improve and mature—and you were always an artist . . . with women." The last words were barely audible.

"True art," said Whittier, fascinated, though somewhat staggered, "is in the opinion of the critic. I am indebted to you."

And tasted his soup tentatively.

To the continuous gratification of Mrs. Brewster, they were mutually absorbed in each other throughout that dinner and immediately afterward, when Whittier stole Miss Standish from a group of raiders and segregated her for coffee in the living room. In due course the big concert phonograph was commandeered for use; and Whittier, encouraged by Mrs. Brewster's tacit gratitude, and slightly piqued and spurred by the restraints Miss Standish imposed, regardless of their ancient standards, involved her for the preliminary half hour. By that time he was thoroughly awake to his good fortune.

To be sure, she was mainly on the initiative; and she was direct—startlingly direct; but she was so enticing in her sallies and ripostes that Whittier was transported; and when she proposed an interlude on the bricked loggia commanding the lake he acceded with zeal that was almost too prompt to be artistic. He brought two chairs

and one cushion, and concentrated heartily upon his quondam tormentor.

"How quiet you are!" said Miss Standish suddenly.

"It's a wholesome compliment to you," explained Whittier, thinking in adjectives.

"That—or ennui?"

"That—and uncertainty," said Whittier. "I was wondering who invented formality, and why."

She laughed, and clasped her hands behind her head. The platinous moonlight was kind to her; it lent her a certain ethereal unreality without detracting from her alluringly human attributes.

"Someone invented electricity, too," she said; "but there are still gas companies, aren't there? What was it, specifically?"

Whittier edged an imperceptible inch toward her.

"To tell the truth—your name."

"Don't you tell the truth habitually, Mr. Whittier?"

"Is there any way of answering that question without incriminating myself?"

"I think you might answer it frankly—couldn't you?"

Whittier shrugged his shoulders.

"To save losing energy, like the darky who ran half a mile to get impetus enough to jump a two-foot fence," he said, "suppose we begin to double on our tracks. I hardly ever tell the truth unless it's unexpected."

"Then you're at liberty to be as frank as you please," she informed him. "And I'm waiting to hear what's wrong with my name."

"Was that what I implied?"

"Oh, no; it was purely intuitive."

"A synonym for guesswork," said Whittier lightly.

Miss Standish permitted a wrinkle to appear upon her forehead.

"Then you don't believe in feminine intuitions?"

"Why should I? They're not instinct—they're extinct."

"Oh, but, Mr. Whittier—they're not! They're proverbial."

"When you show me the remains of the cat that was killed by curiosity, and the walls that have physical ears," said Whittier, "I'll try to compromise with you. Until then, I'm ag'in' proverbs."

"They're very helpful to some of us," she insisted.

"Name one," said Whittier, "and I'll slay it for you."

"'A thing of beauty is a joy forever,'" she proffered.

"Except," said Whittier, "when it's skin-deep. Let's have another."

"'Out of sight, out of mind'?"

"Still, old friends are best," said Whittier.

"I—well, there's one you can't dispute."

"It must be an infant among proverbs," he deprecated.

She had inclined toward him and he was mystified by the challenge in her eyes. She fascinated him and yet he was inwardly advised to hold his emotions aloof.

The impending peril wasn't so much in her forwardness but in her obvious repression.

"'Faint heart,'" she said softly, "'never won fair lady.'"

"And yet," he responded steadily, "there's an old-time maxim to the purport that 'All things come to him who waits.'"

He had also bent nearer to her, and his pose was tense and vigilant.

"I like wit in men," she said. "I like quick thinking—and quick doing. Will you be offended if I say sincerely that you have matured?"

"Sincerity never offends the intelligent," said Whittier, bringing himself sharply to earth and drawing his chair an inch farther away. He was exercising his utmost resistance in order to preserve an impersonal demeanor; for now and then a casual stress in modulation, a passing trick of accenting a clause by an infinitesimal motion of the hands, brought back a clear-cut image of Cecily's mother—and her mother's daughter was a distinct improvement.

"Have I changed so much?" she asked abruptly.

"In some respects so much that you're very foreign—so little in others that when I was thinking of formality I wondered why we weren't using our Christian names."

"Did I ever use yours, Mr. Whittier?"

"No; but there were reasons. Possibly I awed you."

"And now I've changed?"

"I gave you a divided answer—you pays your money and takes your choice."

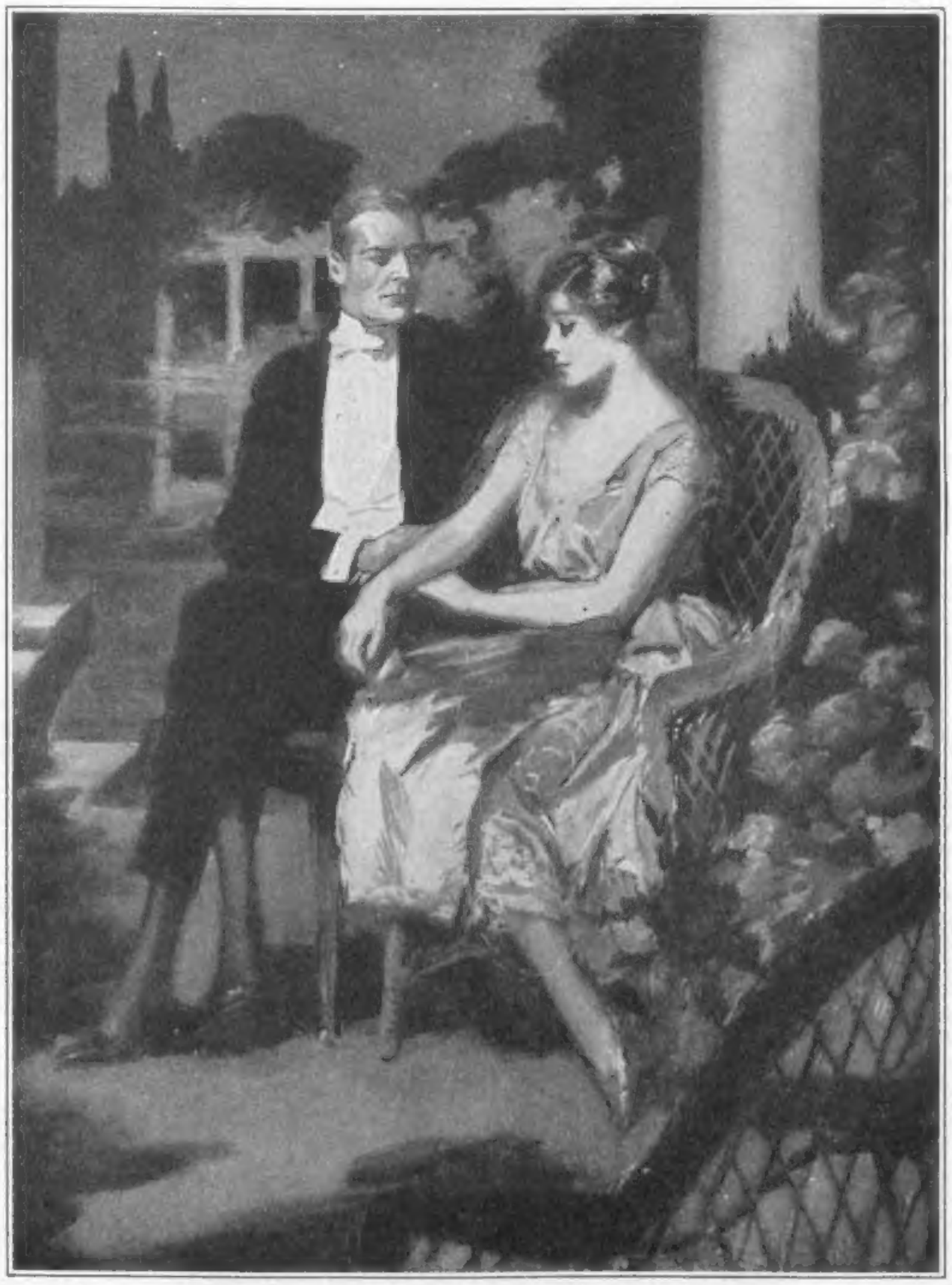
Miss Standish smiled with her eyes.

"You must mean, then, that you want to call me Cecily?"

Whittier glanced behind him.

"I was thinking consecutively."

"Because there's no reason why you shouldn't. . . . The horizon hasn't altered that much. . . . Who is your confidante now?"



"If I Weren't Persuaded That You're the Apotheosis of Ingénues, I'd Begin to Think You're Flirting With Me"

"I'm democratic," said Whittier; "and—secretive."

"Haven't you any more *impasses?*"

"I don't know that I ever had," he protested.

"One of the three unfulfilled dreams I have," she said musingly, "is to be a confidante. It sounds so—adult. It must be like having the legal and moral authority to open somebody else's mail. Ever since I was a little girl I've had fantasies of men coming to me with their funny troubles . . . and it's never happened. Don't you suppose that for old friendship's sake you could scare up a confidence or two for me? I'd be ever so sympathetic."

"Unfortunately," said Whittier, folding his arms, "my path has been strewn with roses."

He was gradually becoming restive. Miss Standish wasn't considering his prerogatives; she was setting the pace herself, and Whittier shone primarily as a leader.

"In four years! No love affairs?"

"Nary a one!" said Whittier firmly. This was a reconnaissance.

"Oh! . . . Have I misjudged you? Or are you so courteous to me only as a particular favor?"

"If I weren't persuaded that you're the apotheosis of ingénues," he said, "I'd begin to think you're flirting with me."

This was the gage of battle. There were not more than three ways of treating it. Miss Standish was suffused with merriment, which she didn't conceal.

"Which one of us is the ingénue, Mr. Whittier?"

"There's only one way to decide that."

"And—if you'll be so kind?"

"You're too old," he said brutally; he was running along prehistoric lines.

"Too old!"

"By four years—that is, I'm sentimentally enjoined from the laboratory test. I was once a pupil of your mother. But, so far as I'm concerned, I'll refer you to Sydney Porter, the great philosophical teacher, in that illuminating paragraph on the heaving of bricks."

"It's too bad," she hesitated; "but I read so little metaphysics ——"

"The great pedagogue asks us," said Whittier, "whether we've ever seen a man sneak out in the back yard and pick up a rock to throw at a tomcat that was looking at him. He pretends that he hasn't a thing in his hand, and that he doesn't see the cat, and that the cat doesn't see him. And ——" He stopped short and induced a superficial fit of coughing.

"Yes?" urged Miss Standish.

"The context eludes me." This was scientific engineering.

"I seem to have a hazy recollection of the place," said Miss Standish wickedly. "There was something about the value of the tomcat method as opposed to the hot horseshoe, or the blunt joy of a small boy finding a baseball in the grass. But I miss the analogy. You're not planning to hold *my* hand, are you?"

"I was quoting," said Whittier comfortably, "one of the qualitative tests."

He was disillusioned and regretful; the enemy was without skirmishers—she had only heavy artillery.

"And the other one—for which I'm too decrepit?"

"I didn't say that! I said you were too old."

"But when one's too old to be a modern ingénue isn't one pitiably decrepit?"

"Not without exception. . . . They've unearthed a waltz finally. Shall we demonstrate?"

"Why—certainly, if you'd rather," said Miss Standish, rising. She smoothed her skirts and looked directly up into his face. "You frighten me!" she said, turning her head away.

Whittier gasped.

"I—frighten you? That's most extraordinary! What have I done?"

"Nothing."

He would have taken oath that her tone was wistful. He smiled to himself in curbed cynicism.

"Let me give you my solemn affirmation that I'm tame and harmless, Miss Standish."

She glanced at him sidewise with her head lowered.

"Not Cecily?"

"If you look like that at me," said Whittier, unable to oppose an impulse that was two-thirds sheer disinclination, "you'll force me to ascertain which one of us is the ingénue."

"Not by throwing bricks, I hope?"

"No—by the surer system."

"Is it so faithfully precise?"

"Absolutely!"

"I think," she said with a quaver in her voice, "that you and I misunderstand each other, Mr. Whittier." And she looked at him sidewise with her head lowered.

As he surged toward her he was subtly perceptive of error in his judgment. Her sudden straightening indicated a remote possibility that she hadn't realized the significance of her repetition of the coquetry. And Whittier, who couldn't for the soul of him have dissected his motives as he surged toward her, halted, paralyzed by the prohibitive barrier of her eyes.

"Well!" she said, surveying him with calm dignity. "So that's it! That's what you were going to do! I said we misunderstood each other. Matured! And I'd hoped—I'd hoped we were going to be friends! Why you're nothing but a—a conceited lady-killer!"

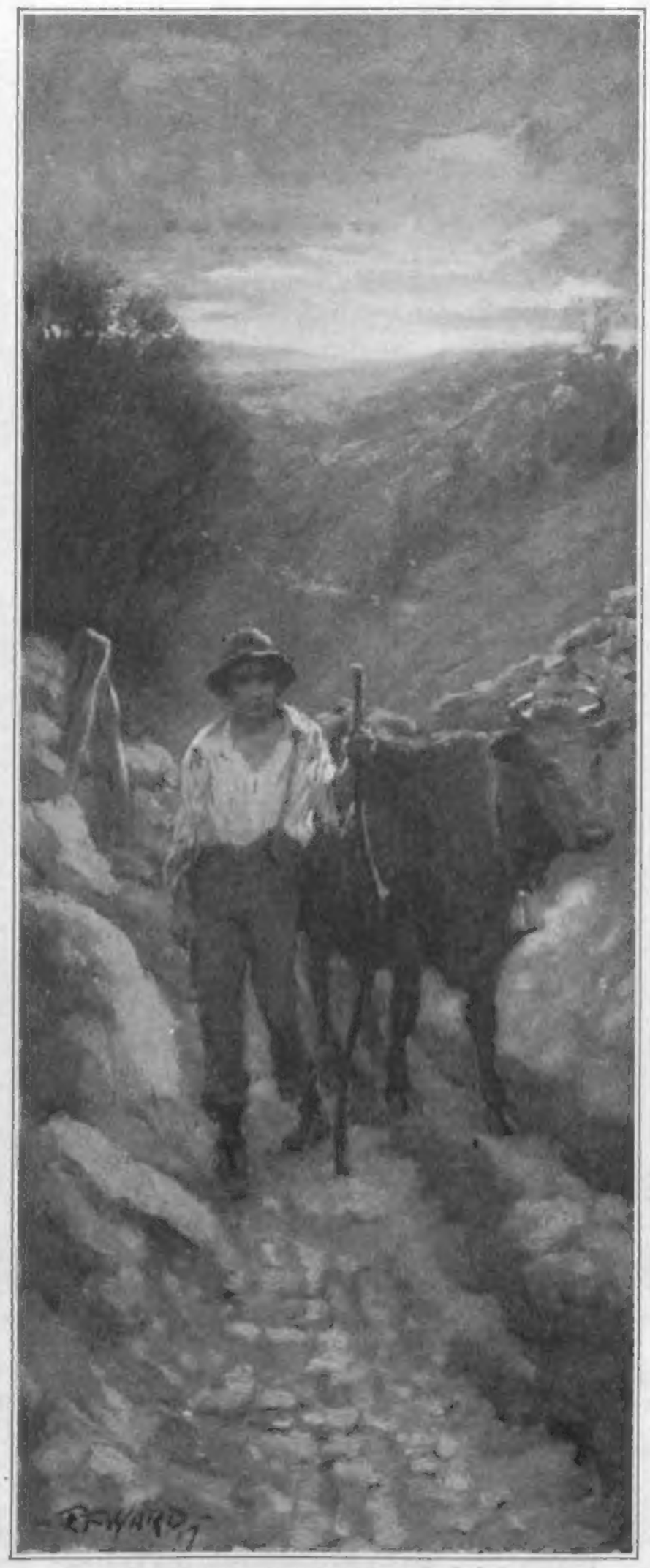
She darted past him to sanctuary, and Whittier, woefully shaken, tramped on behind her to extenuate and make amends. But in the living room Mrs. Brewster cornered him as he entered.

(Continued on Page 41)

THE PATH OF GLORY

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD



As Far Back as He Could Remember, Luke Had Realized That the Hand of God Was Laid on His Family

IT WAS so poor a place—a bitten-off morsel "at the beyond end of nowhere"—that when a February gale came driving down out of a steel sky and shut up the little lane road and covered the house with snow a passer-by might have mistaken it all, peeping through its icy fleece, for just a huddle of the brown bowlders so common to the country thereabouts.

And even when there was no snow it was as bad—worse, almost, Luke thought. When everything else went brave and young with new greenery; when the alders were laced with the yellow haze of leaf bud, and the brooks got out of prison again, and arbutus and violet and buttercup went through their rotation of bloom up in the rock pastures and maple bush—the farm buildings seemed only the bleaker and barer.

That forlorn unpainted little house, with its sagging blinds! It squatted there through the year like a one-eyed beggar without a friend—lost in its venerable white-beard winters, or contemplating an untidy welter of rusty farm machinery through the summers.

When Luke brought his one scraggy little cow up the lane he always turned away his head. The place made him think of the old man who let the birds build nests in his whiskers. He preferred, instead, to look at the glories of Bald Mountain or one of the other hills. There was nothing wrong with the back drops in the home stage-set; it was only home itself that hurt one's feelings.

There was no cheer inside, either. The sagging old floors, though scrubbed and spotless, were uncarpeted; the furniture meager. A pine table, a few old chairs, a shabby scratched settle covered by a thin horse blanket as innocent of nap as a Mexican hairless—these for essentials; and for embellishment a shadeless glass lamp on the table, about six-candle power, where you might make shift to read the Biweekly—times when there was enough money to have a Biweekly—if you were so minded; and window shelves full of corn and tomato cans, still wearing their horticultural labels, where scrawny one-legged geraniums and yellowing coleus and begonia contrived an existence of sorts.

And then, of course, the mantelpiece with the black-edged funeral notice and shiny coffin plate, relics of Grampaw Peel's taking-off; and the pink mug with the purple pansy and "Woodstock, N. Y.," on it; the photograph of a forgotten cousin in Iowa, with long antenna-shaped mustaches; the Bible with the little china knobs on the corners; and the pile of medicine testimonials and seed catalogues—all these contributed something.

If it was not a beautiful place within, it was, also, not even a pleasant place spiritually. What with the open door into his father's room, whence you could hear the thin frettings made by the man who had lain these ten years with chronic rheumatism, and the untuneful whistlings of whittling Tom, the big brother, the shapely supple giant whose mind had never grown since the fall from the barn roof when he was eight years old, and the acrid complaints of the tall gaunt mother, stepping about getting their inadequate supper, in her gray wrapper, with the ugly little blue shawl pinned round her shoulders, it was as bad a place as you might find in a year's journeying for anyone to keep bright and "chirk up" in.

Not that anyone in particular expected "them poor Hayneses" to keep bright or "chirk up." As far back as he could remember, Luke had realized that the hand of God was laid on his family. Dragging his bad leg up the hill pastures after the cow, day in and day out, he had evolved a sort of patient philosophy about it. It was just inevitable, like a lot of things known in that rock-ribbed and fatalistic region—as immutably decreed by heaven as foreordination and the damnation of unbaptized babes. The Hayneses had just "got it hard."

Yet there were times, now he was come to a gangling fourteen, when Luke's philosophy threatened to fail him. It wasn't fair—so it wasn't! They weren't bad folks; they'd done nothing wicked. His mother worked like a dog—"no fair for her," any way you looked at it. There were times when the boy drank in bitterly every detail of the miserable place he called home and knew the depths of an utter despair.

If there was only some way to better it all! But there was no chance. His father had been a failure at everything he touched in early life, and now he was a hopeless invalid. Tom was an idiot—or almost—and himself a cripple. And Nat! Well, Nat "wa'n't willin'"—not that one should blame him. Times like these a lump like a roc's egg would rise in the boy's throat. He had to spit—and spit hard—to conquer it.

"If we hain't the gosh-awfulest lot!" he would gulp.

To-day, as he came up the lane, June was in the land. She'd done her best to be kind to the farm. All the old heterogeneous rosebushes in the woodyard and front "lawn" were pied with fragrant bloom. Usually Luke would have lingered to sniff it all, but he saw only one thing now with a sudden skipping at his heart—an automobile standing beside the front porch.

It was not the type of car to cause cardiac disturbance in a connoisseur. It was, in fact, of an early vintage, high-set, chunky, brassily æsthetic, and given to asthmatic chokings on occasion; but Luke did not know this. He knew only that it spelled luxury beyond all dreams. It belonged, in short, to his Uncle Clem Cheesman, the rich butcher who lived in the village twelve miles away; and its presence here signaled the fact that Uncle Clem and Aunt Mollie had come to pay one of their detestable quarterly visits to their poor relations. They had come while he was out, and Maw was in there now, bearing it all alone.

Luke limped into the house hastily. He was not mistaken. There was a company air in the room, a stiff hostile-polite taint in the atmosphere. Three visitors sat in the kitchen, and a large hamper, its contents partly disgorged, stood on the table. Luke knew that it contained gifts—the hateful, merciful, nauseating charity of the better-off.

Aunt Mollie was speaking as he entered—a large, high-colored, pouter-pigeon-chested woman, with a great many rings with bright stones, and a nodding pink plume in her hat. She was holding up a bifurcated crimson garment, and greeted Luke absently.

"Three pair o' them underdrawers, Delia—an' not a break in one of 'em! I sez, as soon as I see Clem layin' 'em aside this spring, 'Them things'll be jest right fur Delia's Jere, layin' there with the rheumatiz.' They may come a little loose; but, of course, you can't be choicey. I've b'en at Clem fur five years to buy him union suits; but he's always b'en so stuck on red flannen. But now he's got two aut'mobiles, countin' the new delivery, I guess he's gotta be more tony; so he made out to spare 'em. And now that hat, Delia—it ain't a mite wore out, an' fur all you'll need one it's plenty good enough. I only had it two years and I guess folks won't remember; an' what if they do—they all know you get my things. Same way with that collarette. It's a little moth-eaten, but it won't matter fur you. . . . The gray suit you can easy cut down fur Luke, there ——".

She droned on, the other woman making dry automatic sounds of assent. She looked cool—Maw—Luke thought; but she wasn't. Not by a darn sight! There was a spot of pink in each cheek and she stared hard every little bit at Grampaw Peel's funeral plate on the mantel. Luke knew what she was thinking of—poor Maw! She was burning in a fire of her own lighting. She had brought it all on herself—on the whole lot of them.

Years ago she had been just like Aunt Mollie. The daughters of a prosperous village carpenter, they had shared beads, beaus and bangles until Maw, in a moment's madness, had chucked it all away to marry poor Paw. Now she had made her bed, she must lie in it. Must sit and say "Thank you!" for Aunt Mollie's leavings, precious scraps she dared not refuse—Maw, who had a pride as fierce and keen as any! It was devilish! Oh, it was kind of Aunt Mollie to give; it was the taking that came so bitter hard. And then they weren't genteel about their giving. There was always that air of superiority, that conscious patronage, as now, when Uncle Clem, breaking off his conversation with the invalid in the next room about the price of mutton on the hoof and the chances of the Democrats' getting in again, stopped fiddling with his thick plated watch chain and grinned across at big Tom to fling his undeviating flower of wit:

"Runnin' all to beef, hain't ye, Tom, boy? Come on down to the market an' we'll git some A 1 sirloins outen ye, anyway. Do your folks that much good."

It was things like this that made Luke want to burn, poison or shoot Uncle Clem. He was not a bad man, Uncle Clem—a thick sandy chunk of a fellow, given to bright neckties and a jocosity that took no account of feelings. Shaped a little like a log, he was—back of his head and back of his neck—all of a width. Little lively green eyes and bristling red mustaches. A complexion a society bud might have envied. Why was it a butcher got so pink and white and sleek? Pork, that's what Uncle Clem resembled, Luke thought—a nice, smooth, pale-fleshed pig, ready to be skinned.

His turn next! When crops and politics failed and the joke at poor Tom—Tom always giggled inordinately at it, too—had come off, there was sure to be the one about himself and the lame duck next. To divert himself of bored expectation, Luke turned to stare at his cousin, S'norta.

S'norta, sitting quietly in a chair across the room, was seldom known to be emotional. Indeed, there were times when Luke wondered whether she had not died in her chair. One had that feeling about S'norta, so motionless was she, so uncompromising of glance. She was very prosperous looking, as became the heiress to the Cheesman

meat business—a fat little girl of twelve, dressed with a profusion of ruffles, glass pearls, gilt buckles, and thick tawny curls that might have come straight from the sausage hook in her papa's shop.

S'norta had been consecrated early in life to the unusual. Even her name was not ordinary. Her romantic mother, immersed in the prenatal period in the hair-lifting adventures of one Señorita Carmena, could think of no lovelier appellation when her darling came than the first portion of that sloe-eyed and restless lady's title, which she conceived to be baptismal; and in due course she had conferred it, together with her own pronunciation, on her child. A bold man stopping in at Uncle Clem's market, as Luke knew, had once tried to pronounce and expound the cognomen in a very different fashion; but he had been hustled unceremoniously from the place, and S'norta remained in undisturbed possession of her honors.

Now Luke was recalled from his contemplation by his uncle's voice again. A lull had fallen and out of it broke the question Luke always dreaded.

"Nat, now!" said Uncle Clem, leaning forward, his thick fingers clutching his fat knees. "You ain't had any news of him since quite a while ago, have you?" The wit that was so preponderable a feature of Uncle Clem's nature bubbled to the surface. "Dunno but he's landed in jail a spell back and can't git out again!" The lively little eyes twinkled appreciatively.

Nobody answered. It set Maw's mouth in a thin, hard line. You wouldn't get a rise out of old Maw with such tactics—Maw, who believed in Nat, soul and body. Into Luke's mind flashed suddenly a formless half prayer: "Don't let 'em nag her now—make 'em talk other things!"

The Lord, in the guise of Aunt Mollie, answered him. For once, Nat and Nat's character and failings did not hold her. She drew a deep breath and voiced something that claimed her interest:

"Well, Delia, I see you wasn't out at the Bisbee's funeral. Though I don't s'pose anyone really expected you, knowin' how things goes with you. Time was, when you was a girl, you counted in as big as any and traveled with the best; but now"—she paused delicately, and coughed politely with an appreciative glance round the poor room—"they ain't anyone hereabouts but's talkin' about it. My land, it was swell! I couldn't ask no better for my own. Fourteen cabs, and the hearse sent over from Rockville—all pale gray, with mottled gray horses. It was what I call tasty.

"Matty wasn't what you'd call well-off—not as lucky as some I could mention; but she certainly went off grand! The whole Methodist choir was out, with three numbers in broken time; and her cousin's brother-in-law from out West—some kind of bishop—to preach. Honest, it was one of the grandest sermons I ever heard! Wasn't it, Clem?"

Uncle Clem cleared his throat thoughtfully.

"Humiliatin'!—that's what I'd call it. A strong maur'l sermon all round. A man couldn't hear it 'thout bein' humiliated more ways'n one." He was back at the watchchain again.

"It's a pity you couldn't of gone, Delia—you an' Matty always was so intimate too. You certainly missed a grand treat, I can tell you; though, if you hadn't the right clothes ——"

"Well, I haven't," Maw spoke dryly. "I don't go nowheres, as you know—not even church."

"I s'pose not. Time was it was different, though, Delia. Ain't nobody but talks how bad off you are. Ann Chester said she seen you in town a while back and wouldn't of knowed it was you if it hadn't of b'en you was wearin' my old brown cape, an' she reconnized it. Her an' me got 'em both alike to the same store in Rockville. You was so changed, she said she couldn't hardly believe it was you at all."

"Sometimes I wonder myself if it is," said Maw grimly.

"Well, 's I was sayin', it was a grand funeral. None better! They even had engraved invites, over a hundred printed—and they had folks from all over the state. They give Clem, here, the contract fur the supper meat ——"

"The best of everything!" Uncle Clem broke in. "None o' your cheap graft. Gimme a free hand. Jim Bisbee tole me himself. 'I want the best ye got,' he sez; an' I give it. Spring lamb and prime ribs, fancy hotel style ——"

"An' Em Carson baked the cakes fur 'em, sixteen of 'em; an' Dickison the undertaker's tellin' all over they got the best quality shroud he carries. Well, you'll find it all in the Biweekly, under Death's Busy Sickle. Jim Bisbee shore set a store by Matty oncet she was dead. It was a grand affair, Delia. Not but what we've had some good ones in our time too."

It was Aunt Mollie's turn to stare pridefully at the Peel plate on the chimney shelf.

"A thing like that sets a family up, sorta."

Uncle Clem had taken out a fat black cigar with a red-white-and-blue band. He bit off the end and alternately thrust it between his lips or felt of its thickness with a fondling thumb and finger. Luke, watching, felt a sudden compassion for the cigar. It looked so harried.

"I always say," Aunt Mollie droned on, "a person shows up what he really is at the last—what him and his family stands fur. It's what kind of a funeral you've got that counts—who comes out an' all. An' that was true with Matty. There wa'n't a soul worth namin' that wasn't out to hers."

How Aunt Mollie could gouge—even amicably! And funerals! What a subject, even in a countryside where a funeral is a social event and the manner of its furniture marks a definite social status! Would they never go? But it seemed at last they would. Incredibly, somehow, they were taking their leave, Aunt Mollie kissing Maw good-by, with the usual remark about "hopin' the things would help some," and about being "glad to spare somethin' from her great plenty."

She and Señorita were presently packed into the car and Tom had gone out to goggle at Uncle Clem cranking up, the cold cigar still between his lips. Now they were off—choking and snorting their way out of the woodyard and down the lane. Aunt Mollie's pink feather streamed into the breeze like a pennon of triumph.

Maw was standing by the stove, a queer look in her eyes; so queer that Luke didn't speak at once. He limped over to finger the spilled treasures on the table.

"Gee! Lookit, Maw! More o' them prunes we liked so; an' a bag o' early peaches; an' fresh soup meat fur a week ——"

A queer trembling had seized his mother. She was so white he was frightened.

"Did you sense what it meant, Luke—what Aunt Molly told us about Matty Bisbee? We was left out deliberate—that's what it meant. Her an' me that was raised together an' went to school and picnics all our girlhood together! Never could see one 'thout the other when we was growin' up—Jim Bisbee knew that too! But"—her voice wavered miserably—"I didn't get no invite to her funeral. I don't count no more, Lukey. None of us, anywheres. . . . We're jest them poor Gawd-forsaken Hayneses."

She slipped down suddenly into a chair and covered her face, her thin shoulders shaking. Luke went and touched her awkwardly. Times he would have liked to put his arms round Maw—now more than ever; but he didn't dare.

"Don't take on, Maw! Don't!"

"Who's takin' on?" She lifted a fierce, sallow, tear-wet face. "Hain't no use makin' a fuss. All's left's to work—to work, an' die after a while."

"I hate 'em! Uncle Clem an' her, I mean."

"They mean kindness—their way." But her tears started afresh.

"I hate 'em!" Luke's voice grew shriller. "I'd like—I'd like —— Oh, damn 'em!"

"Don't swear, boy!"

It was Tom who broke in on them. "It's a letter from Rural Free Delivery. He jest dropped it."

He came up, grinning, with the missive. The mother's fingers closed on it nervously.

"From Nat, mebbe—he ain't wrote in months."

But it wasn't from Nat. It was a bill for a last payment on the "new harrow," bought three years before.

II

ONE of the earliest memories Luke could recall was the big blurred impression of Nat's face bending over his crib of an evening. At first flat, indefinite, remote as the moon, it grew with time to more human, intimate proportions. It became the face of "brother," the black-haired, blue-eyed big boy who rollicked on the floor with him or danced him on his knee to—

This is the way the lady rides!
Tritty-trot-trot; tritty-trot-trot!

Or who, returning from school and meeting his faltering feet in the lane, would toss him up on his shoulder and canter him home with mad, merry scamperings.

Not that school and Nat ever had much in common. Even as a little shaver Luke had realized that. Nat was the family wilding, the migratory bird that yearned for other climes. There were the times when he sulked long days by the fire, and the springs and autumns when he played an unending round of hooky. There were the days when he was sent home from school in disgrace; when protesting notes, and sometimes even teacher, arrived.

"It's not that Nat's a bad boy, Mrs. Haynes," he remembered one teacher saying; "but he's so active, so full of restless animal spirits. How are we ever going to tame him?"

Maw didn't know the answer—that was sure. She loved Nat best—Luke had guessed it long ago, by the tone of her voice when she spoke to him, by the touch of her hand on his head, or the size of his apple turnover, so much bigger than the others'. Maw must have built heavily on her hopes of Nat those days—her one perfect child. She was so proud of him! In the face of all ominous prediction she would fling her head high.

"My Nat's a Peel!" she would say. "Can't never tell how he'll turn out."

The farmers thereabouts thought they could tell her. Nat was into one scrape after another—nothing especially wicked; but a

The Worst of it All Was About Maw's Not Crying—Just Sitting There Staring at the Fire

compound of the bubbling mischief in a too ardent life—robbed orchards, broken windows, practical jokes, Hallowe'en jinks, vagrant whimsies of an active imagination.

It was just that Nat's quarters were too small for him, chiefly. Even he realized this presently. Luke would never forget the sloppy March morning when Nat went away. He was wakened by a flare of candle in the room he shared with his brothers. Tom, the twelve-year-old, lay sound asleep; but Nat, the big man of fifteen, was up, dressed, bending over something he was writing on a paper at the bureau. There was a fat little bundle beside him, done up in a blue-and-white bandanna.

Day was still far off. The window showed black; there was the sound of a thaw running off the eaves; the white-washed wall was painted with grotesque leaping shadows by the candle flame. At the first murmur Nat had come and put his arms about him.

"Don't ye holler, little un; don't ye do it! 'Tain't nothin'—on'y Natty's goin' away a spell; quite a spell, little un. Now kiss Natty. . . . That's right! . . . An' you lay still there an' don't holler. An' listen here, too: Natty's goin' to bring ye somethin'—a grand red ball, mebbe—if you're good. You wait an' see!"

But Natty hadn't brought the ball. Two years had passed without a scrap of news of him; and then—he was back. Slipped into the village on a freighter at dusk one evening. A forlorn scarecrow Nat was; so tattered of garment, so smeared of coaldust, you scarcely knew him. So full of strange sophistications, too, and new trails of thought—so oddly rich of experience. He gave them his story. The tale of an exigent life in a great city; a piecework life made of such flotsam labors as he could pick up, of spells of loafing, of odd incredible associates, of months tagging a circus, picking up a task here and there, of long journeyings through the country, "riding the bumpers"—even of alms asked at back doors!

Nat Was the Family Wilding, the Migratory Bird That Yearned for Other Climes

"Oh, not a tramp, Nat!"

The hurt had quivered all through Maw.

But Nat only laughed.

"Jiminy Christmas, it was great!"

He had thrown back his head, laughing. That was Nat all through—sipping of life generously, no matter in what form.

He had stayed just three weeks. He had spent them chiefly defeating Maw's plans to keep him. Wanderlust kept him longer the next time. That was eight years ago. Since then he had been back home three times. Never so poor and shabby as at first—indeed, Nat's wanderings had prospered more or less—but still remote, somewhat mysterious, touched by new habits of life, new ways of speech.

The countryside, remembering the manner of his first return, shook its head darkly. A tramp—a burglar, even. God knew what! When, on his third visit home, he brought an air of extreme opulence, plenty of money, and a sartorial perfection undreamed of locally, the heads wagged even harder. A gambler probably; a ne'er-do-well certainly; and one to break his mother's heart in the end.

But none of this was true, as Luke knew. It was just that Nat hated farming; that he liked to rove and take a floater's fortune. He had a taste for the mechanical and followed incomprehensible quests. San Francisco had known him; the big races at Cincinnati; the hangars of Mineola. He was restless—Nat; but he was respectable. No one could look into his merry blue eyes and not know it. If his labors were uncertain and sporadic, and his address that of a nomad, it all sufficed, at least for himself.

If at times Luke felt a stirring doubt that Nat was not acquitting himself of his family duty, he quenched it fiercely. Nat was different. He was born free; you could tell it in his talk, in his way of thinking. He was like an eagle and hated to be bound by earthly ties. He cared for them all in his own way. Times when he was back he helped Maw all he could. If he brought money he gave of it freely; if he had none, just the look of his eye or the ready jest on his lip helped.

Upstairs in a drawer of the old pine bureau lay some of Nat's discarded clothing—incredible garments to Luke. The lame boy, going to them sometimes, fingered them, pondering, reconstructing for himself the fabric of Nat's adventures, his life. The ice-cream pants of a bygone day; the pointed, shriveled yellow Oxfords; the silk-front shirt; the odd cuff link or stud—they were like a genie-in-a-bottle, these poor clothes! You rubbed them and a whole Arabian night's dream unfurled itself.

And Nat lived it all! But people—dull stodgy people like Uncle Clem and Aunt Mollie, and old Beckonridge down at the store, and a dozen others—these criticized him for not "workin' reg'lar" and giving a full account of himself.

Luke, thinking of all this, would flush with impotent anger.

"Oh, let 'em talk, though! He'll show 'em some day! They dunno Nat. He'll do somethin' big fur us all some day."

III

MIDSUMMER came to trim the old farm with her wreaths. It was the time Luke loved best of all—the long, sweet, loam-scented evenings with Maw and Tom on the old porch; and sometimes—when there was no fog—Paw's cot, wheeled out in the stillness. But Maw was not herself this summer. Something had fretted and eaten into her heart like an acid ever since Aunt Mollie's visit and the news of Matty Bisbee's funeral.

When, one by one, the early summer festivities of the neighborhood had slipped by, with no inclusion of the Hayneses, she had fallen to brooding deeply; to feeling more bitterly than ever the ignominy and wretchedness of their position.

Luke tried to comfort her; to point out that this summer was like any other; that they "never had mattered much to folks." But Maw continued to brood; to allude vaguely and insistently to "the straw that broke the camel's back." It was bitter hard to have Maw like that—home was bad enough, anyway. Sometimes on clear, soft nights, when the moon came out all splendid and the "peepers" sang so plaintively in the Hollow, the boy's heart would fill and grow enormous in his chest with the intolerable sadness he felt.

Then Maw's mood lifted—pierced by a ray of heavenly sunlight—for Nat came home!

Luke saw him first—heard him, rather; for Nat came up the lane—oh, miraculous!—driving a motor car. It was not a car like Uncle Clem's—not even a stepbrother to it. It was low and almost noiseless, and shaped like one of those queer torpedoes they were fighting with across the water. It was colored a soft dust-gray and trimmed with nickel; and, huge and powerful though it was, it swung to a mere touch of Nat's hand.

Nat stood before them, clad in black leather Norfolk and visored cap and leggings.

"Look like a fancy brand of chauffeur, don't I?" he laughed, with the easy resumption of a long-broken relation that was so characteristically Nat.

But Nat was not a chauffeur. Something much bigger and grander. The news he brought them on top of it all took their breaths away. Nat was a special demonstrator, out on a brand-new high-class job for a house handling a special line of high-priced goods. And he was to go to Europe in another week—did they get it straight? Europe! Jiminy! He and another fellow were taking cars over to France and England.

No; they didn't quite get it. They could not grasp its significance, but clung humbly, instead, to the mere glorious fact of his presence.

He stayed two days and a night; and summer was never lovelier. Maw was like a girl, and there was such a killing of pullets and extravagance with new-laid eggs as they had never known before. At the last he gave them all presents.

"Tell the truth," he laughed, "I'm stony broke. 'Tisn't mine, all this stuff you see. I got some kale in advance—not much, but enough to swing me; but, of course, the outfit's the company's. But I'll tell you one thing: I'm going to bring some long green home with me, you can bet! And when I do"—Nat had given Maw a prodigious nudge in the ribs—"when I do—I ain't goin' to stay an old bachelor forever! Do you get that?"

Maw's smile had faded for a moment. But the presents were fine—a new knife for Tom, a book for Luke, and twenty whole round dollars for Maw, enough to pay that old grocery bill down at Beckonridge's and Paw's new invoice of patent medicine.

They all stood on the porch and watched him as far as they could see; and Maw's black mood didn't return for a whole week.

Evenings now they had something different to talk about—journeys in seagoing craft; foreign countries and the progress of the "Ee-ropean" war, and Nat's likelihood—he had laughed at this—of touching even its fringe. They worked it all up from the boiler-plate war news in the Biweekly and Luke's school geography. Yes; for a little space the blackness was lifted.

Then came the August morning when Paw died. This was an unexpected and unsettling contingency. One doesn't look for a "chronic's" doing anything so unscheduled and foreign to routine; but Paw spoiled all precedent. They found him that morning with his heart quite still, and Luke knew they stood in the presence of imminent tragedy.

It's all very well to peck along, hand-to-mouth fashion. You can manage a living of sorts; and farm produce, even scanty, unskillfully contrived, and the charity of relatives, and the patience of tradesmen, will see you through. But a funeral—that's different! Undertaker—that means money. Was it possible that the sordid epic of their lives must be capped by the crowning insult, the Poormaster and the Pauper's Field? If only poor Paw could have waited a little before he claimed the spotlight—until prices fell a little or Nat got back with that "long green"!

Maw swallowed her bitter pill.

She went to see Uncle Clem and ask! And Uncle Clem was kind.

"He'll buy a casket—he's willin' fur that—an' send a wreath and pay fur notices, an' even half on a buryin' lot; but he said he couldn't do no more. The high cost has hit him too. . . . An' where are we to git the rest? He said—at the last—it might be better all round fur us to take what Ellick Flick would gimme outen the Poor Fund ——" Maw hadn't been able to go on for a spell.

A pauper's burial for Paw! Surely Maw would manage better than that! She tried to find a better way that very night.

"This farm's mortgaged to the neck; but I calculate Ben Travis won't care if I'm a mind to put Paw in the south field. It hain't no mortal good fur anything else, anyhow; an' he can lay there if we want. It's a real pleasant place. An' I can git the preacher myself—I'll give him the rest o' the broilers; an' they's seasoned hickory plankin' in the lean-to. Tom, you come along with me."

All night Luke had lain and listened to the sound of big Tom's saw and hammer. Tom was real handy if you told him how—and Maw would be showing him just how to shape it all out. Each hammer blow struck deep on the boy's heart.

Maw lined the homemade box herself with soft old quilts, and washed and dressed her dead herself in his faded outlawed wedding clothes. And on a morning soft and sweet, with a hint of rain in the air, they rode down in the farm wagon to the south field together—Paw and Maw and Luke—with big Tom walking beside the aged knobby horse's head.

Abel Gazzam, a neighbor, had seen to the grave; and in due course the little cavalcade reached the appointed spot inside the snake fence—a quiet place in a corner, under a graybeard elm. As Maw had said, it was "a pleasant place for Paw to lay in."

There were some old neighbors out in their own rigs, and Uncle Clem had brought his family up in his car, with a proper wreath; and Reverend Kearns came up and—declining all lien on

(Continued on Page 45)

Each Hammer Blow Struck Deep on the Boy's Heart

Tales From a Safe-Deposit Box

The Danger of Safety—By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

I NEVER slide out my own small safe-deposit box from the steel wall but my mind goes back to that day in the second week after my father died; and I see us all four sitting there in that little inside room at the bank—and John Snaith at the big plain table in the middle, with that long brown box of my father's underneath his stubby fingers.

When I came in—called back from the scientific school in Boston—the other members of the family were already there.

"They are waiting for you," said a clerk I knew—"inside."

I went on through the bank, back to the steel gate of the safe-deposit section. The guard opened it and passed me in. And the barred gate clacked after me. It was the first time in my life I had ever been behind one.

"This way," said a cadaverous old man inside, who went on ahead of me.

We went through in silence—past high steel safes, steel-barred windows and steel doors. And I came, for the first time, into the close, empty stillness of a safe-deposit room, with its rows of boxes in the walls.

My eye ranged round the place, taking in the absolute security of it; speculating on how any human power could break in there. Guarded, wired, locked, armored—it seemed to me as safe and sure as the inside of a steel ingot at the bottom of the sea.

"This is the way," the cadaverous clerk stated, going on in, deeper still. "Right here."

I pushed back the door from the dim, narrow corridor into the brightly lighted room, looked in, and saw across from me the white faces of the three women along the wall.

A raw white light soaked the place and everything that was in it. My mother's face looked white and drawn and old. My sister Edith's fine white skin was like delicate white enamel under it. Even Barbara Harris' red-and-brown complexion looked white—all white, except for two odd red spots upon her cheeks, bright as if they had been painted there.

"I Thought You Never Were Coming!" Said Barbara. "Get in Here"

And in the center, straight underneath the light, sat, back to me, the thick old figure of John Snaith, the executor, with the long, thin safe-deposit box of my father before him on the empty table.

When I saw the thing, just for a second, I thought again about that stock I had been reading of on the train coming out of Boston—that old conservative stock that had gone down so since it passed its dividends.

"Do you suppose," the thought flashed over me, for some reason, when I first saw that box, "there could be any of that in there?" And it went away again immediately.

I saw my mother getting up to meet me, and Barbara smiling at me. I forgot it then, of course, and smiled back; and walked across to them.

I kissed my mother and my sister—and shook hands with Barbara.

"Mr. Snaith," my mother said, "this is my boy."

I turned round and met him. I didn't like the man. He stood up from behind the table—a thick old sedentary body, in a pepper-and-salt sack suit; a rigid noncommittal face, with small, sharp, wrinkled eyes; a straight old mouth, drawn on the upper boundary of a square old-fashioned mat of grizzled whiskers on his chin.

"How-do-do, young man?" he said.

His voice was dry and brusque. He reached out a dry, square-fingered hand and we shook hands across the table.

I had known the man by sight, of course, all my life. Everybody in the city had seen him, day after day, for two generations, sitting there, with his unlighted cigar, in the plate-glass window of his old gray-faced bank—the bank that he built and owned and was. But I had never met John Snaith myself or heard him speak before.

I didn't like him, now I met him—either his voice or looks. He was a very different thing from what I had become accustomed to at college.

"A hard face!" I said to myself. "That's the way men get, I suppose, when they deal all their lives in money."

"You can sit there if you want to," said John Snaith, and pointed out a chair beside him at the table.

I went round there and sat down.

I was still less pleased with him. He was crude and blunt and unmannerly.

"That's no way to act to me," I thought—"even if I am a little late."

"And now that we are all here," he went on, looking at my mother, "suppose we start."

My mother nodded then, we all sat up, and John Snaith reached out his hand and started opening my father's safe-deposit box.

"The first thing we've got to do, I suppose," he said, "is to find out just what's here."

From where I sat I saw Barbara reach out and take my mother's hand in hers.

"That's queer!" I thought. "I wonder what she does that for?"

And then it seemed to me, watching them, I had never seen my mother's face so white and drawn and thin.

"Do you suppose," I asked myself, "that she knows something that we don't?"

We never had expected any great inheritance, of course—simply the moderate income we had always had; a comfortable estate invested as an old-time conservative man like my father would invest it.

My pulse jumped up a beat or two as that second idea struck me—and fell right back again.

"Nonsense!" I said. "Women are always anxious."

And I turned quickly round to the quick voice at my elbow.

"You take these," said John Snaith, handing me a pad and pencil. "I'll call them off to you."

And he began taking off the bands from the first package in the box.

The box, I saw, was not a very large one—and not well filled at that. There were three packages there apparently—two large ones and a small one, in an envelope—still lying just exactly as my father left them; and a few scattering, miscellaneous things.

"We'll open this one first," said John Snaith, working at it.

It was quite an old one, evidently. The tape was soiled and dingy.

"It's some time since that one has been opened up," I told myself.

And, just as I was thinking that, John Snaith, tugging, snapped the old rusty pinkish tape, and the dingy package broke out suddenly into a surprising shower of gold-leafed papers, as fresh and bright as new coins from the mint.

I stooped and picked up two that fell upon the floor.

"Hm-m!" said John Snaith, unfolding them one by one and glancing through them with his sharp, quick eyes—his noncommittal face and body never moving.

He handed them to my mother.

"These are just some early things we first put our money in—when we were first married," my mother said to him hastily when she had examined them. "My husband had no great hopes of them in recent years."

"I see he kept them all together," said Mr. Snaith.

His voice, I noticed, was not so hard and brusque when he spoke to her; and his eyes were just a little wrinkled at the corners. "We'll put them down here, anyhow," he said. "We might get a dollar or so, maybe, out of some of them."

And he read them off to me, as my mother looked at them and passed them back. I wrote down after him the names of those gold-plated papers. Queer stuff it looked like to me—gold mines and oil wells, clear back in the seventies—half a dozen probably, more or less. I can remember still the names of several of them: the Argo, the Rectangle, the Nineteenth Chance, and the Comstock Junior.

Worthless, every one of them—even I could see—on the face of it. Holes in the ground, long ago healed up. And there we sat, behind bolts and bars, like treasure seekers in a cave digging out those gold-plated promises about them, bright as when they were made—out from my still, conservative father's safe-deposit box.

It seemed certainly a strange thing—ridiculous! But yet not exactly humorous then—for us.

I could see Edith, sitting up straight and still and high-headed while he read them.

"Heavens!" I said to myself. "I don't understand it. Father—buying stuff like that!"

I was scared a little, at first, while I put it down on my pad. It seemed, upon the face of it, a big pile of money to be put into those shares.

"It looks like quite a lot," my mother said then, almost as if she was answering what I thought. "But it wasn't, really. Not very much went into that."

And she passed the last of the things over. She seemed anxious to explain. It seemed almost as if she were trying to defend my father to us.

I looked up quickly then. I thought I heard a sudden chuckle.

"Good Lord!" I said, surprised. "The man is laughing!"

"I'll bet it seemed enough to you those days," he said, and looked over at my mother; a wintry smile still touched the corner of his dry old mouth.

"It did—yes," my mother answered, and laughed nervously.

"We all must do it," said John Snaith, with a twinkle kindling in his small gray eyes. "Sometime! It's a poor kind of man who doesn't have a busted gold mine in his safe-deposit box. It's like the spring fever, or the measles, or calf love. You've got to get it out of your blood. The average man has got to pass through a period of calf investment, just exactly as he has a period of calf love."

"Joking, too!" I thought, still watching him, surprised. "I didn't think he had it in him. But only about money, of course," I thought afterward.

"It's fortunate," he said, "that it comes and passes generally when he hasn't much of anything to lose."

"But my father!" I thought, and smiled; his laughter and what he said naturally relieved me. "My father—of all men!"

I smiled, thinking about him, and how conservative he had always seemed. And now all these gilt-edged bubbles lying all these years in that brown box of his, behind those gates and bars! I stopped short and wondered what was really in the box.

"We'll put that by, the way he did," John Snaith was saying. "That's the discard. It's a strange safe-deposit box that doesn't have one. I'd hate to tell you what they get from some of them."

He smiled at my mother—a rather decent smile, I thought; and she smiled back—or tried to.

I looked round then, underneath my eyelids, to get another glimpse of him—to size him up again. The smile was gone—shut off like a gas jet. I saw again only the same old rigid noncommittal face beyond my elbow.

"Got that down?" that dictatorial old voice asked me.

"Yes, sir," I answered back—as sharply; and waited for what came next.

"So much for that, then," John Snaith said, tying up those stocks—and reached again into the brown box.

There were now two packages left and those few miscellaneous things upon the bottom.

"Here—what's this?" he said with some surprise, examining the little object he had taken from a corner of the box.

"Here's something that belongs to you, Mrs. Hurlbut," he said quickly, passing on the thing to me to give to her.

I saw it when I took it. It was a small child's ring. A little light gold ring, with odd old-fashioned scrolls upon it—and the name Mark was cut upon the back. The ring of their first child, named for my father, who died before he was seven.

I saw Barbara's hand tighten on my mother's as my mother reached out her other hand to take it.

"Go on, please," my mother said. She saw, of course, that we were anxious to do so.

"Now here!" John Snaith spoke up at once. "What's this note?"

And he passed a folded paper to my mother. Her hand was shaking now a little.

"Is that any good?" he asked her bluntly.

"I'm afraid not," my mother answered.

"Why not?" asked Edith sharply, reading the old yellowed thing across my mother's shoulder. "Why don't they pay it?"

"Poor man!" my mother said. "He's dead. His people haven't anything to-day. You remember him," she said to Mr. Snaith. "You must. He was Mark's one particular friend."

"I remember him," said John Snaith briefly, and gave the paper over to me to set down.

"Is it all like this?" asked Edith sharply, sitting back uneasily against the wall.

"All that note was for, in the first place, was seven hundred dollars," said John Snaith, looking at her underneath his eyebrows.

You could see he didn't very much approve of her—or she of him.

"What does that amount to?" asked Barbara of Edith briskly.

"Three Dollars and Fifty-Seven Cents, Cash Assets!" I Said, and Smiled

But I felt that way a little now, as Edith evidently did—pretty anxious. There were now but two packages left in the box. John Snaith took out the small one and opened the envelope.

"Hm-m!" he said again, down in his throat, and sat there staring at the paper.

"This is the certificate," he said at last, looking over at my mother.

She nodded, leaning forward, with her lips apart, breathing hard.

"I'll lay this aside now, for the minute," he said. "We'll take it up later."

He put it down by the side of the box toward me. I saw it as he closed it up. It was shares—I could not see how much—in that railroad stock which had fallen so—that old conservative Boston & Colonial Railroad, which went through our own city, and of which everybody had so much everywhere round New England.

I sat up as my mother had when I saw it, and stared at my father's executor as he drew out the last package from the safe-deposit box.

It was quite a bulky package—there was probably something worth while there, I thought. I couldn't see it, though. I could only watch John Snaith's immovable old face as he looked over it.

"Insurance papers," he said finally, and laid them down.

My mother was trembling.

"Life insurance?" she asked.

"Two thousand dollars—that is all," said John Snaith, and turned to me. His voice seemed harsher than it had at all. "Put that down!"

I scrawled it down and turned and stared at him. I felt a little sick myself.

"That's all," he said.

"All!" said Edith, staring—a look of terror in her handsome face. "What do you mean?"

"This is what you have," John Snaith said, looking past her to my mother, and took up again the lone stock certificate. "This is what it comes down to."

"How much is there of it?" my mother asked him in a strained voice.

"Four hundred shares."

"I was afraid so," my mother said, and leaned back a little against Barbara.

"Shares!" said Edith. "Of what?"

Her face was white as china now, beneath that light.

"Boston & Colonial," my father's executor answered quickly. "You were right," he told my mother. "That is what you have."

"Four hundred shares," my mother said, sitting up again. "How much is it selling for to-day?"

"Forty-one."

"Forty-one!" she said in a high, strained, painful voice. "It was over two hundred when he bought it!"

Then we sat still, listening to her—and Barbara trying to calm her and control her, without success.

"I don't understand it!" my mother cried, while we all sat still. "I don't. I can't! He got it, in the first place, because he said it was so sure and safe. It was the only thing he knew, he always said, that you could buy and put away, and go off and forget about."

"I know," said John Snaith; "there were hundreds who thought that same thing."

"Hundreds, yes," my mother said. "Everywhere! You saw it in the papers! And nobody knows to-day just how it happened—this dreadful thing. Do they, Mr. Snaith?"

"No," he told her grimly; "they do not."

"Your poor father!" my mother started on, talking higher and higher, and more rapidly. "Everything he had! That was it," she said; and her eyes looked strange and wild. "That was it. I knew it. I knew it! Ever since that day it first passed its dividend, he never was the same. All night!" she cried. "All night! Walking—up and down—up and down!"

"Dear," said Barbara, petting her, "don't do that! That's no use!" she said, and put her arm round her.

But Edith sat there figuring; I could see her lips move.

"Four hundred shares! Sixteen thousand dollars?" she said.

Mr. Snaith nodded his square grizzled head at her.

"Sixteen thousand dollars!" she said. It seemed louder in that still, inside room. "Sixteen thousand dollars! And no dividends?"

"No."

"How could he do it!" exclaimed Edith sharply.

"Edith!" I called to her.

I saw Barbara's black eyes snap.

"How could he do it?" said my mother. "You ungrateful child! How could he do it! When everybody else has done almost the same thing!"

"That's no excuse," said Edith. "I don't forgive him—not a bit!"

Her voice and face were hard as marble.

"Excuse!" cried Barbara. "Your own father?"

"How could he do it!" my mother exclaimed again, talking faster and more hysterically still. "How could he do it? You sit here at your ease and ask that? When it killed him! When it killed your father!"

Her voice was very high and sharp. But it fell dead at once, I noticed, in a queer way in that little inside room behind the steel walls.

"The question is," said Edith very deliberately: "What are we going to do?"

John Snaith stood facing her.

"What you are going to do now," he said, "is take your mother home."

And Edith's eyes dropped, beaten down for once before his harder ones.

"Mrs. Hurlbut," said John Snaith; and it seemed to me then that its very roughness and dryness made his voice more comforting—more strengthening and reliable, in a way, than a softer one—"you go home now," he said, "and don't bother your head about this thing any longer. You've had your turn of it. Now we'll take the burden of it off you—your boy and I."

"Yes, dear," said Barbara, urging her. "That's the only sensible thing to do."

Even Edith saw that she should go now. She knew, as did all the rest of us, how frail my mother was; how frail and short-breathed she had been since my father died. But not one of us could quite persuade her.

"I'll take you out," said John Snaith, deciding it. "I'm going out. I've one or two things to attend to out there, anyhow."

And he offered her his arm, with a kind of awkward courtesy. She took it in an old-fashioned sort of way, and they all went out.

"You stay here," said John Snaith to me, "and watch these things."

I sat there in that little inside room, with my father's box and those folded papers on the table. I didn't have manners enough even to get up. I sat there for several minutes, trying hard to realize what had happened.

Then suddenly I sat up and took my pencil and my pad again. I pushed the metal box aside, and that package of fool's gold—the gilded mining stock; and I drew in front of me the only thing of value there—the net result, financially, of my father's lifetime.

"Four hundred shares," I put down, "at two hundred and twenty-five, perhaps. Ninety thousand dollars! That's what he paid."

I stopped and considered it for a second regretfully—in anger, almost. That was what he paid out for it—that thing! That paper on the table was ninety thousand dollars then—real, actual money; gold or silver you could take into your hands. And now! "Four hundred shares," I put down, at forty-one. A little over sixteen thousand dollars! Just sixteen thousand four hundred dollars, to be exact. That's what it was to-day!

"And no dividends!" I said, remembering.

I stopped—feeling stunned and helpless. The more you looked at it, the worse it grew.

"Now suppose we sold it?—as we'll have to, evidently," I said, calculating, for the first time in my life, a business problem of my own. "Say, sixteen thousand at five per cent—eight hundred dollars. And two thousand dollars from the insurance—one hundred dollars more." I put it down. "Nine hundred dollars a year!"

It was the hardest arithmetic I ever did. That was the only answer. Nine hundred dollars a year!

"Well, that's the end of me," I thought—"one way, anyhow. That's sure! I'm no electrical engineer. My career is done, so far as any more education is concerned."

The whole world had changed round—what I was, what I thought I was, and what I was going to be—since just about an hour before I walked for the first time back into this safe place—behind the steel-bar gates, to this little inside anteroom of the safe-deposit vault, to find out what my father had put away there during his lifetime for safe-keeping. Well, there it was in front of me, on that bare table, all of it—shrunken to a fifth of its size in that one piece of paper!

"But I'm not the question at all," I had the sense to think. "My part is simple. I've got to go to work. The question is, with me working, What can we each do? Can we even get on then?"

For what could I earn then? What should I possibly be worth? Where could I start in?

"You've Had Your Turn of It. Now We'll Take the Burden of It Off You—Your Boy and I"

I got up then and started walking; and when I did I put my hand down in my pocket and stopped in my tracks. I stopped and fished out what my hand fell on there—the ready cash I had. I stepped over and slapped it down upon the table and counted it.

"Three dollars and fifty-seven cents, cash assets!" I said, and smiled—a rather melancholy smile before it died entirely and left me standing there with a serious face.

It wasn't so very funny when you thought it over.

I put my money back right off and went and sat down again, staring at my loosely scrawled figures on the pad. I sat there, still studying, when John Snaith returned.

"Got it all figured out?" he asked me.

"No," I answered curtly; "I have not."

He stood up then, and very deliberately took a thin cigar from his vest pocket and put it into the corner of his mouth. He did not offer me one. Twenty was too young, anyhow, for that, according to his ideas probably. But he didn't want smoking, anyway, I had been told, in his bank. He only indulged himself in a "dry smoke" in there with an unlighted cigar.

"Well?" he said, sitting down, his cigar tilted up a little, waiting for me.

"I want to ask you something," I said to him: "It won't pay dividends, will it—this?"

"No," he said; "I don't expect so."

"Not for years, anyway?"

"No."

"But it's certain to go up—some!" I said, catching at straws, repeating something I had heard somewhere.

"It may—some," said John Snaith, without a flicker of changed expression in his face—all perfectly motionless and still—except a little jerk with his cigar at the upper right-hand corner of his gray whiskers.

My first dislike of the man came back again. The curtain had come down again over his noncommittal face, before whatever lay behind there. You saw only the two sharp eyes still peering through it.

"What can we do, then?" I said, excited. "What must we do?"

"If I were you I wouldn't do anything for a while," he said. "I'd hold off. When they're all selling is a good time not to sell yours."

"How can we wait?" I said. "Without dividends?"

"I'll see to that," he said. "I'll loan you what you've got to have to live on."

"Loan it!" I said, stammering with surprise. "You mean you would be willing to let us have your money?"

"Not my money; no—the bank's," said John Snaith curtly. "On that," he said, and touched the stock certificate, "as collateral."

"Oh!" I said, understanding and drawing back. "But then? What then?"

"And then you young folks can go to work."

"Of course," I said. "Or I will anyhow. That's settled if I can find a job."

"Maybe," said John Snaith, his eyes on me, "that could be arranged somehow. We've got something planned for now, already—your sister and I—for her."

"What!" I said, dumfounded.

"There's a smart, bright girl," said John Snaith, "and a good one!"

"Edith?" I said.

"No, no! The other one," he answered quickly. "Barbara."

"Barbara!" I said. "She's not my sister."

"Oh, no," said John Snaith back again; "of course not."

And I thought afterward that his small eyes twinkled as he said it. I thought that afterward, but not then.

"Barbara!" I cried. "Work! She has enough money of her own."

And then I stood up on my feet and stared at him. The thing soaked into me at last.

"Did he ——" I said, and stopped and choked. "Did my father ——"

I knew of course my father had charge of what money Barbara's father left her—that interest in the patent he had with my father—when he died and left Barbara to live with us.

"Did he—my father—put all her money in that too?"

"Every cent!" John Snaith answered me.

That was the last straw—too much for me! First, all we had was gone—all our own money practically; my own career; my life, I thought then—all lost! And now Barbara! Marry her? Ask her to marry me now! I thought bitterly that I never, after this, could even look her in the face—after what we—my father had done to her. No! Barbara was gone with all the rest.

I almost lost control of myself entirely then—especially when I turned my eyes down and saw that infernal stock certificate lying there upon the table. I never felt so bitter in my life toward anyone as I did, just for that one minute, toward my own dead father.

"You wouldn't believe it," I thought bitterly, "if anybody told it to you! That fool certificate in that fool box—brought here behind these fool gates and doors, and locked up by a "

I could not quite say that about my father. Instead, when I thought it, I struck down my knuckles on the table angrily, and hit the corner of the safe-deposit box and cut myself. Just a scratch it was, but enough to draw the blood and bring me to my senses.

"Calm down," said John Snaith, watching me—and twisted his cigar in the corner of his mouth. "Hold your horses!"

"That's easy enough for you to say," I thought. "You've got about as much soul in your old body, anyhow, as a chilled-steel safe!"

And then I looked at him and sat down.

"Don't take it quite so hard, my friend," said John Snaith—"unless you feel you must. You're not the only one, remember—by a long shot."

"I know," I said, a little shamed. "My mother is worse off, of course. I know. But Barbara ——"

"You aren't the only family," said John Snaith, "that's in this thing, or the worst. Nor very bad, comparatively. Sit down. Sit down.

"Take your pencil now," he told me, after I had taken a seat. "I'll show you something that'll ease you. There's nothing like it when you're down—like thinking how bad the other fellow has been hit. It tends to get your mind off yourself and refresh you. Now here," he said, "just put this down and put your mind to it."

His cigar went traveling slowly from one corner of his mouth to the other—under its own motive power apparently, in his motionless face—while I waited.

"There was a hundred million dollars of this Colonial stock, wasn't there?"

"A hundred, yes," I said mechanically.

I didn't know; I didn't care; I was just faintly curious to find out what he was after.

"A hundred million dollars. Got that down?"

"Yes," I said, and thought for a second how large a sum it looked on paper.

"And say it fell from where your father bought it—say that it fell from two hundred and twenty-five dollars a share to fifty. How much would that be?"

"One hundred and seventy-five."

"No. Altogether, I mean. The lump sum—lost?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "One hundred and seventy-five million dollars." I stopped for a minute, trying to imagine it.

"Now," he said, and put his thick thumb in his vest armhole and sat there—motionless as before—"that's what was lost by somebody—somewhere round New England. That's what all this hullabaloo's about in the papers now."

I nodded.

"You can't pick up a paper nowadays but what you read it—all this hue and cry trying to find out who is responsible—who has got away with all that money.

"You can't blame them, either. It's quite a sum of money when you think of it," he went on. "Quite a little pile! You could wipe out two or three good-sized cities by a

(Continued on Page 90)

THE GUNMAN

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

The taking of a maiden by force from her home while she cries out and weeps, after her kinsmen have been wounded or slain and their homes broken open, is called the Rákshasa rite [of legal marriage].—The Ordinances of Manu, iii: 33

Therefore they commanded the children of Benjamin, saying, Go and lie in wait in the vineyards; And see, and, behold, if the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance in dances, then come ye out of the vineyards, and catch you every man his wife of the daughters of Shiloh, and go to the land of Benjamin. . . . And the children of Benjamin did so, and took them wives, according to their number, of them that danced, whom they caught.—Judges xxi: 20, 21, 23.

SIMPLICISSIMUS was asked if he could distinguish between shadow and thing shadowed. He replied that he could. Although the shadow is perceived first and the thing shadowed last, the thing shadowed is the substance. It is reality. The shadow, having form only, is mere appearance. The thing shadowed precedes. The shadow follows. Everyone knows the difference.

Simplicissimus was wrong. Everyone does not know. Simplicissimus does not know. He proceeded to prove it by speaking of his own wedding as accompanied by survivals of the childhood of the race. The best man was one of these survivals, he said. The best man represents the strong-armed friend who helped the groom carry off his bride, in the days of marriage by capture. The bridal veil he called a survival of the attempts of the bride at concealment, the wedding ring of the fetters with which she was bound, the old shoes thrown after the departing couple of the angry missiles hurled by the pursuers, the honeymoon of the space of time during which the captor had to hide his prize until her kinsmen were reconciled. He spoke of the bride as still lifted across the threshold as she was when that was the only way to get her across.

Simplicissimus shall be told. That which has survived is not the best man and the wedding ring, but the thing of which these are shadows. Even to-day men who are not fire-eaters have the impulse to carry off the women they love in their arms when they cannot on them, and women who are not servile would not be wholly displeased to be thus carried off. Such instincts are deep-seated and living. It is not necessary to explain them. Certainly they are not related to the weakness of women; neither are they to the brute strength of the cave man, whose wife was a cave woman and as hard as nails. They perhaps lie in the realm of idealization, like our dreams of poetic justice. "If I could, what deeds I would do to compel my beloved to love me!" Or, "Oh, to be loved by a man strong enough to overcome even such and such!"

Gimbel, who was on the inside, said that Paul Lombard knew more about screw machines than his foreman. Paul was the best man in the shop. He was fast in setting up; he was accurate; his judgment of cutting speeds was excellent; he was a man of good habits and dependable. Keiser could hardly have lasted without him. He had only one fault, and that was he was too good-natured. He allowed himself to be imposed upon. Gimbel added that but for this fault Paul would have been made foreman and not Keiser.

A good foreman does not have to quarrel all the time, nor even often, but he must be quick to quarrel.

"Some of the men think he's a coward. But I don't know."

It was not that he was a pacifist—pacifists are frequently the most quarrelsome of men, and commonly self-assertive. He was merely indifferent, neglectful of his rights, lacking in egotism.

He was too meek. He lacked temper.

An incident may be cited illustrative of the disrespect in which Paul was held. He had set up an automatic to cut five thousand shoulderpins, using No. 12 Bessemer rod for stock, which is fifteen ten-thousandths larger than three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. These pins were to be forced into three-sixteenths-inch reamed holes so as to make a tight or drive fit. As he was laying out the stock Keiser called him away to set up another job, taking charge of the machine himself.

Keiser should have gauged every rod that was used. Instead he put his micrometer on the first piece and took it for granted that the rest were the same size. Usually they would have been, but this once they were mixed, most of the lot consisting of No. 13 rods, which are four one-thousandths of an inch smaller, and therefore slightly under three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter instead of slightly over.

The fault was clearly Keiser's. Keiser, however, blamed Paul for the spoiled work, giving him an ugly scolding. And Paul took it. Any other man in the room would have knocked Keiser down and quit. But then Keiser would not have treated any other man in that manner.

"Tame as a picked porcupine!"

"Our little Polled Angus!"

"What can the lady have eaten? Candy, maybe. Not red meat and cabbage."

This incident was followed by another, when Paul one Thursday looked up the foreman and asked for two days off. Keiser gave his consent; but later in the day when he remembered Paul's steadiness and his possible grievances he called him to the desk. He didn't mean to lose him.

"What's the trouble, Paul?"

"No trouble," was the placid reply.

"You know I don't mean half what I say."

"It isn't that."

"Is it you want better wages?"

"I wasn't thinking of the wages."

"Then what's the idea? You're looking round, aren't you?"

"No," replied Paul uncomfortably. "That isn't it. I just need the time myself."

"Work of your own?"

"Not machine work."

And that is all he would say. Keiser, who didn't believe him, tried to get him to specify. He merely repeated that there was no trouble and that he needed the time for himself. He did not so much as suspect that Keiser was practically offering him a raise in wages. As the men said, he had clothesline for a backbone.

"He's a worm," concluded Gimbel. "He ought to wear a shoulder truss."

Why the idea of marriage should have come to a man as spineless as Paul is not a mystery. Even a worm will marry. Paul was not a bad match, as invertebrates go. He did not waste his time in idleness, but sold it for money. Some worms waste their time. He did not spend his money in saloons, but saved it. Some worms drink their money. He earned good wages at his trade. Some worms have no trade. For eight years he had lived cheaply and worked steadily. Some worms could have done neither. He had more than twenty-two hundred dollars in the bank that no one knew anything about. Some worms haven't twenty-two hundred cents. He needed a wife.

Any worm with twenty-two hundred dollars in the bank would need a wife, and badly.

Paul thought he needed Vita Monaca. Vita was eighteen and pretty. She could cook, sew and dance. She laughed divinely. She had good sense, too, and was no spendthrift. These, however, were not his reasons for thinking he needed her. His reasons were less sensible. The worm was in love with her.

The Sound of His Knuckles Upon the Thin Panels of the Door Seemed to Fill the Street With Echoes

Unfortunately there were difficulties. Vita's father was one. Although he was a good American and owned property in Milton Avenue, he still maintained his Sicilian prejudices and social distinctions. Vita proved to be another. When old Monaca found that Paul was serious in his intentions he ordered him out of the house. And Vita backed him up.

Paul was only a workman and the son of a workman. Vita was the daughter of a landowner.

"What difference does my father make?" asked Paul. "What if I am a workman? I have money in the bank."

Monaca went to some pains to explain.

"In Sicily it is all different. A seafaring man would not let his son marry my daughter, because he is above me. But a landowner like me is above a man who owns no land. In Sicily you are a *bracciante*—a man who works by the day. Your father was a *bracciante*. A *bracciante* cannot be received into the family even of an owner of mules, nor can his son. So you can see it is not possible you can marry Vita."

Paul readily acquiesced, as was his spineless custom. If Vita regretted his readiness she gave no sign. The matter was hopeless. Paul did not try to see her again. He did indeed spend a few evenings in the Newberry Library reading books of travel and encyclopedia articles about Sicily, and spent a few further evenings in the Italian saloons along Division Street, where he picked up one or two disreputable acquaintances. He remained what he was, however, and Vita what she was. Eventually she would forget him and he her.

It looked as if Vita would be the first to forget. Soon after Paul's disappearance she found herself receiving attentions from a man of her own class, whom her father favored. This man, though not a landowner, was the son of a landowner, and was tall and handsome. He had not yet settled down, and was therefore usually short of funds, although at times he spent money freely. He was always on the point of making his fortune by a turn in real estate, but somehow he never did. When he had earned a little more Vita expected to marry him. His bank account may have been lean, but at least he was a man of good family and possessed a spine.

II

PAUL, the invertebrate, closed the shop door behind him and looked at his watch. Twenty-five minutes before six. He turned eastward, walking rapidly like one who has no time to waste and yet who has time enough. This was Thursday evening. Keiser had given him Friday and Saturday off, and Sunday was a holiday. It would seem as if he ought to have time enough for almost anything. At Clark Street he bought an evening paper. A little farther and he entered his usual restaurant.

It occurred to him as he pressed the latch that probably this was his last visit to that restaurant, or perhaps to any other. Nevertheless, he did not make it an occasion. Finding a seat at the counter instead of at one of the tables where he would be expected to remember the waitress, he glanced down the bill of fare and selected one of the cheaper dishes—pot roast with noodles. This with fried potatoes, bread, butter and coffee cost him twenty-five cents. He ordered no dessert, partly because he did not like baker's pie, partly for reasons of economy. He had other uses for his money.

The reading of the paper consumed only the time required for the serving of his order. He did not hurry through his meal, but neither did he tarry over it. When he was through he paid his check and left the restaurant. Paul's first errand was to a basement tailor shop, where he was given a freshly pressed suit of clothes. The suit was one he had bought when calling upon Vita. His next errand was to his own room. Here he hung the suit over the back of a chair. He also felt in each of three pockets in the suit he was wearing to make sure that certain funds remained available—two hundred and fifty dollars, plus fifty, plus fifty, together with some change. He then scrubbed off his hands with a nailbrush, washed his face, combed his hair,

brushed his hat, exchanged his shoes for a new pair. He did not change his shirt or collar, although these were soiled from the day's work. Returning to the street, he stopped at the corner for a shine. Dress begins at the feet.

He now started out northerly and westerly, walking as before without haste and without waste. His objective, reached after as little zigzagging as possible, proved to be a building only recently completed upon a side street adjoining a church. This he entered boldly and yet timidly, as if not quite sure of himself. When he came to the third floor he found a key in his pocket and unlocked the door of the right-hand flat. He made no attempt to move quietly nor did he take any of the precautions of an intruder. No one except himself was in the flat, and he knew it.

He closed the door, struck a match, and lighted the gas in the vestibule hallway. He then walked out into the left-hand room, from it to the bathroom, then into a central room that also opened from the vestibule, and finally into a room in the rear, lighting the gas in each.

The latter room proved to be a small kitchen. It was not different from other kitchens except possibly in one respect. Every article in it, from linoleum to tin dipper, was new. The blue-flame oil stove had never been lighted. The polished steel skillet still bore its cabalistic price mark in grease crayon. The dishes in the pantry were still coated with virginal dust. And the supplies were new. Various sacks and parcels, cartons and boxes stood about tied in their original strings. It was as if kitchens had been invented only that afternoon.

Paul glanced over the various articles in the room as lovingly as a young housewife might have done. He knew the contents of every package, had checked off every requirement as he saw it, had made sure that nothing was lacking. There it all lay complete. He looked over the packages, fingered two or three of them, rearranged them upon the shelf of the pantry or upon the kitchen table. Then he crossed the room to the ice box, swung open the door, closed it, and lifted the trap from the ice reservoir, noting that the supply had shrunk rather less than he expected. He next went to the rear door, which opened upon a covered porch. Here he found a quart jar of milk and a pint jar of cream, left within the hour. This he had ordered by guess as to quantity, but it would serve. He took the bottles into the house and placed them in the ice box against the ice.

When he had completed his errand in the kitchen he returned to the adjoining room. This likewise was newly furnished. The furniture was of fumed oak, and though not expensive neither was it the cheapest to be had. There was even a sideboard with glass doors, the shelves of which were bright with silverware—knives, forks, spoons, salt cellars, ladles, and the other contents of a small chest of good plate. He had debated leaving them in the chest, but decided that the display looked too intentional. The sideboard also contained a number of pieces of glassware, each most lovingly chosen. Table linen there was as well. Nothing had been overlooked.

The third room was the bedroom. Paul had spent more money on this than on both of the other rooms combined, and to-night as he looked over its appointments he felt well rewarded. Not the smallest article was missing—not so much as a toothbrush. He had bought even a box of talcum and a powder puff. These, however, he had added in a spirit of frolic; he hoped that Vita would laugh when she saw them. If he could but make her laugh—he hardly knew how to complete the thought except in terms of money.

He would readily give five hundred dollars if he could make her laugh after her arrival in that room.

He was now approaching the heart of his display. About the furnishings of the kitchen he was fairly sure; also about those of the dining room and the bedroom. But the furnishings of the clothes closet opening off from the bedroom—these had worried him. If he could have done so he would have begged off from buying them. Gowns, skirts, waists, coats—the closet was almost too small for the display. The more intimate articles he had placed in the drawers of the dresser.

Guesswork? Not wholly. He knew Vita's weight and height, her complexion, the color of her eyes. He had a friend who said he knew what a girl like Vita would like and need. Probably he did know. He was a floorwalker in a cloak store. Anyhow, there they were—unimaginably fluffy and dainty. Paul was counting rather strongly upon the effect of this trousseau. He had spent as much on these gowns and whatnots as on the entire furnishings of the three-room flat, less perhaps a hundred dollars. He hoped that Vita would like them.

Vita Saw the Big Janitor Creep Into View, Saw Paul Strike Down the Pistol and Grapple With Him

He now looked at his watch. Fifteen minutes after seven. His appointment at Roti's was for half-past. Sam Foresta was to meet him there and they were to complete certain arrangements that had been under discussion during the preceding week. He turned out the gas in the bedroom, and then in the bathroom, kitchen, dining room and vestibule. A moment later he had locked the door of his flat and was feeling his way down the dark unfamiliar stairway.

Roti's, on Division Street, was usually crowded in the evening, but not as early as this. Paul found Sam waiting for him at a table removed from the bar. No better setting for a friendly conspiracy could have been asked. Sam had already ordered wine and cigars. The preliminary delicacies had been attended to during previous conferences, so that they could talk with complete frankness.

Paul little suspected the thinness of the ice over which he was walking. To his mind Sam was a romantic semibandit who could be hired to do mild deeds of violence for money. Such and such service was worth such and such a price. No formula could be simpler. But Sam was not a romantic semibandit; he was merely a predatory male who had to make a living by his wits. To him Paul was merely a source of income. He needed his money. He was a Sicilian and knew no reason why he should not assist in a marriage by capture. But after payment was made, if there was more money on the other side he was still for sale.

"What success?" asked Paul.

Sam began to hedge.

"I can get a good car and a driver I know pretty well. The driver can help us in the house, so as to make three hands without bothering to find another. He's a good nervy man. That's what you need. You never know what's going to come up in a job like this."

"Then that's settled."

"Not yet. The trouble is, this man I'm telling you about wants more money than I counted on. The car costs more too. I told them I'd let them know to-night."

"You offered to do the job for three hundred."

"Provided. But now they're wanting more money. You can see yourself how it is. The work is risky. You can't blame them. We may have shooting. You can't tell."

"No, no! No shooting!"

"We have to be ready, don't we? Ready with guns?"

"No shooting!" repeated Paul.

"Then there's the danger of arrest. You know what that means—ten years apiece."

"We considered that."

Sam looked at his companion thoughtfully. He was trying to make up his mind how much Paul would give.

"I know, but I have to be careful. If it wasn't that I needed money I wouldn't touch the job with a rake."

"Expect to be arrested?"

"How can I tell? Suppose it's a girl over on the Lake Shore Drive, and her father worth five millions—what chance would I have? He'd set a hundred men after us. He'd offer rewards that would make three hundred look like hairpin money."

Paul smiled patiently. It did not occur to him that Sam might like nothing better than to help abduct a girl whose father was worth five millions and could offer rewards.

"This girl is the daughter of a grocer and lives on Milton Avenue."

Had he been alert he would have noticed the interest with which his information was received.

"This Milton Avenue right east of here?"

"I'll tell you," said Paul, ignoring the question. "I'll give you three hundred and fifty. That's more than it's worth, but I'll stand the fifty to get the thing over with. What do you say?"

Sam was suddenly curious to know more about the possible complications. Who was the grocer?

"I'd have to know who it was."

"Do you mean it's all off?" asked Paul.

Sam leaped for the tiller and brought his boat into the wind.

"No," he replied hastily, "I didn't mean that. I meant that I'd have to know what to count on. I'll do it for that price."

The next moment he perceived that Paul was as tractable as ever and that he had not intended the remark as a threat.

"Money when you pull off the job?"

"Money down! I wouldn't stir my little finger for my best friend until I saw his money. Not on a job like this. It's too risky."

"A hundred down?"

Sam, reflecting that he was probably able to enforce the payment of a debt of this nature, made a concession.

"Two hundred down, and the rest when we reach your rooms."

To this Paul good-naturedly agreed.

"To-morrow morning at five, sharp. Where shall we meet?"

"On the street somewhere. How about the west side of Clark, between Oak and Walton Place, at nine minutes before five? You pick me up; then we'll drive on slowly and work back to Milton."

"And after that, so I can tell the driver?"

Paul ingenuously gave him the number of the house, again failing to notice Sam's peculiar interest in the information, and the fact that he began skillfully trying to add to it.

"I see. Odd number, east side of the street. I think I know the house. It's Caminetti's place."

"Monaca's," corrected Paul.

"And after we come out, where? I have to tell the driver. We'll be too busy in the morning to think about streets."

Paul unsuspiciously told him the location of the three-room flat.

"In the morning, on Clark!"

With that they arose and walked down the room. Paul left at once, but Sam tarried. He had other appointments to keep before he was ready for the morrow. Paul might have slept even less well than he did had he known the nature of them.

III

HUMAN conduct is sometimes curiously inconsistent. At exactly nine minutes before five o'clock a big black limousine passed the corner of Oak Street, headed south on Clark. Fifty feet farther it overtook an invertebrate but carefully groomed pedestrian, stopped, the invertebrate entered, the door closed, and the machine continued leisurely on down the street. Except for a false license plate the limousine was as honest as a pecan orchard. Those riding in it looked to be honest also. Inside were Sam and Paul; and in the driver's box Sam's selected chauffeur. All were fastidiously dressed, as if for a wedding.

The car, after devious wanderings in Kinzie, Wells, Huron and Oak streets, at last turned into Milton and drew up before a slate-colored house with green trimmings. Paul had intended having Sam go to the door; but Sam had pointed out that improved results were to be expected if he went himself, and like a worm he had acquiesced. He, therefore, descended and climbed the steps.

Now that the worm was face to face with Monaca's inhospitable door he was sorry he had not been firmer with his bandit. This was really Sam's work. He had been a good-natured idiot. However, he knew what he had to do. Although his knees were trembling he kept his wits about him, and did not forget to stand close to the house so that a person looking down from the window upstairs would not recognize him as Paul Lombard. Otherwise Monaca's instant suspicion would have been aroused.

Then he knocked. Although he did not knock loudly the sound of his knuckles upon the thin panels of the door seemed to fill the street with echoes. Every door should have a bell; he might just as well have blown a police whistle, he told himself. Even so there was no response. He looked at the cracked green paint of the door panels, listened, waited, and when he made sure that no one had been awakened by his summons, knocked again somewhat more sharply.

Again he listened and waited. This time his alert ear heard someone walking across the floor upstairs. Monaca was awake and was crossing to the window to look out. Paul knew what he would do. He would see the car and see a man at the door. His grocer's mind would then become curious to know the occasion of the early call. Timidity, however, would intervene. He would ask his wife to take an observation through the curtains, she would rise and cross to the window, she also would become curious, and eventually the master of the house would thrust his legs into trousers and his feet into slippers and clump downstairs to the door.

This was in fact what happened. Monaca looked, called his wife, she crossed to the window, there was an interval devoted to hasty dressing, another interval devoted to the descent of the stairs in the twilight of morning, and the master of the house opened the door.

"What is wanted?" asked Monaca.

Paul's first thought curiously was of his foreman. If Keiser and the men in the shop knew what he was up to —— But he forced himself to speak the words he had prepared, and a moment later forgot about Keiser.

"See if this message is for you," he replied, feeling in his pockets as if for an envelope.

At the same time he stepped inside. The next instant Monaca found himself looking along the black barrel of an automatic pistol.

"Make no sound and throw up your hands!"

"I have no money in the house."

"Don't talk! Turn slowly with your hands up and walk through that door into the parlor."

Monaca had no choice but to obey. Meanwhile Paul's confederates had joined him. The opening of the door and the disappearance of Paul into the house constituted the prearranged signal for their entrance.

"Now stand with your face against the wall."

Although without his glasses, Monaca had been quick to recognize his daughter's discarded suitor in his captor. His recognition of his errand naturally followed, since he had been born in Sicily and was not a fool. His statement as to having no money was intended to mislead. Yet there was nothing he could do. He took his position against the wall, as ordered, resting his hands upon the flat surface above his head.

"Guard this prisoner," said Paul.

Had Paul been looking at the right man he would have seen a queer thing at this point. He would have seen Sam wink his right eye at Monaca. The thing was absurdly purposeless, not to say impossible, and must have been due to an accidental twitching of a muscle.

By this time Mrs. Monaca's heavy step was heard on the stairs. Again Paul had permitted himself to be given the ugly work by Sam. At the time the matter seemed unimportant; now he would have given money to escape explaining the situation to Vita's mother.

"Mrs. Monaca," he began as she appeared in the doorway, "don't be frightened. You will not be harmed."

She was not so quick as her husband to understand.

"What has happened?"

"Please step into the parlor."

He stood aside and she entered the room. When she saw her husband, and the two men standing guard over him with drawn pistols, her hand went to her heart.

"What—what is it?" And then: "Is it—Vita?"

Paul had already crossed to a rocking chair. This he dragged to the farthest corner of the parlor, placing it with its back toward Monaca and the men guarding him.

"Sit down and remain perfectly still. We may be burglars. Whatever we are, we are desperate men and well armed."

Mrs. Monaca, who had begun weeping softly, seated herself as directed. Paul, as much agitated as she, forced himself to think of his ultimate object. This was Sam's work, not his. He repeated it—he was an idiot. He should have stood in the background, or perhaps not have appeared at all. Too late now to change it! What was begun must be completed.

His ultimate object was Vita herself, and she came next. She was probably still asleep in her room. The thing he was about to undertake was going to be the hardest of all. He was tempted even now to call Sam aside and trade tasks with him. But he did not. He still had the soul of a worm. He did not begrudge an additional fifty dollars; he was fearful of confusion and failure. He therefore crossed to the door, passed into the hall and ascended the stairs to the second floor.

"There's the Danger of Arrest. You Know What That Means—Ten Years Apiece"

Paul knew that the parents occupied the front room. Nevertheless, he made a hurried inspection of it. The next room also; although, as he at once saw, it served as little more than a storeroom.

Vita's room was in the rear, but Paul was taking no chances.

He now found himself standing before the door at the end of his road, the door of the girl he intended to marry. He did well to hesitate before entering that room. Marriage by capture in books of travel is one thing; it is quite another in one's own family life. What would she say? What would she do? How was he to make her marry him after he had her? What can a man do to compel a girl to do what he wishes her to do when she stubbornly refuses to do it—a girl like Vita?

However, either this way or not at all. The worst that could happen was better than that nothing should happen. It is frequently so in life. He knocked lightly on the door, and without waiting for an answer turned the knob. The next moment he was standing inside her little room, hat in hand, his pistol in his coat pocket out of sight.

Meanwhile, the two professionals were standing guard over Monaca and his wife in the parlor. Sam's object in remaining behind now became clearer. Nothing was said while Paul crept upstairs; but when he was out of hearing Sam began speaking softly in the dialect of Palermo.

"He is nothing to me. I am a Sicilian. I lead him by the nose."

"What do you mean?" asked Monaca.

"How much would it be worth to have the girl back?" And he added, indicating the driver: "This man works with me. Other men also. All the men I need."

"I'll give a hundred dollars!" was the prompt reply.

"Make it five hundred."

"A hundred and fifty. I have no more. I'm poor."

"Five hundred," repeated Sam.

Monaca shook his head. The amount was too large. He hadn't it and couldn't raise it. He would give a hundred and fifty. That was all the money he could possibly get hold of.

"Think it over," said Sam.

"I have no more."

"I didn't say talk it over. We've talked too much already. No more talking."

Paul looked into Vita's questioning eyes. She was not yet fully awake, and did not grasp the significance of his presence. Of herself she never would have grasped it.

"Who is it?" she asked. "What is it?"

It is not easy for a sensitive man to talk like a train wrecker to the girl he loves. He much prefers to think out a pretty speech in advance, one that will lead him gradually to his point.

"Don't you remember? Your father is a landowner, while my father is what you call a *bracciante*. In Sicily the son of a *bracciante* does not marry the daughter of a landowner. But this is America."

He lost the thread of his speech, stopped, became confused; then the train wrecker's thoughts in his heart burst forth passionately.

"Vita," he cried, "I love you! I want you! I've come to take you with me to be married!"

Vita by this time was wide awake.

"You have no right in my room!"

"I think you don't understand," observed Paul softly.

"Leave my room!"

"Your father and mother are downstairs under guard. I have two friends with me, both armed. I also am armed."

He took his pistol from his pocket, showed it to her, and replaced it, though without pointing it at her.

"I am in control of this house. No harm will come to them or to you provided you do as I say. I have come for you. I intend to take you with me and marry you. I shall not use force unless I have to, but if necessary I shall take you with me by force. You must understand that I am a desperate man, counting my life as not worth a candle unless I have you. I love you. If I cannot marry you I don't want to live."

"I will not marry you. I will die first."

"You will not die. I will not let you. And you will go with me. I will make you."

"No!"

"Will you come quietly with me or not?"

"No!" panted Vita. "No!"

"Then—I must carry you off in my arms."

"Don't touch me! Don't dare to touch me! I'll bite! I'll scratch!"

The rest is not pretty to tell. Paul, loathing himself, gritted his teeth and seized the girl in his arms, bedclothes and all. She struggled, tried to bite, tried to scratch. Her captor, the good-natured spineless machinist, the man whom even Sicilian Sam had twisted about his little finger, held her until she had exhausted her strength by her struggles. Then he tied her wrists together with a handkerchief, and tied another handkerchief over her mouth, and tied her ankles together, and wrapped her in a blanket as if she had been a mere milliner's dummy. He knew that she would never cease to hate him. Her smoldering eyes told him that. But he knew that, if he did not steel his heart and carry the thing through, still less would she cease to hate him.

He wrapped her in the blanket, lifted her in his arms and carried her down the stairs and out the door of her

(Continued on Page 109)

Cabbages and Other Luxuries

By FORREST CRISSEY

A CERTAIN rather cynical housewife lately remarked that, so long as the advance in food prices was confined to the common necessities of the table, she would remain serene, because her family used so few of them; but when the big lift struck the list of luxuries she would begin to worry. Probably this satirical observation might have been aptly made by the chief of the commissary department in several million luxury-loving American homes, where the problem of family expense is initialed C. of H. L. instead of H. C. of L. The cost of high living is by no means an idle phrase in these days of magnificent incomes and princely expenditures.

The delicate implication that nothing so common as a necessity, nothing less exclusive than a luxury, could be admitted with impunity to the table of the elect is both suggestive and illuminating when one approaches the task of taking the food problem of to-day apart and attempting to make a profile map of it.

"Luxuries!" exclaimed the manager of one of America's most fashionable restaurants when I repeated to him the remark of the woman who implied that her family seemed inclined to scorn anything that did not come in the disguise of an imported delicacy. "Before you go far along that line of inquiry it will be well to establish a base line in the shape of a new definition of what it takes to enable an article of food to qualify as a table luxury. If you admit that this is merely a matter of price then you might as well make up your mind to revise almost the entire list of food articles familiar to you under the heading of Luxuries.

"There is hardly a day that does not bring me a jolt or two right along this line. For example, the American mind is not trained to consider corned-beef-and-cabbage as a table delicacy of a sufficiently exclusive character to entitle it to an intimate association with truffles, pâté de foie gras or real Russian caviar. But right here is where you are awarded another guess on the rank and station of this good old American dish, which has descended to us from the days of our Puritan forefathers. This very morning I paid six and a half dollars for about seventeen ordinary cabbages; and bought them at wholesale at that! Before the war they would have cost me seventy cents.

"To my notion, this fixes the station and rank of this celebrated washday dinner team on the American table and gives it a new rating right at the front in the luxury column. You might argue that, as corned beef has not kept pace with the ambitious advance of cabbage from the lowly and obscure seventy-cent class into the six-and-a-half-dollar circle, this conclusion is ill-considered; but do not for a moment forget that it would be as easy to please the American public with a performance of Shakspere's great sentimental masterpiece with Romeo appealing to an empty balcony as to offer corned beef without cabbage to the people of this country and have them accept it."

The Traveling Salesman Who Is a Master of His Calling Is About the Most Competent Witness Concerning the Pressing Food Problem of To-Day

The Juliet of the Boiled-Dinner Team

"CABBAGE is certainly the Juliet of the team; and as a social climber it has made a record in the season of 1916 that a Becky Sharp might envy. In this connection it is interesting to note how exclusiveness and expense sharpen the appetite. More of our patrons call for corned-beef-and-cabbage than ever before. Just tell a man who has a reasonable amount of money to spend at the table that the cost of a very common article of food has multiplied itself anywhere from five to nine times, and his mouth will water for that dish until he orders it. That's human nature—and it has a whole lot to do with the restaurant business, I can tell you!"

The elevation of the common garden variety of cabbage into the luxury class has caused no end of confusion and embarrassment in food circles. It has even disturbed the financial serenity of great wholesale houses. For example, you have only to mention the word sauerkraut in the head office of one of the greatest wholesale grocery jobbing houses in America to get a very quick and spirited comeback. The reason is this: In February, 1916, this concern made a contract with one of the largest sauerkraut packers in the country for a very large quantity of this desiccated delicacy from the cabbage patch. The contract price was five dollars and twenty cents, delivered in New York. The cartage added about forty-five cents, making the total cost five dollars and sixty-five cents.

Of course the cabbage seed was not even sprouted at the time when this purchase was made; but the jobbing house immediately set a price to its customers on this product of six dollars a barrel, and continued to sell it at that price until the season was well advanced and rumors of a short cabbage crop caused it to be put up to seven dollars and twenty-five cents. Then the blow fell—and the cabbage growers of the country woke up to find that a sudden and untimely freeze had almost completely wiped out the cabbage crop in a night.

But let the president of this big wholesale grocery house tell, in his own words, just how the humble barrel of sauerkraut broke through all official barriers and obtruded itself into the head office:

"There is a provision in this house," he explained, "whereby trouble out in the field comes to my desk whenever the incoming kicks become sufficiently numerous and spirited to merit a special consideration from the chief officer of the company. Suddenly a whole flock of complaints from customers who had not received the sauerkraut they had bought alighted on my desk. Of course I immediately sent for the department head who would naturally dictate the shipments from the factory to us, as well as O. K. the outgoing shipments of sauerkraut.

"The situation finally disclosed by my investigation was that the packer from whom we had bought our supply of kraut was unable to deliver a very considerable proportion of the amount for which we had contracted, and which we had resold at a price ranging from six dollars to seven dollars and twenty-five cents. He couldn't deliver simply because our contract had specified that the kraut should be cut from cabbage heads of a certain size, and only a small part of the crop in the localities of the factories operated by this packer attained the required size before the freeze came.

"For seventy years this house has delivered one hundred per cent of its futures; and, of course, I was not going to have it fall down on a batch of sauerkraut, no matter if it did involve a loss of several thousand dollars in order to maintain the record it had enjoyed for almost three-quarters of a century on the score of delivering all the goods that it sold to its customers. Consequently the proper department head was instructed to go out into the open market and buy enough sauerkraut to fill all our futures.

"I hardly care to say how many hundred barrels that took; but I am willing to tell the price we were obliged to pay: It was twenty dollars a barrel. There is nothing very exhilarating to the wholesale merchant in paying twenty dollars a barrel for sauerkraut and delivering it to his customers at from six dollars to seven and a quarter; but there is no little satisfaction in the feeling that the house is able to keep up its end of bargains made with its customers, no matter how much loss we may suffer in doing so."

The Rose-Strewn Path

ANOTHER New York wholesaler took a more ingenious method of making good on his sauerkraut sales. When the kraut packer laid the cards upon the table and said that delivery was impossible, but that he stood ready to do anything that seemed fair, this grocery jobber cleverly suggested that he believed his customers would accept a payment of five dollars a barrel in lieu of the profit they would make in the actual handling of the goods. This settlement was arranged, each retailer who had ordered kraut receiving a check, issued by the packer, based upon that rate. It was not a money-making transaction for the wholesaler, but it saved him quite a heavy loss.

"Right here," remarks one of the largest and ablest grocery jobbers in America, "is a point that apparently almost every political food investigator is inclined to overlook—the fact that the established wholesale grocer is not a food speculator in the common and uncomplimentary sense of the term; though he must buy a very large part of his goods before they are grown or produced in marketable form. The regular merchant must always consider the permanent interests of his customers—if he doesn't do this he might as well go out of business, for he will not last long with the trade. He must protect his customers just as carefully as he protects himself—and perhaps a little more so! If he so far loses all perspective on his business as to take a temporary advantage of the retailers who give him their trade year after year, and makes a big speculative haul out of them, he may rest assured that they will resent this by a withdrawal of custom that will cut deep into the reputation of his concern with the trade at large.

"On the other hand, the speculator who buys up a whole lot of foodstuff of any sort, holds it until prices are high and then begins to dump it on the heads of the trade is fundamentally a market demoralizer who hasn't a friend at court and who is cordially hated as a disturbing element, alike by wholesaler and retailer.

"When investigators once really grasp the principle that the interests of the established food merchant and the speculator in foods are diametrically opposed to each other, he will have learned something that he has not apparently understood up to the present time. Big market fluctuations are not good for the wholesale grocer; he gets his best profit when prices are steady, when trade operations move according to standard, and when he is able to see the end of a deal from its beginning.

"The same observation applies to the retail merchant too. When he can be reasonably sure of making a certain small percentage on his turnover, without worrying about whether he ought to buy heavily on account of a probable advance in prices or whether he ought to buy below his normal needs because of a likelihood of a declining market, he is in the best possible position to conduct his business upon a sound and economical basis, to give his customers good goods and good service, and to build up a satisfied trade."

When the interviewer made the mild observation that he had been led by newspapers and political investigators to believe that in these days the wholesale food merchant—not to speak of the retailer—was treading a path strewn with the roses of unprecedented profits, this big jobber tossed the ball back with this exclamation:

"Oh, certainly, it's nothing but roses from morning till night! Let me give you one little experience, an illustration that is typical of scores of others which we are up against every day in this period of high wages and

war orders. Incidentally it involves one of the most popular of all modern table luxuries—the olive.

"Not long ago the head of our olive-packing department came to me with a long face and said that it was only a question of two or three days before he would have to shut up shop and throw his girls, several hundred of them, out of work. The trouble was that he hadn't a pound of glass in which to put the olives—and all green olives are packed either in bottles or glass jars, as everybody knows. His supply of these containers had been ordered last July and he had bills of lading showing that the goods had been shipped long ago. At once I got the president of the railroad, over which the goods had been shipped, on the wire and explained to him something about the size of our freight business and how badly we wanted that glass. He came back with the statement that he couldn't move a wheel carrying that kind of freight, and if I didn't understand the situation my own traffic man would explain it to me, as it was too long a story to be told over the wire.

"In a word, it looked as if we had lost out in getting our glass delivered. But I knew that if we closed the olive-packing department our customers would soon be clamoring for olives—and besides, the loss in allowing about five hundred careful girls to drift into other lines of work was an altogether too expensive waste to be tolerated. Consequently I determined to solve the transportation problem I was up against, at any cost.

"After our traffic man located the big glass shipment I called in the head of our trucking department and told him to make up a train of five-ton trucks and take them down to a little station back of Trenton, New Jersey, where he would find our cars standing on a siding. The expedition was to be in charge of a competent man. The head man on each truck carried a good big wad of spending money with him and general instructions were given to break into the cars and take the glass—and the consequences, too, if there were any. All the men knew just what to do in case of trouble. Well, they came back with the glass, all right; but the breakage was big, and so was the expense. I'd hate to tell anybody what the transportation on that glass cost us, but you may take my word for the fact that we shall not make any money on the olives going out in the glass to which we gave an automobile ride from down below Trenton to our olive-packing establishment.

"This is not an isolated case, either. Much the same sort of thing is happening all the time. If I hadn't kept our olive factory going our skilled girls would have gone to munitions plants, candy factories and other manufacturing concerns, and we should have been obliged to train other girls in their places—a very costly process."

Rising Prices

NO MAN who is not in a position of high authority in a big food business can fully appreciate what a daily terror the transportation problem has become. Embargoes are run on the off-again-on-again program and it takes an expert to keep track of them; goods shipped from the West months ago are standing on sidetracks at way stations while trainloads of munitions are whizzing past day after day and week after week. Occasionally a local freight will manage to sneak a few cars of common merchandise from one way station to another. That's a fair picture of freight forwarding as it is done to-day, according to the whole fraternity of food jobbers. The wholesale grocer puts in his time making frantic appeals to the transportation officials to get his goods off the sidings and rolling steadily toward his place, while the food investigators are equally busy trying to get a good hold on his heels.

Every process of moving or handling goods costs the merchant a whole lot more than it did before food prices started to soar. This immense increase in the cost of doing business has touched almost everything that goes into his operations. Containers of every sort, kind and class, from the roughest packing box to the finest tin can printed in colors, have increased in price enormously. The advance in the kind of paper most used by the wholesale merchant has been about forty-five per cent, and it is still going up. Nails, twine, string and wire have also kept pace with boxwood and paper.

One Atlantic Seaboard wholesaler says that the drivers to whom he paid from fifteen to seventeen dollars before the war are now getting nineteen, and that all his wage workers have been advanced at about the same rate. This increase in labor cost is, in his opinion, typical of the rise that almost every wholesale grocer has been obliged to grant to hold his men. Even men on salaries have been given some concessions, which count up to a big total on the pay roll of every large establishment.

"The net of the whole matter," says the head of a great food house doing a heavy exporting business, "is how much the wholesale grocer makes, how much he does, and whether his service entitles him to the margin that he is able to get. Personally I'm willing to confess that this house has never been able to make three per cent on its turnover in any year since I've been in position to know anything of its affairs—and I've been brought up here. How many other lines of business can you find of which this can be said?

"This is not because we're not up to standard in our line, either. I believe that the trade in general will cheerfully grant that we're considered leaders and highly successful. In a word, if we are not making three per cent on our turnover you are going to have some trouble in finding any wholesale grocer who does better than that. We are typical of the trade in general in that we depend upon big volume and quick turnover for profits. When volume is comparatively small and turnover is relatively slow, then we get off on the wrong side of the ledger.

"Then there is still another element to which we must look in order to make anything worth while and operate upon the slender margins that obtain in this trade—the most careful, thorough and economical methods in both the operating and the financial branches of the business. If we didn't hold our business down to the soundest lines of administration our margins would do the disappearance act and show up in red ink, in company with a minus sign. This observation, I believe, applies to the trade in general. The possible average margin in this business is too narrow to allow room for any fancy steps, any experimenting, any loose-jointed ambling, any careless or untested methods of procedure.

"I can name a dozen lines of business where the elbow-room is several hundred per cent greater than in this. It takes a trained tightrope walker to keep to a margin of less than two per cent and pay dividends. The very strenuousness of the task has developed a high order of administrative and executive talent in this line of trade. You will look far and wide to find a higher average in any other branch of commerce. Close figuring is the key to success in the wholesale grocery business, and the man who attempts to operate without this key is going to find himself out on the sidewalk, staring at a sheriff's-sale notice on the door of his house.

"Where the average profit on turnover is less than three per cent, the consumer certainly has no just cause of complaint. I believe the public will agree with this statement. Of course there is a small margin of kickers—as narrow as the food jobber's margin of profit—who could not be convinced that any business man is giving them a square deal—especially any merchant handling foods. But they run about two ounces lighter than a cork on the average, and are not worth considering."

This merchant makes open confession of the fact that if he closes this business year with a handsome total profit he will have his export trade to thank for it, at least in a large measure. It is not denied that there is a good margin of profit in selling food supplies to the armies of the Old World, and those jobbers that have taken contracts of this sort are taking good care to get prices not obtainable in domestic trade from their regular customers.

Naturally opportunities of this kind are not open to all wholesale grocers, but are generally confined to the leaders of the trade, who are in positions of strategic advantage, both financially and geographically. The smaller inland grocery jobber has not, in other words, much of a chance to get a war order that will yield him a fat profit.

The Wholesale Grocer's Ambassadors

PROBABLY the country contains no class of men more fully informed on food values and food prices than the traveling salesmen who carry what is called a general line and sell to the retail trade. These men—at least those that represent strong houses and are assigned to territories of importance—are not mere order takers by any means! They do not travel from store to store with their eyes shut; but they are trained observers of trade conditions, who occupy a position that gives them a bird's-eye view of the entire stream of trade, from the grower or manufacturer to the consumer. The retailer relies upon the traveling salesman who enjoys his confidence, and in whose judgment and character he places the greatest dependence, for the information and advice upon which his buying is done.

The wholesaler has a keen realization that his traveling salesmen must make good in the capacity of special counselers of the retailer, or else forfeit the standing of their house. Therefore, these ambassadors to the court of the retailer are systematically fed with the latest information upon the supply and availability of every article of food. The price book carried by a general-line salesman representing a large wholesale grocery house in a country territory is about as thick as an unabridged dictionary, and is a loose-leaf affair that is kept right down to date by the daily insertion of new leaves systematically sent out from headquarters.

While these sheets contain the latest quotations on from ten to fifteen thousand articles, the price book of the traveling salesman would be much thinner if its contents were confined exclusively to prices. Instead, it bristles with the facts that are taken into consideration in accounting for the prices and that have a bearing upon future prices and values. It is, in fact, a very terse compendium of crop forecasts; a crisp analysis of the quality of crops or supplies already harvested or in hand; a condensed commentary on transportation and consumption conditions, and on the latest improvements in the preparation of foods, in packages and containers, and on new methods calculated to improve the eating qualities of foodstuffs.

Naturally the alert and progressive retailer looks to this carefully equipped ambassador from the wholesale house not only for the information upon which to base his prices but also for the ammunition of fact and argument to be used in selling the goods to his customers, and explaining to patrons the reason why certain articles are cheap or dear, or an improvement over the previous output in the same line.

Inevitably this sort of relationship brings to the traveling salesman who stands well with his trade a rather intimate view of the retailer's trade and troubles. Selling goods is only about half of the traveling salesman's job, the other half being to get the money for them, build up his customers into better merchandisers, and thereby increase their buying capacities. It is inevitable, then, that the traveling salesman must know the business of his customers as well as or better than that of his own house.

All this makes the traveling salesman who is a master of his calling about the most competent witness who could be called into court to testify concerning the pressing food problem of to-day, where the responsibility lies for prevailing high prices, and who is getting the big end of the profits, where profits exist.

"The position of the average retail grocer of to-day," declares one of the ablest traveling salesmen of my acquaintance, who has a big house behind him and enjoys to a peculiar degree the confidence of his trade, "is about as uncomfortable and unbusinesslike as could well be imagined.

"It Doesn't Occur to the Average Provider to See Whether Good Substitutes May Not be Found"

(Continued on Page 101)

BRIGGLES "GOES WEST"

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

HAVING secretly bought young Truesdale's house, though he remained Truesdale's valet, Briggles saw no harm in occasionally leaving his personal effects about Truesdale's rooms! Bursting into rage as he discovered the moth-eaten collar box with a flock of his former ties, now limp strings, Truesdale would resort to harsh words. Upon each occasion Briggles was tempted to say:

"Young man, have a care! You're sleeping on your rent."

But he refrained. The final triumph must be more dramatic. So he meekly removed the box and went about polishing Truesdale's bankrupt boots. Meantime Truesdale entertained royally up to the last sou. Gay supper parties drank unpaid-for wine and nibbled truffles in the Pompeian dining room, with Truesdale gracefully toasting every white-shouldered, French-gowned guest.

Rising from his prayers Briggles often fancied what would happen should he tiptoe down the backway and throw open the pantry door dramatically, saying, "Out upon you!" He would shake his head and remark how sorry he was the ladies would have to walk to town, since the automobiles had been seized by a lurking creditor! They would stalk like wretched beggars through the snow. He would stand triumphant in the doorway, his rotund, pink-pyjamaed person with its sandy-topped head and shrewd, twinkling blue eyes imprinted forever on their consciousness.

No! He would wait for one of Truesdale's supreme dinners with artistic lions woofing away at a great pace. Then he would turn out every blooming Yankee swank, and ring for claret and an apple dumpling with hard sauce. He would sit in Truesdale's place—and eat with his knife if the mood seized him. It was no sillier than wearing lizards on your shoulder and asking them:

"Shall muzzy catch wuzzy a fly for his brekker?"

Unexpectedly Truesdale took him into his confidence, asking in his light, irritating fashion:

"Briggles, do you know you're working for a pauper? I'm on the downright! Every tack and rag in this shack, and the shack, too, are sold to some old freezer who's lying low!"

Here was chance to burst into ownership, upbraiding him for his lost estate, his fallen manhood, his impossible ardor for this Sheila Morgan, a red-haired, gray-eyed goddess who had been heard to murmur "Carrots" as Briggles passed!

He should have said:

"I own the shack! Cook can pack you a lunch, and then you go tell that worming little tyke!"

But he never did. Each day brought a greater expectation of the *dénouement*. It obsessed him somewhat. He would wait for Truesdale's rags-and-tatters ball, then he would stride into the conservatory and signal the Hawaiian orchestra to stop. He would adopt a Napoleonesque attitude as he said:

"I've no objection to your dancing until midnight—but it's nigh onto two. In my 'ouse such a thing is not permitted!" And as they would rush toward him with straitjackets he would flourish the title deeds.

Presently this seemed tawdry and overdone. He would wait until Truesdale and a few friends were sipping their *demi-tasses*. That would be more subtle. He would step in graciously and say:

"Young gentlemen, may I ask you to move to the servants' sitting room? I'm going to nap a bit on the *chaise longue!*"

This, too, was discarded. In all the drama he had seen the interest was most tense when the two leading characters held the crisis of the plot in their exclusive lines.

He would tell Truesdale alone:

"Master Martin, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, and I thank God your mother 'aan't lived to see it! I own the rug you're standing on, even if I laced the boots that 'olds your feet. I'll lace 'em no more. . . . I own this 'ouse! I made my pile in steel—overnight—why couldn't you?"

But as yet the opportunity seemed not ripe. Perhaps Mr. Stoker proved an excellent obstacle. Briggles had decided on buying him from Truesdale no matter what outrageous sum was asked. Mr. Stoker was a small, square black dog with flourishing grizzled whiskers, centered by two soulless, shoe-button eyes. He was a working terrier, used to lead out the pack, and his uncle was in the royal kennels. Sired by Champion Matchbox and dammed by Maid of Perth, Mr. Stoker retained his dignity of name even in Briggles' most exasperated moments.

"Mr. Stoker, there's a bone shower awaiting you in the pantry" was his way of announcing Mr. Stoker's dinner.

"Will you please step out, Mr. Stoker?" he would ask, swinging back the gates. "Will you tell me if you were nibbling the gloves I left in this chair?"

Mr. Stoker, always noncommittal but omnipresent, even at the moment of Truesdale's proposing to Sheila, accepted Briggles as a man and brother. They understood each other remarkably well.

Briggles often confided to him how the thing had come about, painting dark portraits of Truesdale's future, punctuating them with weedy little tears which he attributed to colds. He would be waiting for Truesdale's return from some noisy party, when he would retell Mr. Stoker the story of his life, with the ultimate pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Mr. Stoker never wearied of the story; he was a flattering canine. He would sit, emotionless but tense, his shoe-button eyes centered on Briggles' round red face with its low knobby forehead topped by sandy-white hair.

"Ah, Mr. Stoker," Briggles would begin, "there's no telling 'ow far a man may rise or fall! I'm an hoptomist. I believe in everybody being 'appy—and good. The two be twins! Everybody can be 'appy—every one of God's creatures." Here he would give a wheezy little laugh like drawing the long-neglected cork from a vicious bottle. "Even the lobster 'as rosy moments!" At which Mr. Stoker's stub of a tail would wag appreciatively.

"'Ere's Blister Briggles owning an estate on the 'Udson," he would continue. "They called me Blister, Mr. Stoker, because as I lay in me mother's arms, 'twas all I reminded 'er of—she was literal—very literal! I've come on, 'aven't I?"

Briggles hoarded his salary and tips in a red-silk stocking. When the stocking took on dangerous avoirdupois a loan association helped it bant. When the loan association began to pay shares Briggles took a flier in steel. Inside of two months he had more money than Truesdale's debts! And he bought Truesdale's house and furnishings from a reticent selling agent, binding him to secrecy and chuckling at his own deepness. What he would do with the house he did not know. A combination of forces inspired the sale—a retaliation of class fostered by America's independence, an uprising against Truesdale's pleasant teasings and, although flatly denied to himself, a loyalty, a hatred of seeing a stranger flaunt into the property. Truesdale's mother had been an English girl; Briggles was houseman in their family, retiring to start a tavern. After the English girl married an American she wrote for Briggles to set them right. American servants annoyed and bewildered her.

So Briggles came. Five years later, returning home after his mother's funeral, little Truesdale, crying but not clear yet as to the reason, rushed out to Briggles—not to his father—to be comforted. It was then that Briggles really assumed the charge of Truesdale's career as well as the care of his tiny, stiff black suits. And now Briggles had bought the house unbeknownst to him!

Briggles had watched young Truesdale grow into a handsome, brilliant man, with extraordinary ability as a chemist, and every promise of making a name for himself in science. Briggles had seen women, fat and short, lean and tall, young and old, suffragists and classic dancers, gurgling débutantes and beaming dowagers, make violent, shameless love to Truesdale. Truesdale's blue-black head merely shook in humorous dismay at their attentions. Briggles never had to worry on the score of marriage. Whenever he saw a tiny danger signal flying, such as the new soubrette at the Follies, he would sound Truesdale cleverly, as he had done in previous years regarding stolen bonbons or slidings down forbidden banisters in one's best pantaloons!

"Oh, the little girl with the curls?" Truesdale would say nonchalantly, but to Briggles' happiness of soul. "Why, the only thing she has to look forward to is starring in Her Double Chin." At which Briggles would beam and slip away.

When Truesdale was thirty and had gambled away half his estate with lackluster interest, Sheila Morgan was given him as a dinner partner. It was a foregone conclusion they would love each other.

The introduction and necessary preliminaries to the affair were about as senseless as if one had said, "Mr. Montague, may I present Juliet Capulet—awfully nice girl, home every Sunday evening," and expected a six months' prelude of discussing the weather.

Briggles, watching from the offing, knew the worst the first moment he saw them together. Sheila and her family were taking dinner with Truesdale.

"She's a sea serpent," he told Mr. Stoker sadly. "'E's gone, Mr. Stoker; we may as well pack!"

Sheila wore a chameleon on her orchid tulle frock. She really hated the little thing, but it was the vogue, and she took an odd delight in doing bizarre, unbecoming things and being liked in spite of them. My Lady Handicap, Truesdale came to call her.

Truesdale hated the chameleon. He called it the green icicle, although it basked on his cuff and he ordered Briggles to let it have an airing on his tropical palm. The green icicle and Mr. Stoker and Briggles were put in the same also-ran class. Nothing mattered but Sheila, and life assumed a new, charming pattern. Truesdale stopped gambling and went into the deserted laboratory at the top of the house. Briggles, beaming with pride, waited for him to astonish the world. After two weeks Truesdale announced joyously that he had found the right perfume for her—two weeks working on a perfume for a red-haired, gray-eyed sea serpent, who merely said:

"You're the most worthless handsome man I ever liked. I loathe perfume. Pour it on Briggles!"

Briggles heard her say "Pour it on Briggles!" His stout British soul began to rebel then.

For a year Truesdale lived in an expectant state, grubbing about to find a suitable post, trying to regain his money. He walked and rode with Sheila, was her dinner partner and her dancing partner, called four times a week, entertained the family with wonderful dinners, and showered her with every gift she would permit. Also Briggles caught him in the very act of trying to find something which rimed with her name.

Briggles endured a great deal that year. He resented Truesdale's loving her, but he resented far more Sheila's

"She's a Sea Serpent," He Told Mr. Stoker Sadly. "'E's Gone, Mr. Stoker; We May as Well Pack!"

not worshiping Truesdale! He used to muse to Mr. Stoker of winter evenings over her stupidity and selfishness.

"She's selfish—sea serpents always is! She'll get bony, if I don't miss my play—neck full o' accordion plaits at forty. Eyes'll turn green! Then she'll wish she 'ad one single smile from 'im—but then it'll be too late! It'll be too late!"

Briggles waxed enthusiastic over the tragedy, stirring his pint of warm rum punch and wriggling his stubby toes in glee. Mr. Stoker was a lukewarm confidant, since he persisted in paying Sheila homage, even walking with her unattended by Truesdale or Briggles.

"There's bad blood in you!" Briggles would say savagely upon his return. "So you've been a 'love'—'ave you? And 'didn't chase a single kitty'—oh, you blighter! Your sire was kicked out o' the pack. I'd take oath on it! Get in 'ere! Who says that man and beast could be like brothers' lies!"

Later in the evening, when Mr. Stoker laid his square, whiskery jaw on Briggles' knee, the shoe-button eyes twinkling up at him, the dog was forgiven to the extent of a ham bone.

Then something happened between Truesdale and Sheila—no one knew what. Perhaps her father disapproved of Truesdale's shaky finances; or the Austrian count, ogling her all season, made Truesdale seem a prosaic American bent on skidding. Whatever it was, it caused Sheila to plunge into mad gayeties, flirting outrageously, wearing extreme clothes, saying and doing extreme things, physically overdoing until lilac shadows crept under the starlike eyes. It caused Truesdale to go on skidding. He stopped trying to save or retrench, and he gambled and rambled along as if he did not care a hang.

Everyone had fancied them engaged. Truesdale mentally had been engaged ever since he had first met her. But one day Sheila said to him:

"I can't go on, Martin. I can't love any one I don't respect, and I do not respect you—there's no reason for your throwing away money."

"Oh, it's the money, is it?" Truesdale snapped. He knew it wasn't and he had no idea of saying so. The words just tumbled out of his lover's disorderly, discouraged brain that needed a sound housecleaning!

Sheila, hurt to the heart—for she had intended only a warning—sent him away. He came back to plead with her, but she would not listen.

"If you'd say you'd marry me, then I could show you," he urged.

"Any man who asks a woman to be a crutch for him on his way to the altar will be a cripple all the rest of his life," she answered. "Martin, I'd like to find an excuse for you—I've even—hunted—for—them."

"All out because of the war?" he asked flippantly.

She shook her head.

"You lack something—I don't know what. Something that you've yet to discover within yourself, or something you've discarded in your folly. Why have you lived along at such a pace?"

Anyone but an angry, turbulent lover would have seen that the girl who was speaking adored him.

"I don't know—natural worthlessness perhaps. I only dabbled in chemistry. I had a lot of money, and I never learned how to say no! Maybe that's the thing. An irregular love of pleasure clutched me—I often think of working in earnest, I've an idea or so I'd like to see go. But it has always seemed as if there were plenty of time and plenty of money, and such a lot of fun going that I must get in on! That's the truth," he laughed nervously. "I know I'm building a stone fortress round your heart by telling you this; and making such a swashy, no-account excuse. If I should confess to some daring crime or to some morbid tragedy which had left its warp, you'd coo and gurgle and forgive me—well, I can't lie. There hasn't been anything. I rather think you're well out of it, Sheila, because you can say no!"

After a moment she burst out impetuously: "But I can't, Martin; there's the trouble. You and I are alike, only you're too stupid to see it. We ought to marry opposites. Have you never thought of it? It's as plain—as plain as it is that you'll be walking the streets for work and I'll be a silly spinster simpering behind my fan! I ought to marry a man who would beat me—just a little—make me stop my nonsense. The thing that makes me wear extraordinary clothes and be a vivid butterfly that will fade in a few more seasons needs to be beaten! You need some plain and gentle woman who will make you feel ashamed of yourself. That's it! I've wanted to find the right word for a long time. You need to be shamed. Love or scoldings or threats haven't done any good. But if someone were to make every bit of your six-foot self burn with self-contempt, you would run away and hide until you had fought it all out; then you'd make your mark. I'm right, Martin; we're too much alike to do each other any good."

"You think I'm satisfied with that explanation?" Truesdale answered. "As if I couldn't beat you"—his lips curved into a half savage, half tender expression—"as if you couldn't shame me!"

"You'd pet me before the sting of the blow had vanished and I'd forgive you before you were thoroughly inoculated with self-contempt." She shook her reddish-gold head sadly. "You need to marry a woman with a different idea of a good time—not me, whose idea of pleasure is to wear a dancing frock requiring but one hook and eye!"

When Truesdale went away the best he took with him was a promise that if she could ever shock him into a realization of what an idler he was she would do so—and he had declared that if he ever saw an opportunity to administer corporal punishment he would turn bantam weight! Both had laughed—and cried within themselves.

Briggles had borne with Truesdale nobly. Britta, Sheila's French maid, could have told similar tales of suffering had she been able to speak the English language. Everyone said that Truesdale was the handsomest and gayest dinner guest to be had and that Sheila had played with him, dashing about in her startling frocks, with half a dozen suitors tagging after.

II

THE *dénouement* came during the late fall. It was unexpected and most disappointing. Truesdale, finding fault with his cravat, upbraided Briggles, who bore the reproach without comment, for talking back to Truesdale only resulted in a stormy scene of mutual reproach. And after the combat Truesdale always gave him a five, and Briggles always poured out a saucer of pure cream for Mr. Stoker!

Waiting for Truesdale's return from a round of useless calls, Briggles sulked in his room. Mr. Stoker napped on the hearth mat. Comforted by a rum punch pungent with orange peel, Briggles read a short-story weekly, his heart glowing over the simple stories. He had just drained the last of his glass, remarking to Mr. Stoker on the serious drawbacks of being a dog, when Truesdale rushed in, as pale as if he were convalescing from a long fever.

"Briggles, You Packed His Boxes When He Went to School, Didn't You?" "I Did," Admitted Briggles Grimly, "and When He Went to Jail!"

"Is it true?" he shouted, dragging Briggles to the middle of the floor, Mr. Stoker all tangled up in their feet and his welcome unappreciated. "Have you sneaked and spied and fawned on me all these years, saving your wages and your tips and nosing about stocks until you could buy my house and actually put me out—is it?" He shook him so violently that Briggles' yellow-white hair streamed in hysterical little pennants over the knobby forehead.

"Answer—have you bought this place—have you? You're a lying scoundrel, a sneaking hypocrite—a low sort of cheap knave if you have!"

Briggles' triumph tumbled into ruins. For some strange reason he branded himself the most infamous criminal in the United Kingdom.

"'Ow did you know, sir?" he gasped.

"Then it's true! You've bought the place—well, that's good!" Truesdale laughed unpleasantly.

"That's a fine way for me to reward my father for his fortune—my mother for—for her collection of laces," he added incoherently. "You'll appreciate those laces, won't you, Briggles?"

"Sir, when your mother was presented I 'ad the pleasure of folding the lace scarf round 'er. She said I did it better than the court mantua maker." Briggles grew a shade paler. "I loved your mother, sir, or I shouldn't 'ave come to a strange country to watch over 'er—and over you after she was taken."

"I beg your pardon," Truesdale answered quietly. "I'm angry with myself. That's it. I—I can't talk as I feel. I say wrong words because there are no words to say what I feel. Then it's true—you've owned this place for months and kept still. Were you never going to cry out?"

"I was, any number of times; then I thought I'd let it run on a bit, no 'arm was coming to it. I'd tell you, maybe round the first of December."

"Believe in doing your Christmas shocking early, eh?" Truesdale walked to the alcove and pushed back the velvet curtains. "You can keep the curtains all drawn like a grave, now that you own them. Pardon me this once, if I let in a little of the sunset." He jerked them roughly. Briggles' practiced eye saw his hand tremble.

"May I ask 'ow it came to your notice?"

"Miss Morgan. She's downstairs now. She knew I was running into the ground—I think she rather liked the way I disregarded her advice—it's what she'd do if she were a man. And to—to shame me, she wanted to buy the house, some idea of holding it up as a prize. Woman you love owns your house! Must buy it back from her before she'll marry you—jump higher, higher, Fido, the lump of sugar is way, way in the air! That sort of thing. Well, when she ferreted it out that you owned it she told me and I said she lied. Yes, I said 'You lie!' and she picked up her cape and answered 'We'll go to your house, or whoever's house it is, and find out.' Here we are. If you'll excuse me I'll go down and beg her pardon—tell her my valet has bought it." He left the room.

Briggles eyed Mr. Stoker and Mr. Stoker eyed Briggles.

"I'll watch 'im that 'e don't act desperate," Briggles promised Mr. Stoker. "She's a sea serpent—I always said it. What did she want with the 'ouse? is what I'm asking."

Mr. Stoker's shoe-button eyes asked as plainly as shouting: "What did you want with it, Briggles?"

Briggles scratched his disordered hair reflectively.

"It's roused 'im. That's good. Mr. Stoker, when 'e comes back 'e'll be all in—lovers' quarrels, you know. And when one is a sea serpent and the other a lazy little prince ——" Briggles poured some more punch to compose himself.

Truesdale, facing Sheila, was saying gravely:

"I beg your pardon. Briggles bought the place. He saved his wages, played the stocks and won. They usually buy a shop and live in the rear, bell on the front door, lots of tatting doilies. But Briggles didn't—he played for high stakes and got them. I don't know or care what he's going to do with it. I'm glad you didn't get it, for I think Briggles is a gentleman, Sheila; that he bought it with a cold-blooded eye to an investment. I don't think that you, with the spending money of an empress, had any other intent except your exotic way of teasing me, or of telling me that you didn't care. A poorer, more simple woman would never have dreamed of such a thing."

"You think that?" she asked steadily, gathering her fur cape about her.

"Yes, I do," he retorted, with the tender passionate eyes of stabbed youth.

"I did it to shame you, Martin, because I—I cared. I hate you now!" The last rang untrue but she said it forcibly. "Because I thought that if you were in my debt, if I could in any way make you see things as you ought —— I didn't want some stranger to buy and take away even your mother's laces. But someone did it far more effectively than I—your valet."

In the throes of his shame and not yet admitting the fact, Truesdale took her arm roughly.

The girl shrank away from him.

"You said that you needed to be beaten and I to be shamed. I think I'm taking double measure—from my valet and from the woman I love. But it would have been a cheap trick, Sheila, not worthy of you," he persisted with blind egotism.

"Women don't bother buying country places when they own two or three in their own right."

Truesdale flushed.

"You need to be beaten—just the same," he answered with unintelligent, unjust, cave-man logic.

"Why?" Her eyes narrowed. "Because you're wrong and a good friend tries to save you, you want that friend beaten? It's yourself you should lash."

He saw her to her car.

"I'll be going, naturally, so I'll say good-by. Thank you for the try!"

Sheila bowed gravely. The car whirled off. Out of sight, she turned to look back wistfully. "There are different meanings to the word 'beaten,' boy," she murmured, "and I lose!"

Truesdale, scuffling through the woods half the next day, coatless, with an old cap tossed on his head, felt beaten too. Reflected pain perhaps! To his mind it was as ridiculous for Briggles to buy the place as for Mr. Stoker. Briggles—and Sheila knew it; Sheila trying to buy the place and hold it as a ransom . . . Had he come to be such an utter plaything? But did she mean it—was it to be one of her daring pastimes, her teasing triumphs? What was the use of asking? Briggles had bought it! Truesdale mentally slipped back to being a tiny tearful lad in new shiny black, clinging hard to Briggles' warm hand as they passed a certain closed door, and he heard Briggles say: "Little master, let's you and I play ninepins!"

Returning at dusk, fired with resolve, Truesdale met Mr. Stoker and Briggles pacing anxiously up and down.

"I'll not need anything," he said, ignoring Mr. Stoker. "I'll start to pack to-morrow."

Briggles looked in dismay at Mr. Stoker. Mr. Stoker, gorged to the teeth with chicken patties, had no wish to be dragged into any dreary landlord-and-tenant dispute!

"Master Martin," Briggles' voice quavered, "would you consider staying on a bit? I'm not keen to do anything immedjit!" He waved his hands like a woman.

"I'm going west." Truesdale walked into his room.

Briggles and Mr. Stoker pattered after.

"West, sir?" said Briggles, his blue eyes like glass beads. "Oh, sir; not—not our west?" Truesdale nodded.

In England there is a phrase, "going west," which defines a surreptitious jolly party with popping bottles. Lately Tommy Atkins has borrowed the phrase to express outward indifference when the regiment receives marching orders. "Going west" means trenches, bully bread, thin soup, mud, barbed wire, shrapnel, shreds of men left here and there. Fritzies waiting behind every tree twig! Truesdale and Briggles had adopted the phrase. They never spoke of going to the war but always as "he's gone west," or "the west looks bad."

"Our west—to polish off old Fritzie?" Even Mr. Stoker pricked up his ears and stopped mangling Briggles' last copy of the short-story magazine.

"Our west, Briggles, to polish off myself! Oh, not in any insane melodramatic way—that's what's wrong with me! Trying to live like a comic-opera hero instead of an American. I'm going with Cary and Fraser in the Paris laboratories as an experimenting chemist. They'd asked me before—remembered some asinine stunt I did experimenting about taking lactic acid from fatigued muscles. I sent a cable from the station. It's no firing line and uniform and sobby diary to be reprinted; it's just trying to do something besides discover synthetic perfumes for ——" Truesdale's lips fluttered.

"Do something besides discover cynic perfumes for sea serpents," Briggles finished heatedly. "She is—she is—she is!"

The joy of saying so was glorious.

"You mean Miss Morgan?" asked Truesdale sharply. "Be still!" Then he laughed. "Who am I to talk so to you, living in your house, sleeping in your bed? Oh, Stoker, old top, we're a funny pair!"

"You'll make good over there," said Briggles. "Master Martin, I'm proud to pack your boxes. Going west—to experiment—things—in—things," he finished raggedly, blowing his nose. "That's good! Licking good! Going to polish off old Fritzie! I'm glad the blooming 'ouse is mine. You'd 'ave stuck like a leaf in the gutter as long as your mortgages 'eld!"

"So she said! That I needed to be shamed—I was angry then. I said she needed to be beaten—I am shamed. But she shan't be beaten, Briggles; she must win!" He looked at Mr. Stoker as at a respectable, emotionless measuring stick by which to steady himself.

"Did she say that?" asked Briggles, astonished that a sea serpent wearing a green icicle could speak so wisely.

Truesdale nodded.

"But she won't know for a long time. Maybe it'll be too late. . . . Briggles, are the trunks all ready for action?"

"All but mine—it squeaks."

"What the devil do I care about yours?"

"What am I to put my 'jammies in?" Briggles asked bitterly.

"Your house," Truesdale laughed.

"Can't float a 'ouse on the pond, can't crowd 'em with yours."

"What are you driving at?"

Briggles looked in injured dismay.

"Sir, I'm going west!"

"You, a bloated landholder ——"

"You think this roast beef is going to let Yankee bacon beat 'im to the pan?"

Briggles lapsed into American slang. "Sir, I'll be useful, laying out everybody's clothes—laying out men if they need me! I've an idea or so that might come 'andy.

"Miss Morgan: Will You Kindly Watch Mr. S. for This P. M.? He is Extra Wild and I am Busy Packing"

Ahem—'ow's this—listen sharp! Clouds is water, water will freeze. The Zepplins—nasty bouncers—sails in clouds; make up something rippling that'll freeze the wings of hangels, shoot it through cannon into the sky—freeze the clouds with the Zeps in 'em, let 'em say their prayers in a snowbank for a year or two. I'll think up a knapsack of 'em while we're going acrost! I'm an able-bodied man, sixty last Boxing Day, never 'ad rheumatics or been married. You think you're going to ship me, now that you promise to be a credit? That's gratitude—I'm willing to ask the hangels! The years I've stuck by and watched you make an ass of yourself, took care of your mother's lace, fed and unfleaed Mr. Stoker—just because I won a little kail and bought your 'ouse, so you could always buy it back when you stopped being a lunatic, just because the sea serpent turns out to be a lovin' mermaid trying to save you, you think you'll go west alone and blow yourself up in a laboratory trying to make sneeze powders to tickle Fritzie and make him miss aiming straight? No. Briggles goes west!"

"Don't!" said Truesdale, in a muffled voice. "It isn't fair; it's ——"

"You want to make me a 'ermit, do you? Leave me in this 'Udson wilderness at the mercy of this beast." Mr. Stoker blinked innocently. "Cheat me of the pleasure of coming back with a 'ero? Well, you won't!"

Truesdale stumbled over to him in the same boyish way he had done years ago when something went wrong that needed Briggles' diplomatic adjustment. He put his hand on the dumpling of a shoulder in the tender, rare fashion of man comrades.

"All right, we'll go west," he said.

"And we'll come 'ome—to Mr. Stoker," Briggles added cheerfully.

Truesdale refused to see the "lovin' mermaid," much as Briggles urged it.

"Not till I'm home! I don't want any grandstand play of going to the war, when I'm merely going into a nice laboratory full of interesting smells. Just fussing round trying to oil up my brain again. I'll write her after I'm there!"

That evening, reducing luggage to its slimmest possibilities, Briggles looked at Mr. Stoker reflectively.

"It's a bloody shame you're denied the power of speech," he said; "what a grand little tattletale you'd be! You could walk right in and say, 'Oh, Miss Sheila, 'e is dead gone on you, and 'e 'as come to 'is senses, but 'e stays stubborn! You thought 'e was going to be a poor bar fly—you'll find 'im in the roaring lion pen! But 'e won't come to you—'e won't let poor Briggles tell—so slip over and kiss 'im good-by. And kiss Briggles, too, while you're about it.'"

Mr. Stoker hung his head in admission of inefficiency.

"You can't, you poor beast. What's to become of you in a boarding kennel, any'ow?" Briggles' eyes took on the tints of small glass beads. He bent over and lifted Mr. Stoker in his arms.

"Could you be trusted—you little ratter—you wouldn't turn at the door to chase a Maria, would you? Would you go in? Oh, if I thought ——" He paused, his forehead perspiring profusely. Then he ended solemnly: "If I dream of boiled bloaters and green tea—you'll be sent!"

III

AS NERVOUS as a bridegroom, Briggles rang the bell at the Morgan château and stepped back among the trees as he watched Mr. Stoker disappear inside, skinning deftly between the calves of the Morgan doorman. He flattered himself he had timed it well. Truesdale was in town for the afternoon, and he had phoned the Morgan household to ask if Miss Sheila was in, saying that he, Briggles, was sending her an important message.

Sheila, greeting Mr. Stoker on the stairs, stooped for the note attached to his collar. In Briggles' labored, cramped writing, she read:

"*Miss Morgan:*—Will you kindly watch Mr. S. for this P. M.? He is extra wild and I am busy packing Mr. T.'s things as he sails for the war—trenches—next week. Mr. T. is very particular about Mr. S. and I am afraid something might happen at the last moment. I hope you will not say anything about this, but Mr. S. has already eaten a pair of brushes and I am very nervus. Will call for him at six. B. BRIGGLES."

Briggles, giggling like a schoolboy as he laid out the things to be mended, listened to the doorbell with a guilty air.

Suppose she was merely returning Mr. Stoker by a servant, scorning the flimsy, rather silly—yes, it was certainly both flimsy and silly now that he paused to reflect—method of telling her the news. Suppose she wrote Truesdale a haughty, never-to-be-forgotten letter accusing him of having servants act as peacemakers! He, Briggles, might better man a Zeppelin and prepare to be frozen in the clouds! The one remaining maid asked superciliously: "What'll I say, Mr. Briggles? It's Miss Morgan to see you."

"Show her up!" he said stoutly. So she had come! It wasn't turning out the way he planned. Briggles' romantic brain fancied that she would keep Mr. Stoker and telephone Truesdale to come and get him—that would be the proper caper. But he might as well make a jolly mess of it now he had started.

"Up here, Mr. Briggles?" repeated the maid.

"'Ere!" Briggles dusted off housecoats nonchalantly. "So you balled it up, you anæmic rodent!" he greeted Mr. Stoker in an undertone. "Did you attack the fur rugs and get her mommer poppin'?"

Sheila followed Mr. Stoker into the room, half ashamed, half eager.

"Briggles," she asked hastily, "did you do this on purpose—did you? And did he know?"

"Miss Sheila I'd be flayed with the flat of 'is sword if 'e dreamed it! I thought it was my duty, you 'aving come so close to buying my 'ouse!" Sheila smiled at him.

"I'll always thank you, Briggles. But you don't think he would have come to say good-by?"

Briggles shook his head.

"No more chance of it, Miss Sheila, than there is for 'em to make rubber oyster pockets for dinner coats! 'E was done proper. Ashamed—and for good cause. Doesn't want you to see 'im until 'e 'as something deserving of kind words. But I thought it was my duty ——"

"It was—it is your duty." Sheila picked up a necktie. "Briggles, if you'll never, never tell, may I help pack? Are these going in there?"

"Yes—a little neater, please, 'e's frightful to suit—and it's supposed to be done by Briggles." Here came another rusty, cork-pulling laugh in which Sheila joined faintly.

"Yes, of course. When is he going—where—what is he really going to do? Remember, he's not to know I ever asked a syllable." Briggles told her.

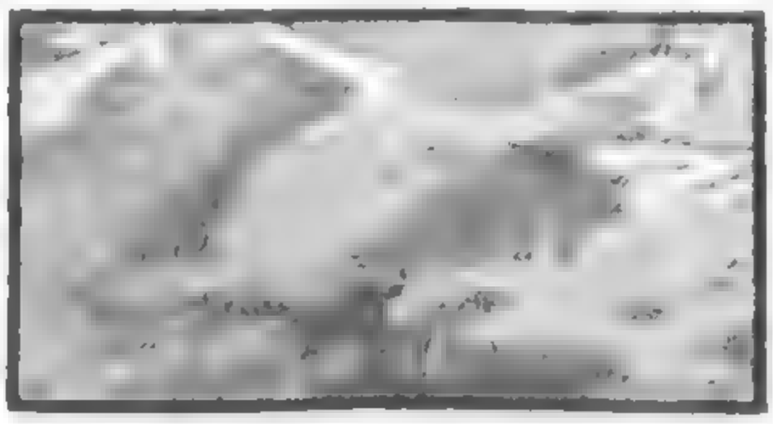
"I accompany 'im," he finished gravely.

(Continued on Page 69)

BUG HUNTERS OF INDUSTRY

Sherlock Holmes, Trouble Shooter—By James H. Collins

DECORATIONS BY J. GORDON SMYTH



IN A CERTAIN New England telephone exchange there was a perfectly good circuit that suddenly developed a naughty habit. Every day, sure as sunset, it would blow out its little safety fuse.

Telephone current is exceedingly mild stuff—about the mildest form of electricity used for any ordinary purpose. Its amperage, or volume, is so slight that the common way of gauging it, in the absence of instruments, is to touch the tips of the wires to one's tongue. Then it gives a weak saltish taste, and that stands for the energy which carries conversation. It almost gives one a suspicion that Nature doesn't think mere talk worth much electricity! The voltage, or pressure, is so feeble that it cannot ring your telephone bell. For this you generate a little stronger current by turning the hand crank of a magneto, or in cities the ringing is done by machines at the telephone exchange.

Because telephone juice is so mild, any stray current of higher energy can injure telephone equipment. So, at the central office, each circuit has a safety fuse, which burns out instantly and breaks the electric path when an electric-light current or lightning discharge wanders into the plant.

Well, every day in this New England exchange a wandering surge of high potential would dart into the place, from goodness only knows where, and burn out the fuse on that particular circuit. No other circuit was ever bothered, and as soon as the wire chief had put in a new fuse, even this circuit was well behaved and normal by all tests. Until next day! Then, without rime or reason, "Spit—flash—pop!" it would burn out again.

The wire chief put his best trouble men on to that problem, and they went out over the circuit, telephone by telephone, and pole by pole, to see where high potential might be leaking in. Everything was tested and put in such good order that in a little while this circuit was a model in maintenance. And still the mysterious high-potential visitor gained an entrance every day, and none of the trouble men could find out where it came from.

The Solution of the Riddle

FINALLY the wire chief went out himself. One telephone on that circuit was a slot instrument, located in a trolley waiting room near a park. This waiting room was closed in winter. The wire chief had got hold of one clue—the mysterious high potential called regularly each evening, about seven o'clock. He went to the waiting room and watched at that hour. Presently the trolley company's park watchman came along, glanced into the waiting room, turned up its electric lights for a minute and satisfied himself that everything was right. When he turned on the lights they burned dim for a few seconds and then flashed bright.

The wire chief got into the waiting room and made an examination. He found that the electric lights were grounded on a water pipe. So was the telephone protector. In winter this water pipe was moved toward the main to prevent freezing. That gave a poor ground for the electric lights. They burned dim until their current had forced a path over the telephone circuit and blown out the wire chief's fuse. As soon as they burned up bright the watchman had been satisfied with his inspection and turned them off, going on his rounds, serene. The wire chief, putting in a new fuse, had found his circuit normal. And then they had done it all over again the next night, and the next!

When commodities are made in a factory, under our American system with its quantity output, and standardization, and automatic machinery, and close figuring for minimum costs, there are many chances for defective stuff to slip through and get out into the world and make trouble. This is safeguarded as far as possible by rigid factory inspection and tests.

The chances for trouble are even greater with things like telephone equipment, electrical apparatus, gas meters, adding machines, typewriters, trolley cars, railroad locomotives, farm machinery, and so on; for these pass out of the supervision of the factory inspector. Time and the elements may play upon them, the public and the inquisitive employee can experiment with them, and there will be interference by animals, birds, insects—even plants!

The problems that crop up are different, diversified, perplexing and often amusing. To deal with them there is the trouble shooter, an emergency man who takes the field on short notice prepared to cope with novel troubles at any time. He must know pretty much all the technical shortcomings that arise in his line. He must also be a sort of Sherlock Holmes, able to make deductions that will locate trouble for which people are responsible. And when the trouble is found he must be resourceful in schemes for ending it quickly.

They had a heavy sleet storm in Ohio, and it weighted the branches of trees along a thirty-three-thousand-volt electrical transmission line so that they touched it at hundreds of places, putting the circuit out of action. An emergency man cleared this trouble by real trouble shooting. He took a shotgun, walked along the line and shot the ice out of the branches, or shot them off, and with three hundred twelve-gauge shells brought twenty-six miles of transmission line back into good order.

In another case a trolley company had trouble with loose insulator pins on its poles. These pins were of wood, and shrank with weather, and the trolley wire would come down; and, no matter how frequently the line was inspected by a man walking the track with his eyes open for loose equipment, it was hard to forestall trouble. An emergency man hit on the idea of inspection with high-power field glasses; and this worked so well that one trip over the road revealed a hundred and sixty defects that could not have been seen with the eye alone—loose pins, broken insulators and broken wires—which, when repaired, made the line proof against breakdowns for several months.

Trouble shooting must always take in the human equation; for what people will do to apparatus of the types that must be put where they can get at it, such as wires, cables, lamps and meters, goes beyond all foresight and calculation. And the trouble shooter who investigated the technical facts alone would be leaving out the most important factor in his problems.

All the trolley cars on Manhattan Island take their current, not from an overhead wire but from a charged rail in an underground conduit. The opening to this conduit is a slot only seven-eighths of an inch wide, and it would seem as though hardly anything could fall into such a narrow opening. But in the everyday routine almost everything imaginable does fall in; and trouble men who clear the short circuits that stop New York surface cars have long ceased to be capable of astonishment.

The speeding taxicab drops its tire chains in the slot. A truckload of steel rods jangles up the street and a few ten-foot lengths of metal fall off and get into the slot. Steel hoops from baby carriages and barrels are found causing short circuits—the small boy loses them down the slot. Wire, bolts, horseshoes, and like junk, are removed in quantities amounting almost to tonnage. Not long ago cars were stopped in the rush hour by twenty-eight feet of wire cable that tangled itself round the contact shoe of a car. This cable was only one-eighth of an inch narrower than the slot, but it got in. The emergency crew removed it philosophically.

A Penitent Colored Brother

IN A SOUTHERN telephone exchange the switchboard suddenly blazed out in a mass of lighted signal lamps, giving the idea that every subscriber wanted to talk at the same moment. When operators plugged in to respond they found the lines dead. Investigation showed that somebody had sawed out ten feet of a six-hundred-pair cable a mile away, and later a negro thief was caught when he tried to sell that piece of cable. Before he went to jail a trouble man explained the damage he had done; and the colored brother was really sorry—thought he had simply been stealing a piece of lead pipe to get some breakfast money.

"Boss, if I'd 'lowed you-all talked frew dat thing I'd never done it," he said. "Lawsy me! I thought dat was mighty funny laid pipe!"

Birds of the air cause trouble, and beasts of the field. Quite a comprehensive museum of natural history might be formed of creatures that have been taken out of telephone, telegraph, electric and trolley equipment. Rats, mice, squirrels, owls, hawks, cranes, woodpeckers, and the like, will gnaw insulation, climb poles, perch on cross arms and get entangled in wires. If they interfere with high-tension lines they usually pay the penalty, which is instant electrocution; and the manager of the central-station company has a natural-history specimen to exhibit, placarded "This is why the lights went out last night."

In subtropical localities weird air plants have formed the habit of growing on aërial lines. Wasps and bees select homes in electrical equipment; and it is now believed that certain beetles attack the lead sheathing of telephone cables, though everybody laughed at the notion when it was first advanced.

Weather and accident as sources of trouble are a story in themselves—snow, sleet, winds, floods, fire, explosions, and the like, will wreck equipment, perhaps over half a state, turning the trouble man out, like a fireman or soldier, for days and nights of constant work.

But just because trouble comes in so many forms, and takes in so many factors, it appeals to the real trouble shooter. He is one of the most resourceful fellows in the organization, always ready for a new problem, and has a rough-and-ready technical knowledge that cannot be got from books.

Some telephone engineers lunched daily at a downtown restaurant. One day the proprietor told them that

(Continued on Page 49)

BRINGING OUT BARBARA

The Experiences of a New York Débutante

II

By ETHEL TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

UPON the following morning I awoke with a quivering sigh and that lassitude which follows keen emotion. Not only did I feel that mother and I should never understand each other, but I didn't care much whether I ever saw John Randall again or not.

When the maid tapped at the door with a summons to go at once to mother's room, I knew what that summons portended. The subject of our disagreement of the evening before was to be reopened and the pros and cons of the discussion rehashed. I found mother, half dressed, in the setting appropriate to such midmorning attire—her boudoir. But, under the shimmering folds of her negligée, her whole figure was taut with determination.

"Barbara," she began, "have you notified that young man who was here last night that he's not to expect you at his studio on Thursday?"

"No," I said; "I haven't. Why should you call him 'that young man,' mother—as though you didn't know him?"

"Because I don't intend to know him," she returned, "except in the most general way. He's forfeited his right to anything more by presuming to invite you, a mere child, to come to his studio—a thing that's unheard of! The effrontery of it! No sooner had he got himself asked to my house than he seized his opportunity, through an introduction to you, to try and break into society."

"Now mother!" I smiled. "As though *I* could help anyone socially! Why, you yourself say I don't know how to stand, or walk, or behave, or wear my clothes!"

"Nevertheless," she replied, "you are my daughter."

So might the Czar of Russia have spoken in referring to the czarevitch. It was difficult for me to get her point of view as I watched her sitting there, so attractive, her glossy hair full of high lights, her rounded arm, delicately tapering at the wrist, lying along the arm of the chair. She would have died rather than say "I am a pretty woman"; yet she had not the smallest hesitation in declaring "I am It!" Hers was an arrogance not of person but of place.

"Have you thought," I suggested, "that maybe he doesn't want to get in? Perhaps he wouldn't care about it. He's pretty busy painting, you know."

"That's utterly absurd," she retorted. "Of course he wants it! Everybody does who hasn't got it, in every country of the world. What do you suppose the *nouveaux riches* in America give lavish entertainments for, if not for that? If they're impossible themselves they try to buy social position for their sons and daughters, to whom they've been able to give the advantages they have missed."

"You don't have to do a thing," I commented. "I should think you'd be glad."

"That's where you're wrong. I have a great deal to do. I've got to keep going. People are so easily lost sight of in this country, where everything is in a continual state of flux. Take the Blaisdens, for example. You remember the Blaisdens?"

"I've heard of them. Didn't they give a series of musicales about two years ago?"

"They gave wonderful musicales!" she replied. "Caruso sang at the last one."

She paused, and I remarked:

"It seems to me I haven't heard the Blaisdens mentioned lately."

"They're never mentioned," she replied. "They've dropped out. They went abroad at the end of the season and haven't been heard of since. The Glynn Rollinses took their house. They considered themselves lucky to get it, as it's an ideal house for entertaining. Everybody goes there, just the same."

"Poor Blaisdens!" I sighed. "Perhaps they had to pay Caruso out of the rent! Doesn't anyone care enough about them to ask?"

"People haven't time. There are always things to go to. It doesn't take a generation to be forgotten; it's a matter of months."

"If it's as impersonal as that, why bother?" I questioned. "Any unforeseen circumstance, such as the death of an aunt or an illness, would break up the whole scheme. I'd much rather have a few friends whom I could count on to come and see me if I were ill, or call me up on the telephone whether I happened to be in mourning or not. Then there'd never be any break to bridge over—no worry about trying to get back. One would have a freer mind for other things."

"What things?" she asked impatiently.

"Oh, I don't know," I evaded, flushing in sudden reserve; then, deciding that this was unfair to her, I brought myself to add: "Reading, studying, thinking things out. In my case painting, perhaps."

"Painting!" She took me up. "There you are! I don't believe you ever thought of such a thing as painting until you met that man last night."

"Yes; I did," I assured her eagerly. "Oh, I love it so, mother! I've been painting—a little—for years. Oils and water color, both. And I did lots of caricatures at school; cut them out of black paper. The girls thought they were killing. I've got one of a fat lady, upstairs. Shall I get it?"

"Another time," she put me off, dismissing my poor little achievements as unworthy of notice and thus wounding me to the quick.

"You won't have much time for reading and studying, and such things, after this," she went on in a manner distinctly disparaging to all intellectual pursuits. "You'll have enough to do to get ready to 'come out.' I begin to realize that I ought not to have kept you away so long; but, now it's done, we must make the best of it."

"Is it so serious as all that?" I asked, intimidated. "Can't I just go to parties, when the time comes, for the fun of it?"

"Don't refer to cosmopolitan entertainments as parties," she corrected. "You'd find the dances extremely formidable if you hadn't laid a foundation with the dancing men."

I wondered whether the dancing men had any other avocation, or whether the whole of their activities was comprehended in that term, as one speaks of "performing bears."

"Is Allan Denning a dancing man?" I asked.

"Yes," she returned with an increase of cordiality in her tone; "and you made an excellent beginning with him last night. That was one reason I was so determined not to have you get mixed up in any way with this painter and his friends, whoever they are. The most exclusive women of my acquaintance are only too glad to get Allan Denning to come to their houses. Do you imagine for one moment that he's going to stoop to enter into competition with a nobody for the favor of a mere schoolgirl? Don't deceive yourself! If he sees you going about with outsiders he'll let you drop; and your stock will fall—not only with him but with all the other young men of his sort."

As she spoke I recalled Allan Denning's cool stare at John Randall last evening, his whispered "Who is that? I don't remember having seen him before," which had dispelled my first pleasant impression of him.

"Mother," I said with intense earnestness, "suppose I don't want the sort of success you've planned for me? Suppose the very thought of it is repugnant to me? Suppose I don't care for men of Allan Denning's type and do care for those of Mr. Randall's? Since it's a matter of choice, oughtn't it to be left to me to choose? I'm not fitted by temperament for the sort of life you lead. No matter how hard I try, I know I shall not succeed in being a credit to you. Why not drop the whole perplexing business and let me go to college? If I went back to school next year I could pass the Bryn Mawr exams in June. Let me, mother! It would make me absolutely happy. . . . After all, it's my life that's in question, isn't it?"

"Yours!" she cried in high indignation. "You think only of yourself. What about my life? Hasn't my every thought been centered on your coming out—for years? Didn't I build a house that was bigger than I needed just to be able to do the thing properly? And now you say you don't want it! It's perfectly ridiculous! How can a girl of seventeen, who's had no experience, know what she wants? Do you imagine I'm going to allow you, in your childish ignorance and conceit, to knock down at one blow what I've been building up ever since you were born? To rob my social career of its climax?"

I saw that my case was hopeless. Mother needed me in her business. There was nothing for it but to give in. How could I continue to oppose her and live under the same roof? If I did existence would be hell! I was the under dog, and I knew it. On the side of the oppressor there was power.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked with heavy heart. "Write Mr. Randall a note?"

"Yes, dear," she replied with an entire change of tone and manner. "Sit down at that desk. I'll word it for you."

"Dear Mr. Randall," she wrote through my agency: "I am sorry not to be able to come to your studio on Thursday, as we are moving to the country to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" I repeated, incredulous. "I thought we weren't going until next week."

"I've changed my mind."

"On my account?" I asked with a slow flush. "Do you think I'd go to the studio on the sly, mother? Is that the sort of girl you think I am?"

"It's not that," she replied hastily. "I'm doing it in order to supply you with an excuse."

I chewed my pen and waited for her to go on with the dictation.

"With appreciation of your kindness in asking me," she concluded. "Sincerely yours, Barbara West."

When I had sealed the envelope she pressed the bell for her maid.

"Yvonne," she directed, "see that this is sent at once by messenger. No answer."

Thus definitely the episode was closed. All that day I expected signs of dismantling, but did not see any.

"How can we move on Thursday?" I asked at dinner. "Why, this house is going full tilt! Not a single thing's covered up or put away. And how is the other house to be got ready five days before the time?"

"My dear child," mother explained with a slight smile, "it's perfectly simple. The Long Island house is never really closed. It's easily put in shape with an extra staff of cleaners. I telephoned the superintendent this morning

"Do You Think I'd Go to the Studio on the Sly, Mother? Is That the Sort of Girl You Think I Am?"

to attend to it. As for the town house, I never have anything touched until I'm out of it. We take our final meal with the silver on the table. It's the only way to live nicely."

At this calm statement my mind went back to a house I knew in the Southern city near my school. I had been privileged to enjoy its hospitality on several occasions through a classmate, whose home it was. How did its mistress live, if not nicely? Many a rare bit of old china had arrested even my inexperienced eye, when passed to me in her own hand at teatime. The furniture in her cool parlor, the lace at her wrist, were as fragile and exquisite as herself. Yet that house was "put away" regularly at the first sign of warm weather every spring. The entire staff at this gentle lady's command consisted of two old fat mammies.

For the first time it flashed upon me that she must be in straitened circumstances. I had never suspected it amid the several daintinesses with which she was surrounded—all cherished heirlooms. She would have considered it lacking in taste to display her poverty. What would she have thought of our display of riches? Even our lavishness of housecleaning suddenly seemed to me indecently ostentatious. And why suppress every sign of the business of living? It would have been inspiriting to hear the whir of the machinery, instead of silencing the parts with a surfeit of oil. "Father," I asked, "do all the people you and mother know live in big houses?"

"Oh, no," he answered; and I felt immensely relieved until he added, smoothing his little black mustache: "Many of them prefer apartments now. The Abercrombies have a whole floor of that new apartment house on Fifth Avenue. It has twenty-six rooms and eight baths. I met Abercrombie at the Racket Club yesterday, and he said they found it very comfortable."

During the whole of the next morning I was aware, in my room, of the faint rustle of tissue paper in the hall. When I emerged the maid's arms were buried in it up to the elbows, while her nose pointed toward the cavernous depths of one of a double row of trunks. This was the sole indication of our impending departure.

We lunched as usual at half past one. An hour later, according to schedule, we got into the automobile, crossed the Queensboro Bridge and, at the discreet pace that was all the tiny car was capable of, approached our destination by an uninspiring and filthy route. It did not even remotely suggest the country, this flat and sordid stretch; all that could be said for it was that it was not the city. On an average of once every two minutes a big touring car would shoot by us and we should be obliged to eat its dust, which puffed in at our one open window.

We had barely composed ourselves after an interval of gasping, gagging and swallowing before another would come hurtling along.

Mother submitted to this discomfort entirely undisturbed. It was customary not only to live on Long Island until July but to arrive there by this means of transportation. Heat, dirt and ugliness, since they were part of the scheme, were all to be endured with equanimity.

After the lapse of an hour the scenery—if scenery it could be called, punctuated every few miles, as it was, with mean little villages, road houses and saloons—improved somewhat, and the air grew less dense. Presently we began to pass inclosures marked off by tall iron railings, and through wrought-iron gateways we glimpsed blue macadam driveways, edged by trees and greenery, leading to those considerable mansions which, like those who had built them, were so fortunately situated as to be able to turn their backs upon all that was unlovely in their surroundings.

Ours was one of the largest of these. When we reached its boundaries I watched its somber palings ominously approaching, one by one, and, without pause, flitting by, with a feeling as little cheerful as though I had been a corpse at my own funeral. Once we had turned in at the gate and the ironwork had been left behind, the resemblance to a cemetery was diminished, though the clipped shrubbery and the swept driveway kept it from being wholly dissipated. However the pebbles might fly and crunch under our tires, I knew that within the next five minutes all traces of our arrival would be raked away.

What was the object of moving from one house to another if such moving was to afford no variety, no change of scene? We had descended stone steps in New York; we were ascending stone steps in Westbury. The servants who stood immovably waiting were duplicates of those who had served us at luncheon—the same patent-leather pumps; the same white stockings, shapely calves, knee breeches, braid, faces of acquired vacuity. How dull it was to be rich if you were also unimaginative! Duller even than being poor!

Instead of going upstairs, I wandered into the drawing-room and stepped out through the window onto the upper terrace. The garden occupied the lower one. My eye swept it unemotionally. Think of a garden that fails to thrill the being in June! It is unworthy the name of

"What a Pretty Dress! This Hat Does Look Funny With It"

garden, being merely a space allotted to horticulture. The garden at school—ah, that was a garden, indeed, with a very riot of flowers, growing in Southern profusion—anywhere—anyhow! In this garden they were set out, row by row, with mathematical precision, the varieties differentiated by means of wooden labels, upon which their botanical names were written in ink.

To call a rose by its nickname would have been undue familiarity.

After an interval I caught sight of mother on the lower level, moving about among the beds. I had seen her last in dark blue and now she was daintily dressed in mauve. A gardener had sprung up from somewhere. Him she appeared to be directing in some way, vaguely pointing with a folded mauve parasol.

"How did you get out without my seeing you?" I cried, running down to her. "And how did you happen to change? Have the trunks come already?"

"I came out through the billiard room," she answered. "Of course the trunks have come! They arrived by motor truck three-quarters of an hour ago. Yvonne has unpacked half of them by now, with two housemaids to help her. Hurry and change your gown. I'm expecting several people for tea."

As I obeyed I wondered whether Yvonne had arrived by motor truck, too, sitting beside the driver. At any rate, she had been transferred by some speedier method of locomotion than ours. While I was dressing, motors began to arrive, and when I came down the great hall was already swarming with guests, mostly dowagers in resplendent embroidery, lace veils and pearls.

I was introduced to a great many of them, who talked rather about me than to me, making such comments as:

"Came home only day before yesterday! How glad you must be to have her!"

"Not very tall for seventeen, is she?"

"She must meet my girls. Could she dine with them next Monday? Oh, no—no one will be there who is 'out.' Just the younger set."

They stayed until nearly seven. When the last group had gone mother announced hurriedly:

"I must fly! We'll be late at the Rudford Joneses as it is. They're at Oyster Bay, and it takes half an hour to get there."

"I didn't know you were dining out," I replied, rather disconsolately.

"We always dine out when we don't have people in," she said. "I've ordered your dinner served in my sitting room, Barbara."

"Let me have milk toast on a tray instead," I begged. "Then I won't have to have a man watching every mouthful I eat. Besides," I added cannily, "it'll be much better for my digestion. I've been stuffing myself for two hours with all kinds of little cakes."

"You're as greedy as you can be!" returned mother, shocked. "Well, do as you like."

"It wasn't greed," I explained as she started upstairs. "It was just something to do. I couldn't stand there unoccupied while all those women looked me over to see whether I would do for their children to associate with."

I awoke next morning, in accordance with long-established habit, promptly at half past six—too early to get up. It was, in fact, too early to wake up, for our household habitually remained wrapped in slumber until nine. Yet I was ravenously hungry.

"What would they do," I wondered, "if I should come down at half past seven and demand breakfast? I think I'll try it. They'll be sweeping or something," I conjectured as I went downstairs.

But "they" were not sweeping. There was no one about. "They" were imitating the matutinal habits of their employers.

"The butler's probably having his breakfast served in bed," I thought scornfully. I had no use for that butler. "Wonder what'll happen if I ring this bell!"

I pressed it, and for a long time nothing happened. Finally a footman in shirt sleeves, peering round the screen that hid the pantry door, withdrew his head with a jerk. The next moment he reappeared with his coat on, arms at his sides militarily, and I made my wishes known. He vanished and, after at least twenty minutes, came back with very bad coffee, which I was sure had been designed for consumption below stairs, an overfried egg, and some cold damp toast left over from the day before. No trace of the chef's hand here!

When I went back to my room it was just as I had left it—my things scattered here, there and everywhere; bedclothes rumpled on the bed. No doubt the housemaid was still dreaming.

This, too, I supposed, was a part of what mother called living nicely.

I pottered about for an hour or two; and then all at once the house burst into activity. People walked, creaked and thumped overhead and under; carpet sweepers groaned; brooms swished; trays clattered.

At eleven mother came to my room, hatted and veiled, with a little bag in her hand.

"Get ready, Barbara," she instructed me. "The motor will be here in ten minutes."

"Are we going for a drive?" I asked eagerly. "How nice! I'm crazy to get some wild flowers."

"We're going to town," she returned. "I've got some shopping to do. We'll stop at Yvette's and pick up your blue crêpe de Chine gown with the jacket. That ought to be ready to-day. And I think I can find you a hat at Rothenstein's."

"Can't I wear my old clothes," I questioned, "just to go shopping? We shan't see a soul."

"We'll see everybody," she returned, "at luncheon."

"What a pretty dress!" I said an hour later, with a gratified glance at myself in the long mirror at Yvette's. "This hat does look funny with it."

"It certainly does," agreed mother. "We'll go right to Rothenstein's now."

At the millinery shop the shades were drawn to keep out the heat, and numbers of gray-garbed girls lounged about, yawning. Most of them had yellow hair and very red cheeks.

Mother selected a dainty hat of silver lace, trimmed with tiny flowers and a narrow silk bow. It looked like a boudoir cap and the price was forty dollars. I knew better now than to utter any protest aloud, and even my inner objections were lost in admiration of the skillfully wrought flowerets. The hat certainly did offset the shape of my head. Made it look trim and compact, I decided, turning it left and right as I held up a hand glass for its better inspection.

Coming out we met Miss Wier face to face; and I realized, to my dismay, that I was strutting like a peacock.

"Mother," I said, my face burning under my coquettish hat, "this is Miss Wier. I've been dying to have you meet her."

"How do you do, Miss Wier?" said mother graciously. "I've heard so much of you from Barbara. I wish you could come down to the country and spend a night with us—sometime."

"Thank you so much, Mrs. West," was the reply; "but I'm leaving the city to-day. I'm delighted to have this glimpse of you, Barbara. I should hardly have known you, you look so—smart."

There was renunciation in her eyes. Before I knew it she was gone.

I hated my new finery now. I wanted to tear it all off and throw it into the street, since it had come between me and my friend. I longed to convince her that it had wrought no change in me—that it never would. But presently a doubt arose in my breast. Hadn't it begun to affect me—just a little bit?

Sighing and perplexed I sat very still in my corner and watched the summer pedestrians moving along slowly under the gayly striped awnings of the shops, until we turned into Forty-fourth Street, which purred with motors, each pausing for a moment to drop its quota of women in gala attire at the restaurant door and then passing on. Arrayed in cutaway, "dickey" and top hat, with a cane in one hand and a pair of castor gloves in the other, an occasional male was to be glimpsed amid this female galaxy.

Such get-ups—or should I say gets-up?—I had heretofore supposed had no existence outside the imagination of whoever wrote What the Man Will Wear in the theater programs.

One ape, with face merely vapid, bowed to mother; another, with something in his expression that made me shrink, lifted his hat as we passed; then an old one, who was not entitled to the privilege, since he did not greet her, looked me up and down with an odious leer that made me crawl.

But once inside the portals I began to enjoy myself, as I always enjoyed music, bustle, heat, hurry and noise when I was allowed to be an observer instead of having to take part in the show.

"Isn't this a spree?" I whispered. "I'm so afraid you won't be able to get a table, mother."

"The table was reserved yesterday," she said, "by telephone. There's the head waiter now."

The person designated, after having greeted her with the smiling cordiality that was evidently appropriate in a head waiter but which would have caused a house servant to be discharged, ushered us to a tiny table for two just inside an open window, and darted off to other preoccupations.

"What will you have, Barbara?" asked mother, studying the menu.

"Nothing much," I answered. "It's so hot, isn't it? You order it. There's Mrs. Aspinwall over there with the stiff woman in yellow, and that horrid-looking girl—if she is a girl! Is she a girl, mother?"

Mother followed my eyes.

"Look how she's made up, mother," I went on, horrified—"like a chorus girl! Her lips look as though they were bleeding! I've never seen anything so disgusting!"

At this moment the object of our inspection opened her little silk bag, selected therefrom a minute mirror, deliberately examined her features therein, gave a few critical touches to her hair, put the mirror back, closed the bag, picked up a fork, and began to prod the food about indifferently on her plate.

"That's Ruth Alvord," mother explained. "You mustn't form slapdash judgments, Barbara. Ruth is a very intelligent girl. Her mother is Mrs. Barton Winslow, a friend of mine. You'll get into trouble if you're not more careful of what you say."

"What would you do," I asked curiously, "if I should begin to powder and rouge? to say nothing of behaving like that in a public restaurant!"

"You couldn't," was the reply. "You're not 'out.' She is. It would be very bad form in a girl who wasn't out. Ruth has been out two years. Of course she does make herself rather conspicuous; but she's all right at heart."

By which she meant not what she said, but that Miss Alvord was the daughter of Mrs. Barton Winslow and must be accepted, without question, as such.

At this moment the waiter who had taken our order came hurrying up.

"What are those little black things?" I asked suspiciously, watching mother, who, having laid a square of dry toast upon her plate, was now spreading it sparsely with something extracted from a dish surrounded with ice and garnished with small slivers of lemon. "Do I have to take any?"

"Sh!" she reprimanded, looking at me as one might look at some uninitiated relative from the country. "It's caviar—fresh caviar. Don't be childish, Barbara! Certainly, take some "

"It's rather good," I admitted; then, the waiter having once more left us, I asked half banteringly, half affectionately: "Are you ashamed of my ignorance, mother?"

"Not of your ignorance," she replied, "but of your complete unconsciousness that you are ignorant."

Glancing across the vista of tables just then I caught the eye of the Alvord girl. Seeing herself observed, even by another girl, she instantly drooped her shoulders, thrust her chin out in an attitude of studied boredom, flicked a speck from her gown with one long white finger, and let her mouth fall into disdainful curves. "She's not unconscious of anything she does," I reflected. "I wonder if that's the manner mother'd like me to acquire?"

Our luncheon over, mother barely glanced at the slip that was offered her, folded. Opening her gold purse she took out a bill and laid it beside the bit of paper on the salver. As it was swept away in the waiter's hand I saw the double X in the corner. I expected mountains of change, but when it came there were only three quarters and a two-dollar bill. Mother picked up the quarters and waved away the bill.

The waiter who pocketed it had a haggard face, seamed with illness or former want. My meeting with Miss Wier had started me thinking, and now this face suddenly loomed terrible to my eyes, typifying all the miseries of the poor. I dared not look at the man as I followed mother out. Somehow I felt that we had insulted him with our money—made him an accessory in our crime.

As mother threaded her way among the crowded tables, walking erect and bowing graciously here and there, I hung my head, unhappy and ashamed.

"Must we do more shopping?" I asked wearily while we were waiting for the car to come up. "Couldn't we go and hear some music somewhere?"

My spirit had trailed along the earth for so many hours that I felt an urgent need of something to lift it up; but mother negatived the suggestion. She had a "fitting" at three and an appointment to look at some Chinese rugs at four.

"I wish I could get into the woods," I said, when at last we were on our way home, "and sleep in my clothes, and have nothing to eat but what I cooked myself."

"The woods," replied mother, "would be extremely uncomfortable at this time of year, with the mosquitoes. You're much better off where you are."

"But I'm not there," I objected. "It's not living in the country to spend the day in town"

"It's what everybody does," said mother. "If you stayed on Long Island in the daytime you'd stay there alone—except on racing days, of course, and during polo week. But that's over."

"Let me stay alone sometimes," I begged. "I shouldn't mind it a bit. I can always find plenty to do."

"No," returned mother with decision. "I'm going to take you about with me. The season is half over. People will be leaving for Newport and Bar Harbor in another three weeks. You mustn't lose a single chance of being seen."

We went to town every day that week and the next. We lunched sometimes at one hotel, sometimes at another, and once we visited an Italian restaurant in an obscure street, which people were beginning to go to. At night we had dinners, formal and informal. At the former I appeared, dressed in my best, stood about until all the guests had assembled, and made my escape while cocktails were being served. At the latter I remained throughout the evening. Twice I dined out with other girls and boys. The first lot were of my own age and younger—comrades in the transition stage, whose awkwardness gave no indication of the stupendous changes, physical and mental, that were going on inside.

The dinner was a pompous affair, but the dancing that followed was good fun. The boys trod on my toes until I volunteered to teach them the steps, and then the evening was mine. How queer we should have looked to adults, had any adults been there to see! There were none, as all adults were at entertainments of their own. Some of us had shot out like telescopes; others had their heads growing between their shoulders. Some were fat, some lean; for even your Long Island cannot escape its awkward age.

The second assemblage to which I was introduced consisted of the butterflies of next year—the grubs of last. They foreshadowed that which was to be and gave no sign whatever of what had so recently been. The girls had acquired a knowledge of what was to constitute their stock in trade—from

(Continued on Page 94

"By George! You Can Paint! Why Didn't You Tell Me?"

SPY STORIES

By Melville Davisson Post

SKETCHES BY W. D. I. ARNOLD

LADY X, at the head of a department of volunteer relief work, was in Paris. It was her intention to go later into Holland. She would not be permitted to enter Belgium. But from Amsterdam she could obtain reports, at first hand, on conditions in Belgium. In Paris she put up at one of the great hotels on the Rue de Rivoli.

It was springtime. The horse-chestnuts in the Garden of the Louvre were beginning to come out. The promise of an awakened life was over France. And with it an awakened hope for the success of the great advance that everyone expected the Allies to make. The secret of this drive the War Department was taking every precaution to preserve and Germany striving by every device to discover.

In her passage through the hotel Lady X was accustomed to see an aged Frenchwoman, of the peasant class, engaged in scrubbing the floor. The peasant seemed to be a miserable, perpetually saddened creature. She had a habit of looking wistfully after the elegant Englishwoman. But Paris was full of saddened and miserable persons; an individual among them would not greatly impress the visitor. Lady X thought nothing about the matter.

On the morning before she set out from Paris on her journey to Amsterdam this old peasant woman came timidly into her room. She said that her son was a prisoner of the Germans in a detention camp in Belgium. She wished to send him a little money. She gave Lady X the address of a person in Amsterdam who would see that the money got through the lines to her son in the detention camp. Then she produced three five-franc pieces and begged Lady X to turn them over to the person in Amsterdam.

The woman was old and wretchedly poor; in that state of unmoved despair which seems common to the peasants who have lost everything. One event in the interview profoundly impressed Lady X: The old woman kissed the three five-franc pieces.

"They will carry also," she murmured, "a mother's love to the son in the German prison."

Lady X was moved by the sacrifice that the three five-franc pieces evidently meant to the aged scrubwoman, whose pay could have been only a few sous, and who must have denied herself everything in order to assemble this trifling sum of money. The Englishwoman promised to deliver the money, and the old peasant went out.

The Message of the Coins

WHEN Lady X arrived at Amsterdam she took the money to the address the peasant woman had given her—a tiny shop in a poor quarter of the city. And the incident was closed, except as material for a pathetic page in Lady X's memoirs when, later, she should write out her recollections of the Great German Invasion.

We may depend upon it that Lady X will not minimize, in the narrative of her memoirs, her important services to the Allied armies. But it is certain that she will never realize how tremendous a part she actually played. She, in fact, carried to the enemy's headquarters in Belgium precisely the information that the whole Secret Service of France was taking every possible human precaution to conceal!.

The three five-franc pieces contained the most ingenious secret cipher that was ever devised by anybody.

One of these coins bore the name of the sector toward which the great Allied advance of June the second would be directed; the second coin contained the number of divisions that would be assembled for this drive; and the third carried the date upon which the Allies had determined.

Figure III

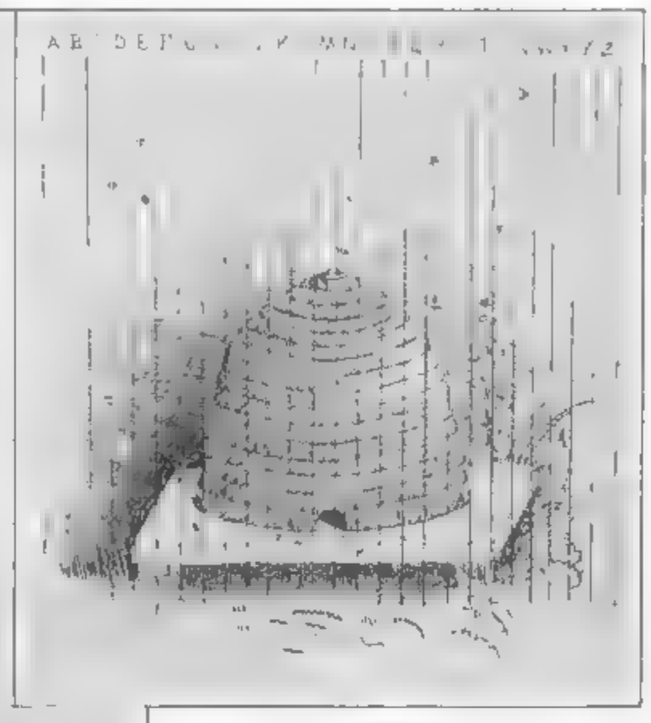


Figure IV

Figure V

Figure I ex- plains the composition of this cipher. It consists in dividing the reverse side of the five-franc piece into twenty-six equal divisions, radiating like the wheel, from the circumference. Each of these spokes stands for a letter of the alphabet, beginning with A at the top and encircling the numerals on a clock face. In order to spell out a word on a coin thus laid off it is necessary only to make a slight scratch or indentation within the division covered by the letter one desires to use. The position of the letter in the word is indicated by its relative distance from the center of the coin.

Thus, a letter beginning the word to be used is nearer than any other to the center of the coin. The succeeding letter will be a little farther out from the center in its division—and so on; the final letter being the farthest out toward the circumference of the coin.

It will be seen at once that a safer or more difficult cipher could hardly be devised.

No one would imagine that the scratches or indentations on a silver coin which had been in circulation could constitute a definite cipher. They appear to have no order. Unless one had the key to the cipher, one would hardly consider them for an instant. And yet when the coin is laid off in equal divisions, each representing a letter—A at the top, in the position of 12 on the clock face—the cipher becomes at once so simple that anybody could use it.

Figure II shows the five-franc piece which bore the word "Somme"—that is to say, the sector toward which the drive was to be directed.

This extraordinary device discloses the extreme cleverness of the German spies in France.

The French authorities were, at this time, taking every precaution against leaks.

No one, unless a person of unquestioned standing and integrity, could leave France in any direction without being subjected to the minutest scrutiny. It is said that clothing and baggage were taken away from persons wishing to go out of the country at that time, and duplicates furnished by the authorities, in order to prevent anything being carried out concealed among personal effects.

But even with this rigid surveillance it was the custom of the authorities to return to everyone so searched his money and jewelry. Consequently, it will be noticed, this device circumvented the most rigid precaution of the French police. Besides, it was extraordinarily safe. Nobody could be shot for a spy because he carried in his pocket French coins scratched or indented in no apparent order, as by the wear of commercial usage.

But ingenuity is not alone with the German authorities on the Wilhelmstrasse.

The French secret agents, especially in the provinces adjoining Alsace, have been of inestimable advantage to the Allied armies. In spite of the closest German military supervision, they have easily been able to send important military secrets through Switzerland into France.

One of the mediums used is extremely curious.

The Old Nationalist's Secret

BEE culture is an important industry in certain parts of Switzerland. Chamonix honey is famous all over Europe. A great deal of attention is given to the bee in that part of the world. Little magazines or pamphlets devoted to this industry are published at various places. They come out at certain periods and have a wide circulation, like the reports issued by various industries, or those sometimes sent out by our Government.

For a very long time, at a village in the province of Baden adjoining the Swiss border and near Alsace, one of these little pamphlets has been issued. The publisher is an old man, apparently devoting his life to the study of bee culture. Every now and then he gets out a little bulletin, which goes everywhere over Switzerland and the neighboring provinces.

This bulletin has always the same conventional cover: a straw hive from which a number of bees are winging upward into the open. The picture is old and formal. It has been used a great number of years, and it never changes.

The great war seemed distant from this isolated village in Baden.

Life there continued as before. The old naturalist issued his bulletin from time to time, as he had been accustomed to do for thirty years. The military authorities considered the thing harmless and paid no attention to it. What injury could an old, apparently half-senile bee student do to the great German Empire with his dreary pamphlet? In fact, the man was perhaps the most dangerous individual enemy of the Prussian armies in the whole of Europe.

He was a French secret agent, planted here after the conquest of 1870.

His original instructions were to keep track of the Province of Alsace, which Bismarck had wrested from France. But when the war opened the French invisible service in the German Empire was directed to get its most

important information to this man. The Secret Service did not know by what means its advices would be sent into France.

No one knew the secret of the beehive except the aged naturalist and a certain division of the French War Office, in Paris.

It was this man who informed the French authorities that the great German drive, after the failure at the Marne, would be directed against Verdun. The information was conveyed on the cover of his bee pamphlet under the very eyes of the German Intelligence Authorities in Baden.

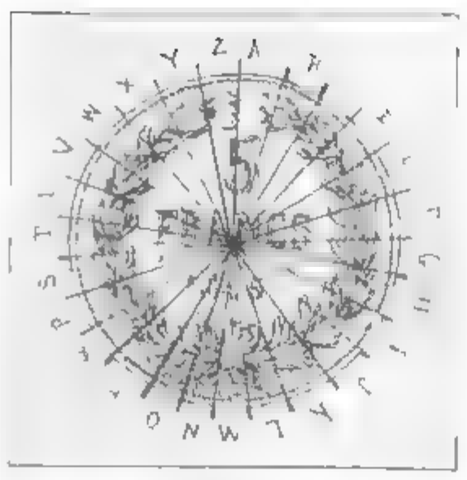


Figure I

The conventional picture of the hive and the winging bees on the cover of the pamphlet was a formal cipher.

In order to read it one has only to consider a few simple things: Divide the cover into twenty-six equal parts by parallel vertical lines running from the top to the bottom of the page. The spaces within these vertical lines each represent a letter of the alphabet, beginning on the left with A. The second thing to remember is that the little bees coming up from the hive are not all perfectly formed. One is to take into consideration only the bees that have four wings appearing in the picture. All the others are to be ignored. Each of the bees having four definitely formed wings represents a letter.

After laying off the cover in the manner explained above, one moves a ruler from the top of the page downward, noting that the bee having four wings which first appears represents the first letter of the word in the message. And by continuing the ruler downward, keeping it always parallel with the top of the page, the second bee, representing the second letter, will appear—and so on until finally the message is spelled out.

Figure III shows this conventional cover as it was accustomed to appear on the pamphlet. Figure IV shows it as a cipher spelling out the word "Verdun."

This cover had been used for so great a time that everybody was familiar with it and no longer gave it any attention. A slight rearrangement in the position of the bees, and the tiny detail of the four perfect wings of the bee to have significance in the cipher, were not sufficient to indicate—to persons familiar with the cover—that any change had taken place in it. But they were sufficient to advise the French armies that the German Crown Prince would make his supreme assault in the sector of Verdun.

The Feats of Two American Dare-Devils

THIS is a very old cipher idea. The writer's attention has been called to this cipher used with a water sketch of the sea, in which the forms of flying gulls were indicative. This form was translated precisely like the bee cipher. But this latter device lacks the confusion that comes into the cipher with the unformed bees. One might understand the cipher which the gulls would indicate and at the same time find it impossible to read the bee cipher unless he should discover that only a certain type of bee was indicative.

In the active prosecution of the war one hears of the most extraordinary and daring adventures—adventures surpassing those imagined by the novelist and that move us with a thrill of which mere fiction is wholly incapable. Perhaps no spy story of the war equals the experience of a young girl from one of the fashionable colonies in New England.

Miss Z was under twenty. She was a perfect type of the athletic American young girl of the period. She had the daring love of adventure and the physical prowess that go to make the young girl of these colonies an equal of the boy. The death of the father left her and her brother a large fortune. They had gone everywhere about the world, but for the most part their lives had been spent in a French château, in one of the districts now in possession of the German invaders.

Figure II

When the war came on the brother entered the aviation service in France, and the sister presently joined him. With wealth, influence and the charm of youth one can accomplish almost anything. The young woman was able to establish herself in a primary hospital near the Front.

But this position did not satisfy her love of adventure.

What she would have liked was a position in the Aviation Corps—a thing entirely out of the question. However, fatality, that world force which seems to take a sinister pleasure in setting every human calculation at naught, provided her with an adventure beyond anything she could have imagined.

One evening her brother came to her to say that an advancing German column had occupied the château which they owned in the invaded sector, and was storing it with war munitions for some planned advance. She said:

"Let's burn it."

It did not occur to him how this determination could be carried out. Whereupon the girl boldly proposed that he should take her across the border in his aëroplane, alight in the meadow behind the château, and put her down. Disguised as a scullery maid she would get into the château and set it on fire. Then, an hour before daylight, he could take her up at the same point in the meadow, about a mile southwest of the château toward the French lines.

The country was perfectly familiar to the pair of foolhardy youngsters, and they were able definitely to locate the point of descent.

They saw only two difficulties: They must have a night of low fog and a permit from the French authorities for the American to go up with an observer. The young man, who stood high with the authorities, got the permit.

On the first night of low fog they undertook the thing.

The American had taken a friend into his confidence. This friend, who was to be the observer, gave his place in the machine at the last moment to the girl, who, dressed for the part, in the fog was not identified by the French inspector. Of course the French authorities would not have permitted any such mad adventure if they had been aware of it. But they were deceived about it and the thing was undertaken.

The two youngsters made the landing safely inside the German lines.

The girl removed the disguise by which she had gotten past the French inspector and concealed it under a hedge. She had now the appearance of a French scullery maid, and as such she actually got into the château and succeeded in setting it on fire.

The Germans quartered in the château put the fire out and set about to discover how it originated. They learned that the scullery maid had gone down into the wine cellar in order to get some bottles of champagne for the officers on duty. The fire had caught from the candle.

It is a rule of German investigation that no accidents shall happen.

They brought the girl into the drawing-room of the château before what we should call a drumhead court-martial, composed of the officers who happened to be in the château at the time. They asked the girl how the fire happened. She said that she had gone into the wine cellar with a candle; that the champagne called for was of an old vintage and in a remote, little-used portion of the cellar; that the beams of the cellar at this point were low and strung with cobwebs; and that when she stood up on tiptoe to reach the bins the flame of the candle had ignited the tinderlike cobwebs.

The officers hearing the story were uncertain. If she was telling the truth she ought to be transported and held. If her story was a lie, and she had intentionally set fire to the château, she ought to be shot.

The command at this point was under the young Prince von B., a Hungarian officer brought up with the Austrian reserves. He came into the room where the summary court-martial sat. He stood for some time behind the officers, looking on. Then he went out.

Presently he came back with a cobweb in his hand.

"This story is a lie," he said; "a cobweb is not inflammable."

And he held the cobweb in the flame of one of the candles. It merely shriveled, like an asbestos thread. Then he broke up the sitting of the drumhead court-martial.

"I will take charge of this thing," he said.

The officers understood him perfectly. German prestige had suffered from reports of the death penalty inflicted in such cases. The prince had determined to take charge of this matter himself, and to see that the fewest persons possible should have any knowledge of the disposition of the prisoner.

This conviction was established when he dismissed the officers and ordered them to put at his disposal three men from his personal guard, with rifles and trench tools. These men were soldiers of the regiment, coming directly from the family of the prince; in fact, servants of his household.

When the drawing-room was empty and the doors closed, he spoke to the girl.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I have saved you from detention. Explain to me now how you expected to return into the French lines, and I will see you on the way."

A Ghastly Situation

HE SPOKE earnestly, looking at the girl across the table. Nobody but a woman would have believed him. But the girl did believe him, and asked him to return her to the meadow southwest of the château toward the French lines.

The prince went to the door of the drawing-room, opened it and gave some orders. Immediately three Austrian soldiers, under arms, entered the room. The officer put on his cap and greatcoat, and the five persons left the château. The girl walked between two of the soldiers; the third followed; and the Prince von B. led the way.

They went southwest along the road, for perhaps a mile, until they reached the meadow the girl had indicated. She was now profoundly disturbed. Not only had she delivered herself to death at the hands of this firing squad but she had also delivered up her brother to them. She would be shot, and afterward they would wait here to shoot him down when he endeavored to alight according to their arrangement.

It was now long past midnight. The fog was growing thinner.

The Austrian soldiers entered the meadow. The officer ordered the soldiers to stop; then he advanced a few paces farther with the girl. She was now certain that he intended to direct her execution. But, instead of giving any order to his firing squad, he spoke in a low voice to her.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you are not French. You are an American. I have seen you with your brother at

(Concluded on Page 106)

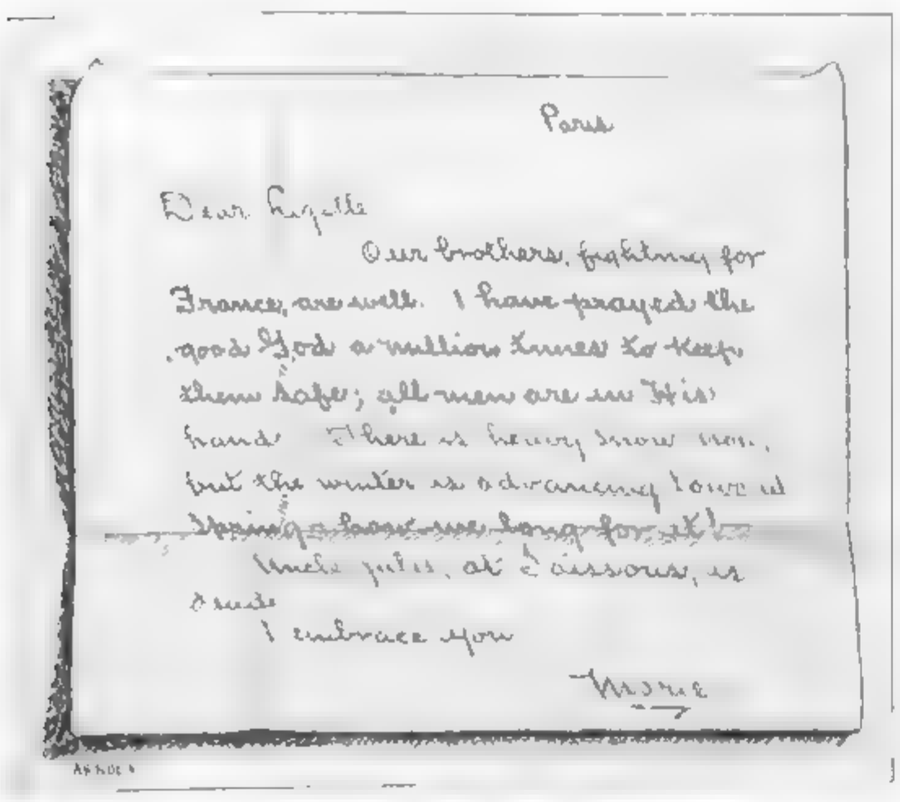


Figure VI

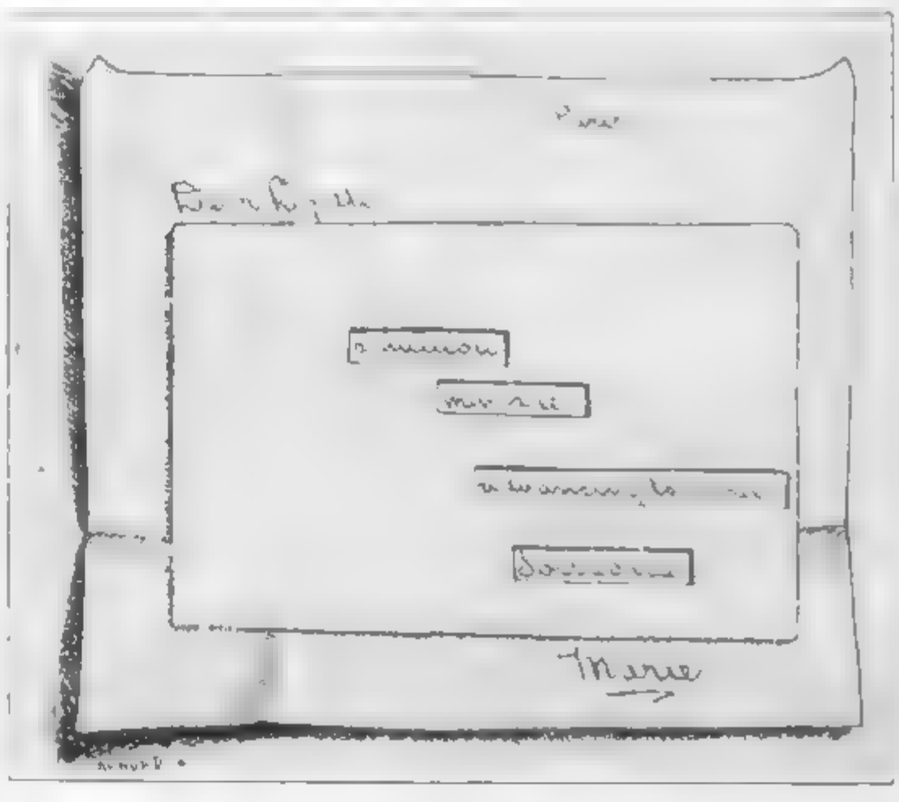


Figure VII

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 10, 1917

Submarines and Peace

THE greatest warriors of a hundred years ago were only a little better equipped than Alexander and Cæsar. Napoleon could throw a cannon ball a few hundred yards, and lost Waterloo because he was ignorant of the movements of big bodies of troops a few miles away. Nelson spent weary months chasing the French fleet without being able to locate it, and once passed it in the night at little more than modern gun range. The new weapons are so many conclusive reasons for limiting warfare by concerted action of the nations.

When privateering reached such a stage that any nation, by employing it, could demoralize the world's commerce, the nations got together and suppressed it by agreement because it was intolerable that any nation should, at will, turn such a pest loose upon the ocean. Unrestricted submarine warfare is privateering raised to new power. In the hands of any nation it can make the sea dangerous for all nations. With such further development as seems probable, it may, in a few years, be capable of virtually closing the sea to world trade.

It is intolerable that any nation should possess such an instrument and the unrestricted power to use it at will; for that would imply that any nation might pretty nearly foreclose sea trade.

The submarine cannot be merely suppressed, as the privateer was, for it has too great possibilities of usefulness. There must be a still more powerful international compact to restrict it.

Within a few years, no doubt, air craft will follow the Deutschland across the Atlantic, and any nation may possess an air fleet capable of raining destruction upon its neighbors. Exploits of the Zeppelins show that a nation at war, and answerable to nothing except its own will, may be expected to alter the rules as it pleases, and to use any weapon as it sees fit.

There must be a surer restraint than a nation's own will—a power above the will of any nation which is capable of enforcing the combined will of all nations. The new means of destruction and the certainty that science will produce still others are so many conclusive reasons for a league of nations to restrict war.

The Case of Belgium

TO THOSE victims of the war who had the highest claim upon our sympathy we have given a fraction of one per cent of what we have made out of the war. In calling the splendid organization that has fed millions of Belgians "American" we have been taking credit under false pretenses, for practically all the credit is due to a few individual Americans, and practically none at all to the country.

That the "American Commission" has had to depend almost wholly on foreign money is now becoming very well understood abroad, and the credit that was once given us is turning into reproach.

Certainly this is not because the situation of Belgium is not well understood in this country. It is not because the American people are less generous than any other people. It is because they simply have not reacted to the Belgian case. It has not got through to their emotions.

Probably the explanation lies in our insular habit of mind. It is difficult for Americans to feel any intimate interest in a situation on the other side of the Atlantic. A disaster in San Francisco or Baltimore readily strikes into their imaginations; but one in Brussels stirs only the surface.

Those whose emotions are warmly engaged with Belgium can find circumstantial evidence of this in their own far cooler feelings about helpless war victims in Poland. Mostly they do not react to the tragedy there.

War Taxes

IN THE fiscal year 1862 the net ordinary revenue of the Government amounted to fifty-two million dollars. Four years later Civil War taxes had raised it to five hundred and twenty million dollars—a tenfold increase.

Before the Civil War the United States Government was a notably inexpensive affair, almost its whole cost being met by moderate import duties. Civil War brought the internal revenue taxes, a stiff income tax and a sweeping increase in import duties. Only the income tax was abolished; and ten years after the army was disbanded expenses of the Government were nearly six times what they had been before the war.

To meet the cost of the Spanish-American War additional internal revenue taxes were levied, yielding over a hundred million dollars' increase in revenue. This raised the Government's receipts above five hundred million dollars; and they never again dropped below that mark. Indeed, a few years after peace was restored they crossed six hundred millions, and but a few years after that reached seven hundred millions.

In fine, war brings a great increase in government expenses, a large part of which is permanent. Broadly speaking, government expenses move only in one direction—upward. In little over a year we have had two "emergency" increases in taxation, doubled income tax, inheritance tax, excess-profits tax, and so on. The emergency will pass, but probably the taxes will not.

Yet, this winter, a proposal that would probably have saved thirty million dollars in the cost of operating the executive departments—by simply introducing adequnte bookkeeping and cutting out duplications—was defeated in the Senate. Congress' callous indifference to economy in the present situation is especially irritating.

Censorship

UNFORTUNATELY newspapers cannot be completely trusted in the matter of printing news. Though infallible in respect to the conduct of all other human enterprises, they are liable to error in conducting their own business. In a situation where bad judgment or bad faith on their part might cause extraordinary public harm, it is necessary for the government to hold a hand over them.

Some sort of press censorship is as inevitable a feature of modern warfare as the aëroplane is. What sort of censorship it was, if this country were at war, would depend a good deal upon the newspapers themselves.

They responded to the shock of the rupture with Germany in admirable fashion—affording a very encouraging contrast to nineteen years ago, when all that some of them could see in a war with Spain was a fine chance to sell sensational extras. But actual war would be a severer test. Newspapers whose staple occupation is inflaming public opinion could hardly be expected to resist the temptation when opinion rose to a highly inflammable temperature.

Actual war would, no doubt, bring some sort of public control over the dissemination of news. That control ought to be just sufficiently rigorous to accomplish the ends in view. If a nod would do it, only a nod should be used. If it required a club, a club should be used; for in a country at war there can be no freedom for the press, or for anything else that interferes with the paramount object of prosecuting the war most efficiently.

As the chief danger is that news will react injuriously on the military situation, it has been the rule to put military men in charge of the censorship; but, as military men tend to look at everything from a strictly professional point of view, they make poor censors. If the United States should come to a censorship, a capable newspaper man ought to be put in charge of it, with military advisers.

Preparation

THE position of the United States after the break with Germany required immediate consideration of plans for raising an army. That position, in spite of every permissible effort to avoid it, was at the edge of the world war. We should by that time have clearly comprehended one fact about that war—namely, that all prophesying about it was vain. From the moment it began we had been hearing that this or that operation or cause would quickly bring it to an end; peace was always a few months off. Yet, in fact, the war had steadily increased in extent and violence.

The familiar prophecies were sounding even more loudly than ever at the beginning of February. England would be starved into submission in three months; or Germany was at the end of her resources and must collapse by midsummer.

It would have been as fatuous to rely upon these predictions then as it had been to rely upon similar predictions in the past.

The prophets might be right this time; but they had not been right before.

The intelligent course would be to say that the war might go on indefinitely; that its scope might be still wider, its violence still greater; and to make preparation accordingly.

That, for the United States, would involve raising a considerable army as quickly as possible after war was declared.

The machinery to that end was lacking. The Government should set about devising it—perfecting plans whereby the young men who were best able to serve in that capacity, and the most serviceable, would be picked out and put to training.

After looking at that war for thirty months we ought to have a clear and sober realization of what it might require of any nation which got into it.

Popular Loans

WHEN Jay Cooke was selling United States bonds direct to the people, during the Civil War, a great point was made of getting the obligations of the Government as widely distributed as possible, and into the hands of small investors. Cooke placed over a billion dollars of government bonds; but in a comparatively few years after the war almost all the outstanding bonds were in the hands of banks and large investors.

To finance the Spanish-American War the Government offered for public subscription two hundred million dollars of three per cent bonds, giving preference to small subscribers. There were two hundred and thirty thousand subscriptions for five hundred dollars or less, and the total subscriptions amounted to a billion four hundred million dollars. This was considered a great success, but, as the bonds immediately went to a premium over what the preferred small subscribers had paid, a great majority of the latter promptly sold out in order to get the quick profit, and within a few months nearly all the bonds were in the hands of the banks and a comparatively few large investors.

It was calculated at the time that if the Government had thrown the bonds open to unrestricted competitive bidding, without giving a preference to small subscribers, it would have realized five million dollars more for the issue; and probably many of the small subscribers were merely agents acting for bond houses, and the like.

No doubt a great many small investors would buy a four per cent government bond, with the intention of holding it; but it is doubtful if a bond bearing a lower rate would find permanent lodgment to any considerable extent in the hands of individuals of modest means.

A Few Sound Spots Left

THE speaker said sadly that the United States had become so softened by downy living, so addicted to extravagance, so infatuated with luxury, that the old fiber was nearly all eaten out of it, and there was hardly any fighting spirit left.

The audience evidently agreed with this view. As the women slipped costly furs over their shoulders and filed out to waiting limousines, and the men incidentally considered where a few hardy American citizens could get a bite of supper at twenty dollars a plate, they talked about the degeneracy of their country, and how far it had sunk in sensual sloth. Their minds were oppressed by the thought of millions of farmers, draymen, machinists and brakemen, on the other side of the Hudson, who were presumably at that moment drinking vintage wine and uproariously applauding cabaret shows; and of countless women who rose at four A. M. in order to get the family washing started before breakfast, and put on their diamonds and went to bridge parties as soon as they had washed the supper dishes and attended to the milk.

For two years hardly a champagne cork has popped east of the Alleghanies but it has been attended by a sigh over the appalling effeminacy of the Teamsters' Union and the Amalgamated Association of Freight Handlers. Luxury has engulfed the country; but above the flood, like Noah on Ararat, we see bands of stern and impervious patriots who never think of mere creature comforts—having carefully provided themselves with a butler, a housekeeper, a valet, a lady's maid, two footmen, four parlor maids, six chambermaids, a cook, two second cooks and three chauffeurs to think of those base subjects for them.

The only sure way to escape being enervated by luxury in the United States, it seems, is to spend a hundred thousand dollars a year.

OUR ARMY OVERSEAS

What the Americans Now Fighting With the Allies Could Teach Us of Modern Warfare—By Will Irwin

A BRITISH staff officer, home on leave, was discussing with me, last autumn, the training of the New Army. To prove a certain point, he pulled down from the shelf of his library a treatise on tactics, which was a textbook at Sandringham before the war. When he had read the reference he slid it back on the shelves and smiled a restrained British smile.

"I've a number of seventeenth-century books on military affairs," he said. "I'm a collector, you know. I'm going to put this with them—it's a museum piece. Nearly everything published on the subject before 1915 is in that class!"

At about the same time a Canadian officer, who came over with the First Expeditionary Force, remarked:

"When we got to France we thought we were more or less finished. As a matter of fact, we had to unlearn almost everything we learned in our home preparation. We've brought our system of training up to date now; and it is basically different from what it was in the autumn of 1914."

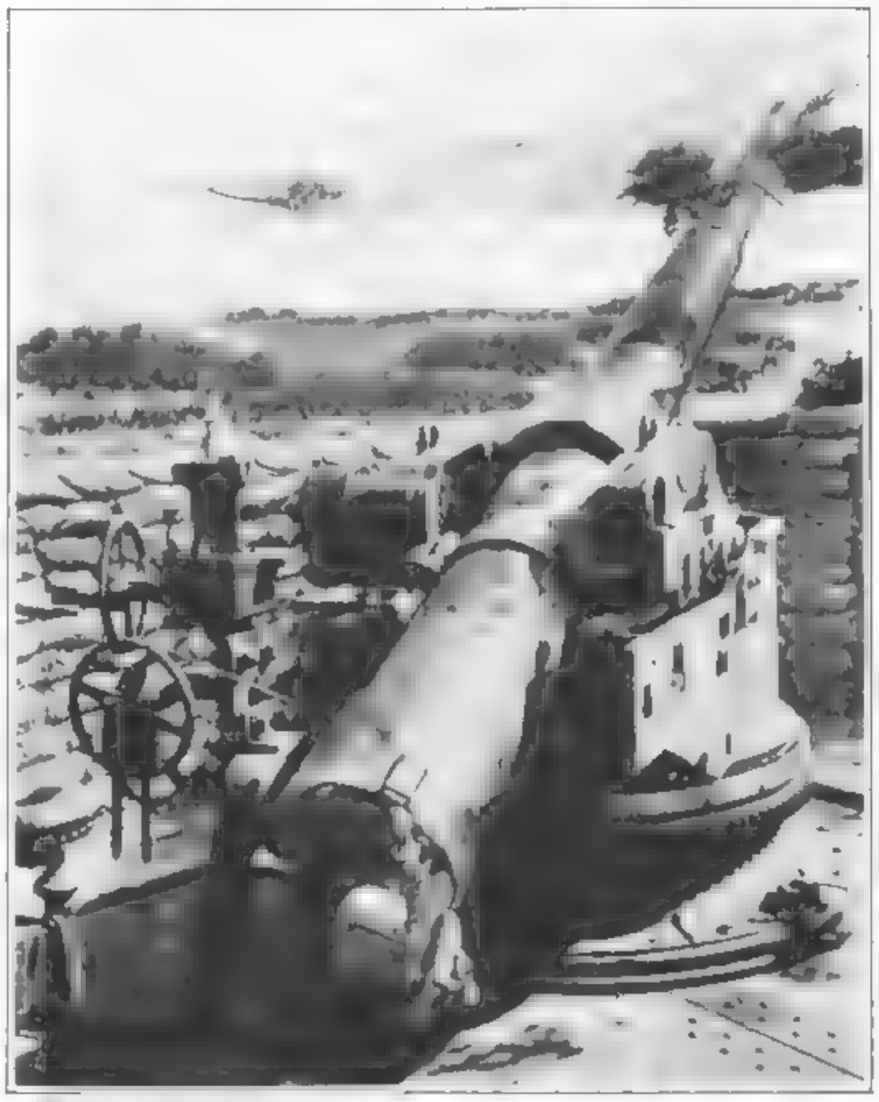
The art and science of warfare have changed since the beginning of this war. Devices hitherto unknown have been introduced; devices believed obsolete for two centuries have been revived, improved and set to new uses. Surprise, the best card in the pack of such old-time generals as Napoleon, Von Moltke or Garibaldi, has almost been counted out of the game. No two successive great wars of the past have been so different in method as the Boer War of 1899 and the General European War of 1914–17.

Of this new warfare the officers of our army know comparatively little in theory and nothing whatever in practice. Not one of them, from the highest bureau chief to the latest graduate of West Point, has ever fired a gun at an aeroplane; has ever used a trench mortar; has ever done his part in that gigantic coördination of artillery known as curtain fire. Probably not one ever directed, even in practice, a grenade attack. Except for our military observers in Europe, who get, like the war correspondents, occasional glimpses of action, none has ever witnessed these tactics of the new warfare. And such instances comprise only some of the broad lines.

Men Who Can Teach Modern Methods

THERE are a thousand finer points worked out since the war began; every time you talk over military affairs with a British, French or Italian officer you get from him a bewilderment of details, all new, all hitherto unpracticed by any army under the Stars and Stripes.

As I write this, we seem to be on the verge of war; that question may be settled before these lines reach print in



The Screen Above Is Part of the Scenery to Conceal the Gun From Aviators

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Almost our first act will be the creation and training of a real army. To that task we bring singularly small experience; it is like establishing an engineering school with professors and instructors who know only theoretical mathematics. Doubtless we should "muddle through," Anglo-Saxon fashion, with the help of our American common sense and inventiveness. But it would take time.

However, perhaps we do not need to muddle through. We have the professors, trained or in training, to teach the new warfare, if only we have the common sense to perceive the fact, and the diplomacy and breadth of mind to seize opportunity. The men who can teach us—a whole army corps of them—are now in training on the European battlefields.

Lord Northcliffe, who knows as much about this war as almost any man, has just registered his guess that about fifty thousand American citizens, all natives, are serving now under the flags of the Allies. When Northcliffe, last summer, estimated that there were thirty thousand Americans in the New British Army alone, I was inclined to doubt him. I saw more of the New Army afterward and came to believe his figures accurate. Absolute proof is impossible, because many of these men are officially concealing their nationality, though they admit it privately. Sixteen thousand—I have this figure from a reliable source—are fighting with the Canadians. The rest are scattered through the various "Imperial" forces. I found some of them even among the Australians and in the navy.

The French Army is said to have used from ten thousand to fifteen thousand American citizens in the war. This estimate includes not only our men in the Foreign Legion and our aviators in the American flying squadrilla, but our star ambulance corps and our volunteer physicians, who have made themselves expert military surgeons. As I shall show later, the ambulance men have their direct military uses for us; and the need for trained military surgeons, as distinguished from civil surgeons, is obvious.

The Taking of Gorizia

GOING farther eastward, we reach a curious and puzzling situation. Most people will be surprised to know that the American influence in this war is strongest at the Italian Front. Officers in charge of Italian mobilization told me last year that the Italian Army contains at least two hundred thousand men who have worked in America. After two or three weeks with the Italian Army I fully believed him; never, not even among the High Alps, did I hail a company but I was answered in English, and must needs talk with from one to twenty soldiers about what one little Italian, from Chicago, called "his other home."

The Italian military engineering will be a marvel of warfare when the whole story can be told; and the actual work has been largely done by men who learned expert digging in our mines, our railroad-construction camps, our great reclamation works. The network of Alpine roads by which, even in the dead of winter, one mounts to pinnacles inaccessible before the war, save to daring Alpinists, were blasted out by men who learned their blasting in Pennsylvania coal fields. The famous tunnel-and-gallery, by means of which the Italians took Gorizia, was driven mostly by miners from our West.

Also, some at least of the direction is American. An engineer who had to do with planning this work, and who is responsible for the almost equally famous operation of

One of the Mobile Anti-Air-Craft Guns That are Playing Havoc With German Aviators

A Section of the American Ambulance at Luncheon at the Verdun Front

A Nieuport—One of the Little Machines Which Do the Fighting

Curtain Fire—Big Guns at the Rear Doing Their Part

"Camouflage"—A Screen to Conceal a Road

blowing the top off the Col de Lana, is a graduate of Cornell and has his office in San Francisco.

Now perhaps I do not let the eagle scream too loudly when I say that Americans tend to be good masters of men. Moreover, the boys who have gone over to fight for the Allies are generally of high intellectual and moral quality. Some of them, it is true, are merely adventurers, the kind of men who must get into a fight wherever it offers. Most of them, however, are boys of education and ideals, who fight for the Allies because they believe in human liberty, because they have felt the call of their blood, or because they wish to repay the loan of Lafayette. As a consequence, many of them have gone up into the corps of officers.

Promotion, it happens, is freest for Americans in the British Army. It is almost impossible to distinguish the Americans in khaki, by manner and speech, from their Canadian comrades. I had the experience of seeing a British officer regularly for a week before learning that he was a citizen of the United States. For they get their commissions usually on the fiction that they are Canadians by birth, and they hesitate to admit that they have told an excusable lie and enlisted under transparently false pretenses. Both parties to the transaction understand this.

From Old Kentucky, Canada

I have a friend who went to England, early in the war, seeking a commission. He had a fairly good military education, and men of this kind were in demand just after the battle of Ypres, when Britain was trying to plug the military gap in any way she could. His case was investigated to make sure that he meant business. When the government satisfied itself he appeared before a functionary of the War Office to get his papers.

"British subject?" he was asked.

"Yes," lied the American.

"In what part of the empire were you born?" asked the Briton.

"Canada," replied the American, as he had been told to do.

"What province?"

Now this was unfair and unexpected. The American, though strong on gunnery and tactics, was weak on geography. He had never even heard that Canada was divided into provinces. He was born, as a matter of fact, in the Blue Grass country; and so, more by instinct than by reason, he faltered:

"Kentucky!"

"Ah, yes - Kentucky!" replied the Briton.

And so it stands to this day on the enlistment papers of a certain highly efficient officer in the Royal Artillery.

So, because the game is played under cover, it is impossible for any man to get a complete list of the American officers in the British Army. I can, however, set down a few instances in my personal acquaintance as an example of what these men might teach our new army. To prevent embarrassment to them, I shall mention no names.

A young actor of the purest American stock enlisted as a private in an English regiment. His efficiency and soldierly qualities attracted the attention of Lord Kitchener. Since he had a good general education, he was given a commission at once. This regiment was sent to the trying Ypres salient. Here his abilities raised him within a few months to the rank of captain. He won decoration and further promotion by one of those heroic deeds that would have been themes for ballads in old wars, but which scarcely draw a newspaper paragraph in this war—they have grown so common. He found his company cut off in an advanced position. His orders, given before shellfire cut the telephone, were to hold on. By nightfall the company was out of water and almost out of ammunition. He sent volunteers into No Man's Land by night to bring in the canteens and bandoleers of cartridges from the dead—and held out for thirty-two hours longer, until a new attack by the British relieved him.

All this time he fooled the Germans as to the size of his force by putting helmets on the parapet and propping up the dead. At the end he had only a dozen unwounded men. So he became a major. He was wounded at the Somme last November; and, had this happened some six hours later, he would have gone back to the hospital a lieutenant colonel, for his superior in command was killed in the same action. He has recovered and is back at the Front. In the normal course of events this American, before the war is six months older, may be colonel of a celebrated British county regiment, comprising ten or fifteen battalions of twelve hundred men each. Indeed, the rank of brigadier general is not beyond his reach

The Saving of Verdun

This man, like most other officers trained in the great war, is not only an all-round soldier but a specialist. He is an expert on the use of grenades in attack Few officers in our army have even seen a modern grenade. The grenade and the machine gun have almost supplanted rifle fire in trench fighting, and this most important weapon has a technic all its own. No one now on American soil could be such an instructor for a new army as this American major in the Bankshire Regiment of His Majesty's Expeditionary Force.

I know of two other American majors still surviving in the British Army. Doubtless they, too, have specialties; and, even if they are only all-round practitioners of modern warfare, they can teach us things of which we never dreamed. There is also a lieutenant colonel, in charge of motor transport. What happens behind an army is often as vitally important as what happens at the Front. The motor car arrived since the last general war; its uses to the commissary and supply department are all new. It was motor transport, superbly handled, that saved Verdun. I have heard that the French used eighteen thousand motor-trucks when that action was at its hottest; and, having seen the hinterland of that battle, having watched the trucks flash by, hour after hour, twenty seconds apart, I can well believe this. If accounts be true we had difficulty in handling less than a hundred trucks in our invasion of Northern Mexico.

A certain American, whose business reaches both sides of the water, has a highly intelligent and promising son, who got most

(Continued on Page 113)

A Group of American Aviators at the French Front

These Men are Measuring Air Currents Preparatory to Firing a Thirteen-Inch Gun

Sustaining nourishment—

The invigorating meat juices of selected beef combined with the nutritious properties of choice vegetables and hardy cereals—that is what you get in this appetizing Vegetable Soup.

Here you have a nourishing, tempting, perfectly balanced food. It comes to you a finished product, completely cooked and seasoned; prepared as daintily and carefully as it could be done in your own kitchen.

And it is all ready for your table in three minutes—

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

You could not produce a better soup at home. You would find it more than difficult to produce its equal—and a good deal more expensive.

We include the best Maine-grown white potatoes, the best Jersey "sweets," tender Chantenay carrots, fine large rutabagas from Canada, "baby" lima beans, early peas, choice okra, celery, cabbage and tomatoes, and the favorite "Country Gentleman" corn—juicy and sweet.

We blend these in a rich beef stock, together with rice, barley and "alphabet" macaroni. And we flavor the combination temptingly with fresh herbs, delicate little leek—grown on our own farms, and a snappy touch of sweet red peppers.

No other food is so consistently effective in body-building and nerve-building as good soup eaten every day. This is the verdict of the foremost dietetic authorities. And all experience proves it.

Nourishing food is the foundation not only of firm flesh and muscle, but of the active energy and nerve-force which mean efficiency in everything you do; the efficiency which your men folks need in their business; which your boys and girls need at their studies and their play; which *you* need in order to be at your best. This is one of the vital problems of your home.

Your grocer will supply you with these wholesome Campbell "kinds" by the dozen or the case, if you wish. And this is the economical way to buy.

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THIS WAY OUT—By Frank Condon

IN ONE of his numerous statements to the reporters Old Schopenhauer, the German sunbeam, makes the following remarks about one of our best-known sexes:

"A man reaches the maturity of his reasoning powers and mental faculties hardly before the age of twenty-eight; a woman, at eighteen. And then, too, in some women it is only reason of a sort—very niggard in its dimensions. That is why women remain children their whole life long; never seeing anything but what is quite close to them, cleaving to the present moment, taking appearances for reality and preferring trifles to matters of first importance."

There you are, with the referee counting ten on the ladies and the crowd going home! Maybe this official opinion settles the question and maybe it doesn't. Personally I agree with the gentleman. Whether you do or not depends largely upon whether or not you are living at home in the bosom of your family, in which case you go out into the kitchen and talk to the gas meter whenever Schopenhauer is discussed. I'm a bachelor, and I can go round agreeing with such sentiments and not lose any epidermis.

True, the sage never got to be what you could call wildly popular with women, and the modern advanced female who reads him is likely to have nosebleed toward page ninety, where he steps on the pedal and tells exactly what he thinks about the sex.

But you can bet this year's coal that Old Man Schope spoke a lot of words that never went through his hat; and every time I think of Irma Canfield and her mother I feel anew that the philosopher was wholly there and carried a large line of the goods.

I don't want to spread abroad the impression that I'm always for Schope, because I have my friends among the wrong sex, and I value them. They're all right, no matter what they do; and that's no narrow statement, because they're always doing something extraordinary that would get them examined by a specialist, if they were men.

This brings me down to the time when the Canfields breezed back from Europe, before the big trouble began across the sea. Irma and her mother returned, dragging Jim Canfield behind them, just as they had lugged him over.

When they started they had to pry him off the Canfield Ranch by main force and with words and music, because Jim certainly hated to go abroad and learn something polite and cultured; and they had to drag him back because his vitality was gone.

This was all before Jake Davis and I worked for the Porter Outfit and I was Jim Canfield's right-hand man. Jake was his left-hand man, being naturally left-handed about everything in life. And when Jim went away, with a tear in his eye, he left the property in our care. It was the old Canfield Ranch, just north of Phœnix, Arizona, and for a time thereafter Jake and I led a care-free existence.

During the long absence of the Canfields, one of the citizens who distinctly did not receive post cards from Europe saying "This is our room: wish you were here" was Aleck Colby, a friend of mine and Jake's, and more than a friend to Irma—that is, Aleck and Irma were sort of aiming at each other, and had been for years.

The Canfield Ranch ends just this side of the main irrigation ditch, north of Phœnix, and Aleck Colby's property begins on the other side, both being valuable lands and covered with alfalfa, cucumbers, dates and other prosperous vegetables. Aleck and Irma used to ride in to school together before Central Avenue was paved, and Aleck stood mighty well with Jim Canfield, as he did with all the boys. Aleck was and is a regular guy, and nobody knew it better than Irma.

Then along came one of these lovers' quarrels, and the long-standing affair blew up with a loud bang. Aleck no longer drove up the road in his red automobile. Irma dismissed him, and for a while he pretended to like it and took up with some sweet-faced girls from town; but later on he turned silent, and I knew that he was about as happy as a man who has just had the doctor tell him to fix up his will.

From the day of that quarrel Irma was a changed girl; and her mother was a changed girl, too, though probably not on Aleck's account. Anyhow, the two of them began reaching out for higher things; and when two female members of your family begin that, it is just as well if you start walking across the desert, without food or water. Jim Canfield worried—and why wouldn't he?

Mrs. Canfield subscribed to art publications and Eastern magazines showing you pictures of society ladies at Newport watching the tennis matches, with their feet crossed so that you couldn't be under any misapprehension about the kind of hosiery they were wearing in the "bong-tong" circles. Irma began to study French and expression—whatever that is—and her mother started reducing exercises up under the eaves, which made no change whatever in either the eaves or mother. The final crash was the trip to Europe, into which calamity Jim Canfield was dragged headlong, giving off loud squeals of protest.

So they packed up and left us; and after that nothing much happened until one day Aleck stopped me on the road in front of the Power Station.

"They're back!" he said.

"The folks?" I asked in surprise.

"The same," Aleck went on. "They got into New York to-day on the Pretoria."

"You call that getting back? There's a lot of long loose miles between New York and Central Avenue."

"They'll be here soon," he continued, looking more cheerful than I'd seen him in weeks; "and you'd better begin making this ranch shine. I've heard some news, and I think you'll find things are going to be run on a different plan in future. Her father writes me that Irma has changed a whole lot since she went away."

"She could change a whole lot and still be a fine girl," I agreed. "What are the changes to be?"

"Couldn't say," he remarked—"except that you can't go to Europe and come back the same as when you went away. Europe leaves a mark on you."

"Not on me, it don't. I've got some marks; but Europe never made any of them. I'll be glad to see the folks."

"I'll be, too," Aleck said, smiling sort of ruefully; and I hoped then and there that Irma hadn't contracted any foolish notions over on the other side. I've heard of such things.

In a week Jake and I began to observe signs and portents, and Jake was seriously disturbed. First, there came a wild-eyed man from Phœnix, who rambled through our peaceful ranch, taking measurements with a yellow ruler and looking into closets, which seemed none of his business. He informed us he was going to redecorate the place; and he did, ruthlessly and without regard for the human emotions.

It was a comfortable, homy ranch before this deluded gent started in; but when he finished it looked like the Ohio Building at the World's Fair. All it lacked inside was a blue-uniformed person to take your tickets and a place to check children.

Next, there appeared a landscape gardener; and he scaped energetically round the place until it all looked unfamiliar and repulsive to the normal eye. He was followed by a maniac who owned an art-and-burnt-leather store, and who had received telegraph orders to leap in and smear up the house with modern art wherever he saw raw spots; which he did, with that hearty enthusiasm which marks the mentally unbalanced.

Jake and I stood by helplessly and surveyed these ancestral changes with disapproval; and we knew in our hearts that if Jim Canfield had been there he would have agreed with us. Women were at work again; and, as Schopenhauer says, you can't hold them responsible under the law, Nature having tatted up the outside of their heads most admirably, but the inside not so well. In the midst of our woes Aleck Colby suddenly went away, leaving us flat.

"He's going to Chicago," Jake informed me with a pleased grin; "and he ain't going just for the fun of riding on a train. Who knows but what he'll patch things up with Irma?"

"Once she had a lot of sense," I agreed; "and if she ever regains her normal mind I'd like to see Aleck and her start housekeeping. But you can't tell what Europe has done to her. She might want to marry one of those titles."

"Aleck had a title once," Jake said reflectively. "He was the lightweight champion of his college."

II

THE next alarming thing that happened was a telegram from Jim Canfield. I'd had telegrams from him before and some of them were surprising; but this one knocked us cold:

"I am forwarding one French chef. Meet him at the station. J. K. CANFIELD."

That was the wire in plain English, and yet I knew that Jim Canfield wasn't sending us one French chef. Any chef, French or otherwise, bound for the Canfield Ranch, was starting his journey over Jim's unconscious form; and I knew it. Once more I observed the gentle activities of the two ladies in their pursuit of higher things, because we didn't need a French chef round that ranch any more than a mackerel needs sideburns.

"Whatever do we want one for, and what is it?" Jake asked me querulously, reading the telegram over my shoulder. "Looks like the boss has gone clean off his bean. What do you do with it when it comes?"

"Well, you can't play it on the phonograph," I told the ignorant booby. "A chef is a cook with a college education, who wears a paper hat and can disguise food by pouring things on it. The boss had as much to do with this chef thing as he did with the last Chinese rebellion."

"Seems queer Jim'd send such a thing," Jake murmured.

"Since the female section of the Canfield family began aiming at the higher life, there's no telling where they'll stop. Most likely the next thing will be an incense burner with gargoyles on it, or a sacred fountain full of Psyches."

"Keeping all this new stuff in mind," said Jake, "it don't look to me like Aleck's patched anything up with Irma."

I thought the same way; and from then on Jake and I lingered round, waiting for the French chef in vain, not knowing precisely what we would do with him when he arrived. Meantime Aleck Colby returned from Chicago; and when I saw him I knew he hadn't smoothed things out with Irma. He was bluer than a bluefish. All he would say was that the family was in Chicago and well, and would be home soon.

"Did you by any chance run across a French chef?" I asked.

"Chef?" he said.

"They're sending us one by fast freight, and we're to take care of him till they get here."

"That's funny!" said Aleck. "A French chef!"

"It may not be so funny as you think. There are people on this ranch who may un-chef that French chef as soon as he lands."

Aleck apparently hadn't heard; but he appeared interested in the new culinary arrangement, and from then on our doleful neighbor spent most of his time on our ranch, feeling most likely that he'd have to go away for good when Irma got home.

Jake and I infested the railroad station in Tempe until the authorities regarded us with suspicion; but finally we were rewarded, if you care to put it that way. It was a beautiful warm, sunny morning, exactly suited to meeting French chefs; and long before the Eastern express stopped we knew there was some kind of unusual activity on board, because we could hear it.

Ordinarily the ten o'clock train from the East comes in as peaceful as a nun, gives the engine some water and goes onward into the West. But not this morning. From where we stood it sounded as though somebody was taking Paris. Vigorous yells oozed out through the open windows and shattered the clear calm; and the minute the train stopped a brakeman leaped off, hanging on to something at which he pulled, dragged and clawed.

Following him was another brakeman, and he was hanging on to the other end, which he was pushing, shoving and ejecting; so, between them, they were getting something off the train, and the something was our new French chef, as per Jim's wire.

I knew that the little man between the annoyed brakemen was our long-awaited chef, because he was speaking fluently in a foreign language. He was howling like a wolf. He was also kicking, scratching, gouging, smiting, bruising, pelting, prodding and walloping the infuriated brakemen; and at the same time he was addressing them in a series of shrill, piercing yowls. The brakemen held him off like you would hold a wild cat that has just gone insane on your hands.

"There's our new chef!" I said to Jake, looking on with admiration. "Whatever do you suppose he's been doing?"

"I dunno," Jake answered; "but it looks as if he'd exasperated a large, capitalized corporation."

The battle raged on. We approached the captors and their quarry, and announced that we were from the Canfield Ranch, and that they were probably holding our new chef.

"He's yours, is he?" snorted one of the officials; and there was a distinct lack of courtesy in his tones. "Thank heaven, he's somebody's!"

"He ain't ours by choice," I said defensively; "but the boss shipped him and I suppose we've got to take him. What's he been doing to your railroad train?"

"Can't you see?" denounced the other brakeman, keeping our chef from his purpose of removing the official's eye with his thumb. "And right now he's comparatively peaceful. This ain't anything, compared to what we've been through."

"You must have had a good trip," Jake interposed. "What ails the little man?"

"He's just about ruined the railroading business round here for months to come," replied the conductor, who had come up with reënforcements. "Go on and take him, if he belongs to you; and the farther you take him the more all right it'll be with me. This trip pretty near cost me my job."

Jake and I accepted him gingerly, the same as you would take hold of an extra-hot comet; and then we learned some of the disgraceful details, the brakemen being relieved and willing to talk.

It seems the little Frenchman was an amorous party who imagined you got on board an American railroad train and immediately flirted with lady passengers. He had followed this theory with painful results, the ladies objecting unanimously. A couple of traveling husbands had offered to throw him quietly off the back end of the train, where he could hit on the flying rocks and be killed without annoying anybody; and the Pullman conductor had wired for permission to do something drastic.

Seven irate women, young and old, had informed the railroad company that they would bring suit, and that it was an outrage and a disgrace; and, as nobody on the train could talk enough French to get the chef to quit waylaying females in the vestibules, the trip was one constant uproar, with somebody always contemplating or committing bodily assault upon our new hashslinger.

"I'm telling no lie when I say we've had all we want of him," said the conductor, waving his hand to the engineer. "If he's yours, you keep him; and don't let him go riding on trains, because his next trip is liable to be his last."

That's the way our acquaintance began; and when the express pulled out the passengers leaned from the windows and grinned at us as though we were on the wrong end of some joke we hadn't yet found out about.

The first thing that happened was a fight. Before Jake knew what was occurring, the Frenchman climbed up one side of him and down the other; and I will admit at this point that Frenchmen are quick and nervous in their movements. Jake was surprised and lost quite some skin before he could defend himself. After that he hit the chef twice, and we carried the body over and laid it in the bottom of the ranch automobile.

He was small, as I said, and he wore a blue suit and yellow spats and patent-leather shoes. He had no hat on, owing to his manner of leaving trains; but on his head was a wisp of yellow French hair, and he looked the least little bit like a sand chuckwalla. He was thin and scrawny and wrinkled; and why he should think he'd be strong with the ladies is another one of the enigmas we find in life.

(Continued on Page 33)

Is *Your* Home Protected?

THE *whole truth* of this preparedness idea has just hit me. For years I have carried insurance on my life, health, house and household goods. I have tucked away a comfortable nest egg in the bank to forestall a rainy day and financial reverses And all this while I have kidded myself into thinking that this was *all* the protection that any husband and father *could* throw around his family.

Defending the lives of my loved ones against the felonious attacks of prowling burglars—this never occurred to me.

There isn't a streak of yellow in me. I've never been called a coward in all my life. I just didn't give it a thought. I've been so busy with—

When I saw the great loophole in my scheme of home defence I felt guilty. I upbraided myself for my neglect. I hit the trail to the nearest hardware store and bought this trusty Iver Johnson Revolver you see lying here on the table

My *trusty*, *friendly* Iver Johnson.

I've never had to shoot at a man. I hope I never shall have to. I never think of my Iver Johnson as a brutal, terrible weapon. I look upon it as a *friend* The very knowledge that I have it gives me a sense of security.

Have *you* thought of a revolver as a friend before? Will you give your family protection that is one jot short of *real*, *full*, *complete* protection? Can you in justice to your wife and children defer answering this question another day?

When you buy a revolver buy a *good* one. The Iver Johnson is the safest small fire arm made because its *safety device* makes it proof against accidental discharge. You can Hammer the Hammer Hammer model with Regular grip, $6.75; Hammerless model with Regular grip, $7.50. Both models also with "Perfect" Rubber or "Western" Walnut grip.

Iver Johnson Bicycles can't be beat for speed, strength, easy riding and long wearing qualities. Racing, Cushion Frame, Truss Frame Roadsters and Mobicycle models. $35 to $55. Juveniles $20 to $25.

Iver Johnson Motorcycle is conceded by engineers to be the most scientifically designed and best built motorcycle ever produced.

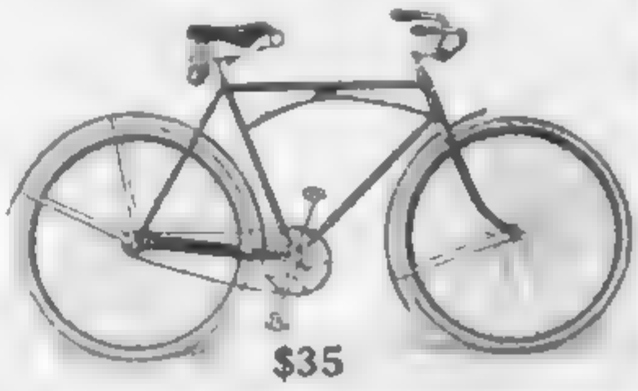
Iver Johnson Shotguns—Iver Johnson Champion Single Barrel Shotguns ($6.50) and Iver Johnson Hammerless Double Barrel Shotguns ($20) give as good results and look as good as guns costing twice as much.

Three Iver Johnson Booklets Sent Free

Indicate which books you want: A—"Arms," B—"Bicycles," C—"Motorcycles." They tell how to make dollars go farthest in buying revolvers, shotguns and cycles.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

99 Chambers Street, New York — 717 Market Street, San Francisco



Cadillac
Standard of the World

The Cadillac's Newest Creation

MANY motorists have evinced a preference for the style of car which has come to be designated as the "Sport" type. But they have not been disposed to content themselves with a mechanism deficient in those qualities which make for real snap and zest in motoring.

In the new Cadillac four-passenger Phaeton there is combined, a car of low sides, inclined windshield, speedy lines and a chassis of surpassing mechanical excellence.

In striking contrast with the usual car of comparable body type, it affords the acme of luxurious riding qualities, lending itself admirably to the requirements of the small family.

That the mechanism of the Cadillac V-type "Eight" represents the most advanced development in motor-driven vehicles, has passed beyond the stage which admits of discussion.

Once you have driven a Cadillac, its charm has spoiled you for motoring of the ordinary kind.

You may set greatest store upon quietness, or steadiness, or smoothness, or speed, or comfort, or all-'round roadability, or upon body lines that are smart and racy, and at the same time pleasing and beautiful.

But it is when you see and feel how, in the Cadillac, all of these qualities are so successfully blended, that you awaken to the realization of how intensely fascinating your motoring can be.

The complete line of Cadillac cars is as follow[illegible] Passenger Touring Car, Four Passenger Phaeton; Two-Passenger Roadster; Four-Passenger [illegible] Four Passenger Convertible [illegible] Seven-Passenger Convertible Touring Car [illegible] Four Passenger Phaeton [illegible] Seven-Passenger Limousine, [illegible] Passenger Landaulet.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

An amazing low price

$35

for this big, high-grade Cabinet Phonograph

The Wilson-Ashland

Plays all makes of disc records with rich, full tone

A splendid, high-grade mahogany finished cabinet phonograph—built on the same scientific principles as the highest priced instruments. This superb instrument does everything any phonograph costing five times as much will do. Constructed entirely of wood. See it—hear it—the proof is the phonograph itself.

Points of Superiority

1. A large cabinet instrument, 35 inches high, 17½ inches deep, 15½ inches wide
2. Tone Chamber of same wood as a piano sounding board.
3. Gives rich, full, clear tone and precision in recreating sound.
4. The Ashland tone regulator makes possible loud or soft playing. Volume of sound under absolute control.
5. All records played without a second's delay. Simply reverse reproducer to change from one make to another
6. Speed of playing easily regulated
7. Double spring motor same as used in many high-priced instruments.

Has every essential feature found in the highest priced instruments. Your assurance of satisfaction is the broad one year's guarantee of Thos. E. Wilson & Co.—a half-million dollar corporation.

If there isn't a Wilson-Ashland dealer near you—send $10.00 and we will ship the instrument subject to examination by Express—balance C O D. Or send $35 00 with order. We will include two high-class standard records and needles for all makes of disc records FREE with each order for machine. *Mail coupon NOW!*

THOS. E. WILSON & CO., Chicago, U. S. A.

Enclosed find $10.00. Ship at once to the undersigned, f. o. b. Chicago, one Wilson-Ashland Phonograph, price $35.00. Balance $25.00, C. O. D. allowing privilege examination—money returned if not satisfactory.

Name

Address

Town

S. E. P.

(Continued from Page 30)

"For a chef," Jake said, breathing hard and trying to stick some loose skin back in place, "this sucker starts off good, don't he? Maybe you have to tame these things before they chef right."

"I don't know much about them," I admitted—"especially foreign ones who can't talk our language. I'd know exactly what to do with a Mexican or a Chink, but not a Frenchman."

"I'll know what to do with him if he comes my way again," Jake added resentfully; "and right after I get through doing it the Old Man won't have no chef. What do you suppose made the boss start anything like this?"

"His wife and daughter. Do you believe Jim Canfield, a sane and sober ranchman, is going round collecting chefs? Not a chance! He did what his womenfolks wanted, same as with the decorations. Jim'll probably show up wearing a red vest and a high hat."

Well, we drove the French fireless cooker out home, stopping several times on the way to settle some odd problems that arose. The chef came out of his state of coma toward the first ditch, climbed over the side when we weren't looking and started across the surface of the wide brown world on the run.

Jake chased him half a mile and brought him back full of yells and French exclamations. I should say that you can curse freely in French if everything the little man said was cursing; and it all sounded so. He wept like a girl who has lost her first engagement ring. He shrieked and clamored, and tore at his own hair and then at Jake's. He raised his hands to heaven and invoked things on me and Jake that would have ruined us had they come true. Then he ended up unexpectedly by kicking Jake, and Jake had to tend to him again.

In his altercations with the railroad system, Poison, which was his name with us from the start, had lost part of his wearing apparel, and before we reached the Canfield Ranch he had lost some more; so it wasn't much of a home-coming for the new chef.

"Now," said Jake, "where'll we put him?"

"They usually keep a cook in a private boudoir over the kitchen," I said, which Jake already knew.

"Yeah; but this is no regular cook," he retorted. "And, furthermore, we've got to watch him; otherwise he'll escape. He ain't exactly pleased with his surroundings."

"If he wants to escape we can't stop him."

"We can, and we will!" said Jake with determination. "The boss told us to keep him, and we're going to do it if it kills him."

"Which most likely it'll do," I said ruefully, looking over to the hitching post, where we had tied up Poison during deliberations about his future.

We finally decided that the only secure place for a wild-eyed and incoherent chef was the bunkhouse, where we could lace him up at night and sort of keep an eye on him; and accordingly we rammed him into Joe King's old bunk and threatened to shoot him if he moved out without permission. To make this plain we had to show him what we meant by shooting, since he couldn't understand regular words. I showed him; and this part of his Western experience scared the gizzard out of him, though he was never in any real danger.

"We'll probably have him thoroughly broke by the time the family gets home," I said to Jake. "I can see he ain't used to the wild free life of the desert, and we can save the boss a lot of trouble."

So we did that. We'd let Poison escape, and then run him down on ponies, lassoing him without regard for wounds and contusions. We'd shoot the air round him full of noisy bullets, and every so often Jake and I would turn in and lam the daylights out of him.

It was bully exercise for us at that, but sort of wearing on Poison, who began to take on a haunted look after the first few days. He fought back good and plenty; and don't think taming him was a one-sided job. It wasn't. The way he fought and ramped round the place, and yowled, was simply amazing; and when he suddenly decided to do something to you, you didn't know a thing about it till somebody asked you was the bone broken.

"Why don't you settle down and be peaceful, you little spotted toad?" Jake demanded of him often; and then Poison would open his mouth wide and pour words on us.

I've often thought it would be interesting to know what he was talking about, because he always illustrated his remarks with motions, leaps, hops, waving of arms, sudden bounces and jabs; always finally ending up with a violent assault upon either Jake or me, whichever was nearest.

As I said, we kept in good physical trim, just working out daily with the chef; and he began to wear a battered look long before he gave in and said "uncle."

Eventually we tamed him. He lost his fire, and it became safe to walk near him. We put him to cooking and made him clean the bunkhouse, sweep out, chop firewood, haul water and do all the loose chores round the place; so that he was tolerably busy. Meantime the Canfields lingered on in Chicago; and Aleck Colby spent his time on our ranch, watching Poison and making suggestions for his education.

The chef afforded Aleck genuine amusement; and that's what Aleck needed, because he was a sad fish those days, left to himself. He used to come and sit on our fence and watch Jake teaching Poison his lessons; and every little while Aleck would laugh heartily.

III

THEN came more news from Chicago. The family was starting for home very soon; and Irma wrote me, as foreman of the property, to prepare for events. Here's the very note:

"We shall be along in a few days, and I trust everything on the ranch is in good order. Some of my friends may precede us; and I wish you to treat them with cordiality, in case any of them arrive before we do. The Count de la Tour is among those I expect. He is a stranger and must be treated with extra courtesy. He is coming with letters of introduction to the family from the Prince Borizzi, whom we met in Paris. As I said, be very nice to the count, because none of us has yet met him and he will judge us by our hospitality. Give him the best the ranch affords and make him comfortable until we get there."

"Get that?" I said to Jake. "She's been meeting princes and such; and, when you think of it, why would a count come over with letters to the family? Maybe he's heard Jim Canfield ain't a pauper—hey?"

"Looks like this family made a specialty of Frenchmen," Jake answered.

"All this means no good news for poor old Aleck," I remarked. "You can see what has happened to Aleck. Irma comes back with her head full of foreign nonsense. Hence, this tidal wave of foreigners."

"And," said Jake firmly, "I'm getting so I've sort of lost my taste for Frenchmen."

Answering the stern call of duty, we once more began spending our time down at the railroad station, always taking care to lock up the madhouse chef before leaving the ranch.

The count arrived at last, and we recognized symptoms of his coming slightly ahead of his actual arrival. He was occupying the last coach on the train; and he was not occupying it in any casual or offhand manner, either. Again the distant roar of battle surged across the quiet desert, and the sand turtles looked up in surprise.

The train stopped and gave off a relieved sigh; and at the same moment a suitcase came through a rear window, bringing part of the frame with it and sprinkling glass on the right of way. After that we heard more sounds of scuffling, the impact of fists; and it all began to look like the regular conventional arrival of another Frenchman in Tempe. Jake opened his mouth and stared at the back platform, where a tangled group was emerging, one emerge after another.

"Do them suckers always arrive fighting?" Jake inquired admiringly.

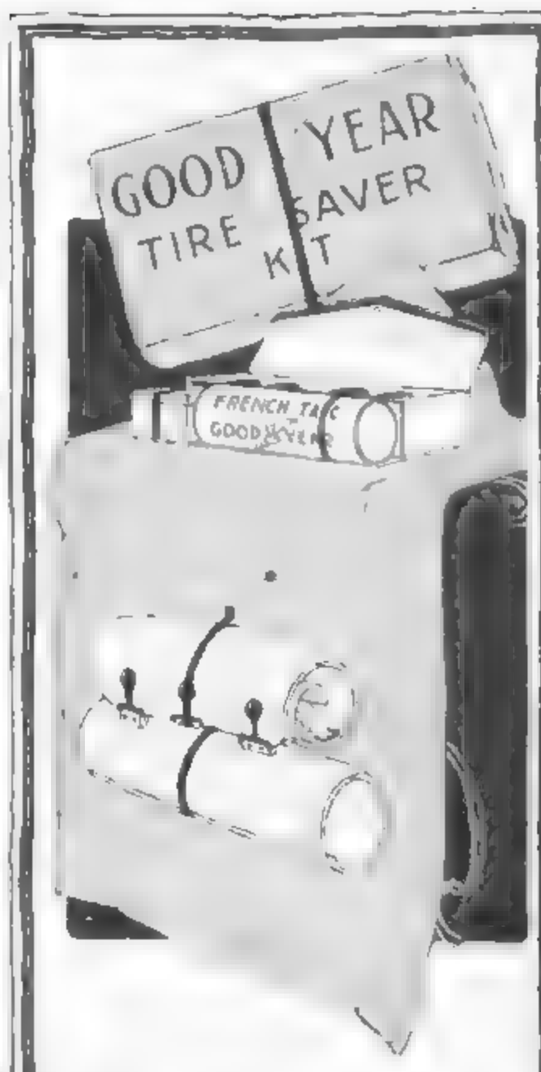
"Seems nothing less than that," I admitted; and just then the hard-working train hands succeeded in ejecting the Count de la Tour.

He came off en masse, as it were, with railroad officials clinging to him like bees to a hive. I counted five angry porters, brakemen and others, all engaged in hurling a large, fat, hairy individual off their transportation system.

When they all stood up and wiped off the cinders of battle, I saw that the count was a husky person, largely concealed behind whiskers, and that he had a reddish complexion and a white hat with a feather in it. He carried a cane and was trying to commit murder with it, but the crowd was too large.

"He looks worse to me than Poison," Jake announced.

"Another lady-killer," I remarked, looking at the whiskered Gaul; and that's



It Earns Its Place on Every Ride

Possibly a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit in your car would be superfluous equipment. You might never meet any trouble your "spares" couldn't cover satisfactorily.

And just as possibly, a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit might prove to be the most valuable thing you had along—by saving you the long walk to the nearest garage, or the discouraging search for a farmhouse with a telephone.

But whether you use it or whether you don't, a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit earns its place on every ride, by providing you complete peace of mind. With one in your car, you know you are prepared against any tire accident short of complete ruin.

It is a handy package, containing tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, tape, valve parts, pressure gauge and the like—complete and compact.

Its cost is trifling in comparison with the everyday comfort it gives.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

YOU can not expect your walnut furniture to reflect its true beauty, unless it is clean and shining—free from dust, dirt and soil. Its radiance is dimmed—the beauty of the grain is hidden.

Just try cleaning and polishing all your furniture and wood work this way: wet a piece of cheese cloth with water, wring it almost dry, add a little

O-Cedar Polish

and go over the surface, then polish with a dry cloth. You will be astonished at the result—your furniture will reveal hidden beauties.

Remember, O-Cedar Polish is equally successful in cleaning, polishing and beautifying all woods and all finishes.

All dealers sell O-Cedar Polish in convenient sizes (25c to $3.00) with this distinct understanding—if you are not delighted with the results, money will be refunded without a question.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL COMPANY
Chicago-Toronto
London

where that name "gall" comes from, too, meaning a mistaken gent who imagines the opposite sex is all excited about him.

Four bitterly annoyed railroaders let go of the count's right leg and surrounded him, while he combed clinkers out of his whiskers and cursed the American nation.

"Well," Jake said critically, "I'll say one thing for these Frenchmen: They hate a quiet morning. You suppose they all act that way, once they get onto a train?"

"I don't know," I answered; "but if we've got to go and gun this here count into submission, then the time has arrived when I quit my job. Jim Canfield hired me for a ranch hand and not a lion tamer."

The railroad company halted the proceedings long enough to ask us indignantly were we expecting the hairy one; and we replied that we were guilty.

"And don't you call him names," I cautioned. "He's a count."

"Didn't we bring you one Frenchman the other day?" demanded a bruised brakeman. "And wasn't we having the same trouble with him?"

"You did and you was," Jake agreed; "but we ain't responsible. We can't help ourselves."

"Just when my wounds were healing up from that other nut, along comes this one!" remarked another official; and then Jake and I assumed full charge of the count.

We learned that he had suffered during the trip from the same delusions as the chef, and that the lady passengers had been bothered considerably.

We calmed him by telling him we were from the Canfield Ranch and were qualified to take him in tow and overwhelm him with that hospitality for which the West is justly famed. Jake explained this by using words from the English language, shouting them into the count's right ear and, when he failed to understand, repeating the process in louder tones. It is Jake's fixed idea that anybody will savvy English if you holler it loud enough at him.

The minute we removed the count from the railroad and the smell of raw locomotives he calmed down at once; and I concluded that there must be something hostile between Frenchmen and rolling stock. He was as nice and quiet a guy as you'd want to meet, and the opposite of the fighting fool we kept chained to a leg of the bunkhouse bed. Of course he couldn't speak English, and that was against him; but we were doing fairly well with the sign language by this time.

The count was pleased with everything, just as the chef had been annoyed with all things; which shows you the difference between high and low blood. We drove up to the ranch and unloaded the new guest, treating him as respectfully as we knew how, and asking him what would he have to drink.

We escorted him with pomp up to Jim Canfield's new private bedroom, which had been done over in the Cleopatra style by the demon decorator, and was now all riotous with art and things, so that I knew Jim would never dare take off his clothes with the light on. We staked the count to Jim's new and unsullied bed, hung in modest scarlet drapery, and told him he would find the bath towels in the lower drawer; after which we bowed ourselves out. The count seemed mildly astonished by the lavishness of the decorations and the profuseness of our hospitality; in fact, he seemed a trifle stunned, though we put this down to his being a stranger.

When he began to understand that Jake and I were there solely to contribute to his personal comfort, he exuded words all over the place, using his hands and feet to express his gratitude.

We brought him some cigarettes and cigars and a fresh bottle of the boss' private stock gin, and told him to ask for whatever he wanted. Then we left him with a deck of cards and the phonograph, and went out to think up new amusements and recreations for a foreign count who is awaiting friends.

From the very beginning Whiskers got along with me and Jake, and gave us no trouble whatever. True, he tried to kiss Jake by way of thanking him for the oil heater we brought in, and he talked incessantly; but, so far as fighting or trouble was concerned, the count was a babe in arms—a suckling lambkin compared with the fire-eating Poison, who was still on the end of a chain after sundown.

We went into the bunkhouse, where the chef was cooking lunch, and ordered him to brew up a mess of waffles for Whiskers.

"And cook them right," Jake ordered, "because they're for a fellow citizen of yours."

Poison responded in his fluent manner, but apparently he didn't know about the arrival of Whiskers; and, as he was only the ranch cook, why should he know?

So there we were, with a couple of Frenchmen on our hands—one of them kept constantly at work so he wouldn't leap into trouble, and the other in Jim Canfield's best room, eating quantities of expensive food and keeping mildly stewed on gin fizzes. From the start the count showed an aptitude for gin fizzes; and we knew how to tend to that part of the hospitality, all right.

Day by day Aleck Colby came over to see how everything was getting along. Meantime the Canfield family dallied in Chicago.

IV

YOU would think that I'd had enough trouble by this time, but there was more heading my way; and prominent among the fresh news items was the fact that Marie Canfield suddenly returned from Yuma. Marie was a sort of left-handed relation and was generally regarded on the ranch as one of life's trials. She came, in the beginning, from a distant branch of Jim's family, and Jim had taken her in, despite his wife's annoyed protest. Marie was as wild as a Maine crow, and she had run away from two previous homes and once from Jim's, joining such things as movie companies and circuses.

We had all long decided that Marie ought to settle down before some ill luck reached out and got her; but she was twenty-one, very nice-looking and full of sudden impulses. So the chances of her settling were remote.

Marie helped out with the daily chores, and was a cross between a servant and a member of the family; and we were all hoping she would find some decent young fellow and marry him. During the first of our stormy days with the French inundation Marie was in Yuma; but she came back home.

I stopped my pony with a shock of surprise one afternoon, and looked upon two objects in the distance. Poison and Marie Canfield were out taking the air; and I learned, upon inquiry, that Marie hadn't been ten minutes upon the home reservation before Poison saw her and made for her with a glad cry.

There was a fine combination for you—a wild young girl who needed seven grown citizens to watch her, and our maniac chef; both of them having the combined common sense of a wild ostrich. I discussed this serious situation with Jake, because there was a permanent order on the ranch that no employee was to bestow attentions upon Marie. Our new chef was now breaking Jim's rule with éclat and abandon; and it would be hard to make him know what that rule was or to force obedience, in view of his conduct on board trains.

"I'll go and get him by the scruff of the neck," I said to Jake; "and after that he'll let Marie alone."

"Why so?" Jake demanded.

"Why so!" I sneered. "Do you think it's all right to leave those two hairpins to their own devices? They'll start something that nobody can finish; and then Jim Canfield will have the trouble of burying you and me."

"I don't think that way at all," Jake went on, pretending to reflect. "Haven't we all said that Marie ought to get married and settle down?"

"Sure we have; but you don't expect her to marry Poison, do you? That's the same kind of settling down as when you throw something into a geyser."

"What's the matter with Poison?"

"Not a thing in the world! Only he's a butterfly, flitting brightly from flower to flower. You might as well talk about marrying off a lightning bug."

"All right," Jake said obstinately; "but I'm thinking about it, and the more I think the better it sounds to me. As for his flitting, he flits the way we point."

That being settled in Jake's half-portion mind, he went right ahead with the details; because, once Jake sees a way out of anything, he goes ahead blind. Personally I was undecided. We waited for some time and observed the attitude of the prospective victims toward each other; and it seemed suitable for matrimony.

That didn't mean much, so far as Poison was concerned, because he had only one attitude toward those of the opposing sex.

(Continued on Page 37)

If Your Feet Hurt After Walking—

the most *probable reason* is that you've been wearing narrow, bonebending shoes. Shoes that cause corns, bunions, flat-foot, callouses, ingrown nails, etc.

It's easy to have comfortable pain-free feet, if you wear Educators. Because Educators are broad-toed and roomy, and give all five toes a chance.

Made for
MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Introduce your whole family to Educators today. You all *need* them—especially the children. Educators mean lifelong insurance against foot trouble.

Insist on seeing the word EDUCATOR on the sole of the shoes you buy. It guarantees the foot-protecting, orthopædic Educator shape that "lets the feet grow as they should."

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" is a free booklet that tells you a good many things you don't know—but ought to know—about the care of the feet. Send for copy today.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High St., Boston, Mass.

Makers also of All-America and Signet Shoes for Men; Mayfairs for Women

Rice & Hutchins
EDUCATOR SHOE ®

How We Trade-Marked Printing Papers That We Could Not Watermark

OUR problem was to identify Warren Standard Printing Papers.

We had standardized their quality and standardized our methods of manufacture.

We were proud of these papers.

They were made so well that when you asked for them you were entitled to the assurance that you were really getting them.

They Could Be Watermarked

It was possible to watermark these papers with their trade-mark names.

But a watermark is a variation. You cannot print over a watermark without a printing variation, and variation was one of the big faults we had eliminated when we standardized our product.

We had to identify the papers. It wouldn't do to watermark them.

So The Warren Top Sheet Idea Had Its Birth

Every case of paper that leaves the Warren Mills has the top sheet printed on our own cylinder presses in our testing plant at the mills.

These top sheets are printed under ordinary press room conditions, with engravings of varying size and character.

They show exactly the results that any printer should be able to get from the same paper.

We say we have standardized the quality of Warren papers. The Warren top sheets prove it.

When your printer takes off the cover of a case of Warren Standard Printing Paper, there on top is a printed sheet, bearing a serial number that identifies it as being from the same run of paper as the rest of the case.

If you have selected WARREN'S CAMEO, there is your top sheet to prove that this paper gives to half-tones the soft "unscreened" appearance of a platinum photograph. If you have bought WARREN'S LUSTRO, the top sheet shows you fine engravings and delicate vignettes printed like engraver's proofs.

The top sheets in cases of WARREN'S CUMBERLAND COATED or WARREN'S SILKOTE give the printer definite standards for printing his engravings on this stock. In a case of WARREN'S PRINTONE the top sheet demonstrates our contention that PRINTONE is "Better than Super, Cheaper than Coated."

The Warren Top Sheet is even better than a watermark. A watermark can give great confidence in a paper's printing quality, but a printed "top sheet" is the visible result of an actual test. It is the evidence before your eyes.

Reproductions of specimen top sheets are printed in the 1917 Warren Suggestion Book. This book is a guide and a help to any man about to buy printing. It shows engravings printed on papers best suited to their requirements and tells how to be sure you are selecting the right stock for the work you have in hand. This and supplementary booklets will be sent you, without charge, if you ask for them on your business letterhead.

Constant Excellence of Product—
The Highest Type of Competition

Warren's
STANDARD

PRINTING PAPERS

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY, 162 Devonshire Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Manufacturers of Warren's Standard Printing Papers

ALEXANDER

The Overshadowing Factor of Beltdom

FIFTY years ago this month, Alexander of Beltdom first put his powerful back to the wheels of industry and made them hum with production.

Year after year he outstripped others by his superior force, till today he towers over Beltdom, the major choice of American industries.

Mills, plants, shipyards and factories that were small when this leather belt first quickened their pulse have grown big and strong with Alexander.

His is the might to move the ponderous machines that break the will of steel, and his the nimbleness to spin with tendons taut the skein of delicate silk.

No arm so strong, no speed so steady, no grip so sure as Alexander's. Let Alexander Tight-Line Leather Belts rim-grip every power pulley in your plant.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS
PHILADELPHIA

Makers of Leather Belting, Sole Leather and Leather Specialties
Branches: New York, Atlanta and Chicago. Alexander
Distributors in All Parts of the World

(Continued from Page 34)

But Marie was plainly fond of the little man and his yellow hair, probably because she had never met anyone before who couldn't talk English and who went to work with spats on.

"The question is," Jake said to her by way of subtle introduction, "What are you going to do about our chef? We've got to be careful of him."

"We can handle our own affairs, smarty!" Marie told him. "You and Andy think you know everything; but you don't. I know something that would surprise you both."

"She'll marry him," Jake said to me later on. "Now let's go and have a long, earnest conversation with Poison."

We drove him into a corner behind the range and told him to hold still while we endowed him with words about his future. Did he desire to enter a state of wedlock? Would he consider marriage from a personal standpoint? Was he prepared to take on a wife and go ahead earning an honest living for her? In brief, would he marry Marie Canfield?

It took us thirty minutes to get this into his head; but when he understood that we were asking him to marry Marie Canfield he agreed, with both hands and feet.

"And," said Jake, "you can live right here on the ranch, with a steady job before you."

Aleck Colby showed up that morning and we told him the news.

"Fine!" Aleck said, grinning. "They're going to be married, eh? I don't suppose anyone would object if I started them off with a little stake. I've always liked Marie, and I'm glad she's getting married."

Aleck slipped me his idea of a little stake, which would open your eyes if I told you. When I talked with Marie and showed her the edge of the roll she gave in without a dissenting vote, and put the dough away in her hand bag.

"It's funny you take such an interest in this," she remarked; "and it's going to be funnier later on."

Meantime Whiskers spent his entire life in bed, deluging himself with luxuries and getting crumbs on Jim's new and artistic decorations. He had come to the conclusion that life in our wild free West means a state of constant repose in blue pyjamas, where you do nothing but eat somebody's food and remain moderately full of gin fizzes. If no more counts drink gin fizzes down the ages they will all have a fair average on what Whiskers did to Jim's visible supply.

We had set Saturday morning for the imposing ceremonials, and Jake went over to Phœnix on a minister hunt. He ran down a Reverend Joshua Ewing, who promised to show up on Saturday morning, bringing along his book and uniting materials. We invited a few select guests, consisting of all the ranch hands and some boys from the neighbors', and all was ready. On Friday night I got a wire from the boss saying that the family would be home Saturday.

"Maybe they'll blow in on time and witness this here wedding," Jake said with the pride of one who has finished a monumental work.

"No," I said: "Poison and bride will have to get that eleven o'clock Western train, so the folks won't be here for the last sad rites."

Early Saturday morning Jake and I drove over to Mesa on a hurry-up telephone call about one of our men who had busted into jail, expecting to return in time for the wedding; but on the journey home our machinery exploded and we stuck there on the hot desert for two hours, with Jake cursing me, while I swore at a man in Michigan. We knew we should miss the wedding we had cooked up with such pains, and it made us both boil, like our radiator.

When I finally unscrewed the right piece of machinery and threw it away, we started back and reached the ranch half an hour after the happy pair had departed to catch the honeymoon train in Tempe.

"Well," Jake said gloomily, getting out, "we might as well rush over to Tempe and see them off. You wait here a minute and we'll go, if you can start that perfect piece of mechanism."

He went on up to the house; and when he came back he was running and flushed, and you could hang a pair of horseshoes on his eyeballs.

"Say," he yowled as he came up, "do you know what we went and done? We made a mistake!"

"Who made a mistake?" I asked in surprise.

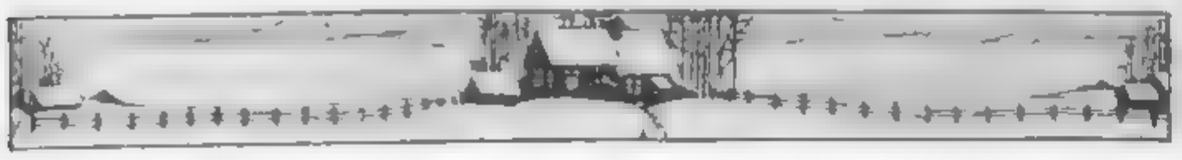
"You did, and so did I!" Jake panted. "We married off the wrong guy! This ain't no chef at all. He's the Count de la Tour!"

"Go on!" I said with forced calm.

"He's the Count de la Tour, stupid! The minister just told me. He got the name during the ceremony. When you come to think of it, that's the first time anybody bothered to ask Poison what his name really was. This'll about kill Irma!"

"You act a little as if it was killing you," I protested. "Get in the automobile and we'll go over to Tempe. Accidents will happen."

Jake climbed dazedly into our little tin lizard and we started for Tempe Station. Halfway over he grabbed my arm, filled



How to Grow a Home Garden

SEEDS, soil and sunshine do not make a successful garden. "Knowing how" brings the rich reward of fresh, crisp vegetables all through the season.

The necessity of a successful Home Garden has never been so important as it is this season. Prices are high—and will go higher by reason of the food supply situation. The home garden will help you reduce living costs.

The Corona Garden Guide

The care, cultivation, fertilization and all that goes to make a garden vigorous, healthy and profitable is fully explained in this new book. Special chapters are devoted to fruits, flowers, shrubs, trees and vines. All instructions given in simplified form by classes and by months.

Be assured of garden pleasure and garden profit this year. Get The Corona Garden Guide. It will be sent for 10c to cover postage, packing, etc. A book retailers would sell for 50c. Supply limited to one copy in each family. Send today.

THE CORONA CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. 82, Milwaukee, Wis.

BLUE STREAKS

Superior delivery facilities have come to be a necessary part of the druggist's business today. The motorcycle contributes speed. And Blue Streak Motorcycle Tires assure unfailing deliveries—speedy, sure, dependable. You'll likely find Blue Streaks on the druggist's motorcycle whose service you've admired. They are his first aid to satisfactory deliveries. Nearly everywhere Blue Streaks are now chosen for business, pleasure, racing or military service.

Blue Streaks Deliver: Economy, Mileage, Speed, Service. Everywhere—one standard, one quality, one guaranty.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

For Your Good Cheer

You get at a Hotel Statler the real essentials of good cheer—for those things are Statler specialties. For instance:

Good food—
Solid comfort—
Luxurious rest—
Attentive (but unostentatious) service—
Your own way about things (for "the guest is always right" in a Statler hotel)—
Every convenience (from a private bathroom to a morning paper that you neither have to ask for nor pay for)—

Those are some of the things that keep your today's tiredness and discouragements within today—and send you out into tomorrow rested and refreshed and cheered. It's the Statler theory that those are the things a hotel is really for, and things it must give you before it can satisfy you.

You get more for your money—unquestionably—at a Hotel Statler. And your satisfaction is always guaranteed, whether you spend $2 or $20 a day.

The Largest Hotel in the World

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA New York, will be a Statler-operated hotel. Now building, opposite Pennsylvania Station. With its 2200 rooms, 2200 baths, it will be larger than any other hotel now in existence or under construction—and will likewise set new high standards of convenience, service and distinction.

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO—CLEVELAND—DETROIT

(Now building in St. Louis and New York)

The Joy of HAVOLINE

Havoline-Oiled cars enjoy smoother running, less depreciation, longer life, bigger cash values when trading-in time comes.

HAVOLINE OIL

"It makes a difference"

The sealed can is your guarantee of supreme and uniform quality, no dirt, no waste, full quantity and all Havoline.

Indian Refining Company
Incorporated
NEW YORK
Producers and Refiners of Petroleum

with a sudden thought. "Then Whiskers is the chef!" he exploded. "Suffering saltpeter! And we've been feeding him waffles and gin without restraint! When Jim hears that a chef has been living in that new-art bed —— Murder! And Irma asked us to take good care of the count—and look what you've been doing to him! You all but killed that little guy."

"I did?" I retorted. "That's good—that is! I suppose you never laid a finger on him, you big brute! You keep on talking and I'll tell Irma what you did to him."

"I think," said Jake, "I'll get out here and go back and chase Whiskers off the ranch."

"You leave Whiskers alone!" I corrected. "Jim Canfield may want a little exercise."

When we reached the railroad station a jabbering crowd surrounded the newly married ones, and I gazed with fresh interest upon the Count de la Tour, formerly Poison. He had on a neat blue suit and fresh spats, and he showed no signs of wear. He grinned at me affably, clasping his bride's arm and pressing it, I noticed, near the end which held on to the hand bag containing Aleck's roll.

"Can't you see through all this?" I asked Jake. "This Count de la Tour came to Arizona to marry money. Somebody must have told him to go and bust into the Canfield family, and he did his best—only he's slipped his clutch into the wrong gear. This little turtle expected to marry Jim's daughter, and of course it may be a big disappointment to Irma, but I think not. That's why he married Marie without a quiver. He's got the Canfield girl and he thinks he's fixed for life."

"And he is too," Jake chuckled; "but not the way he figures!"

Meantime Marie pranced round her new husband and informed the bystanders that she was a countess, which she was, without any doubt in the world. The count grinned from ear to ear and kept consistently in the neighborhood of the dough.

Two trains came in, one of them bringing the Canfield family, the other being the one on which the Count and Countess de la Tour would begin their honeymoon. Jim Canfield came overboard first, with a whoop, and shook hands with his faithful henchmen; and then I saw Irma and Mrs. Canfield. The old lady was carrying a lorgnette, through which she stared at the populace. Marie rushed over and shook Jim by the hand.

"What is all this?" Jim asked, gazing at the crowd.

"I'm married!" Marie said proudly, dragging Poison to the front.

Jim looked at me with a question in his eye.

"Yeah; they're married, all right," I said lamely. "Marie's got herself hitched and settled at last. I thought you'd be sort of glad."

"Who is the little man?" Irma asked.

"That," said Jake, swallowing hard, "is the Count de la Tour."

"My husband!" added Marie with pride.

"Oh!" said Irma.

Her eyes opened a little wider, and then she began to laugh. Mrs. Canfield turned the trick lorgnette upon Poison and gave him both barrels. Jim Canfield grinned; and I knew it was no fake grin either.

"I thought," the boss said to Irma, "the count came out here with letters of introduction!"

"Maybe he did," Jake said; "but we never saw no letters—did we, Andy? Anyhow, it looks as though he came to Arizona to marry somebody named Canfield; and that's what he done, though there ain't the financial twist to it he thinks there is."

"All right," Jim went on; "but what's become of that chef mother sent out?"

"Chef!" Jake said blankly; and I suddenly thought of Whiskers, still curled up in Jim's blankets, using Jim's gold safety razor and smelling of gin fizzes.

"Listen!" I said to the boss in a low voice; and then I slipped him the news of his hairy chef.

"What!" Jim shouted. "Mrs. Canfield," he went on, turning to his wife, "a terrible thing has happened to our ranch. I will go and tend to it."

We all started over to where the automobiles were waiting, with the boss ahead and looking satisfied.

"This," he said to me in a low tone, "is the excuse I've needed. You stick by me while I go and kill that guy! I never wanted a chef anyhow."

Well, we piled into the machines and departed for the ranch; and at the same time the count and countess, still smiling, began their honeymoon.

When we reached home Jim went up the stairs three at a time, and a minute later there was a large uproar in his private suite. I could hear him saying "You will, will you?" and the howls of a whiskered party, whose life of ease had come to a sudden end.

Five minutes later the chef came down ahead of Jim, wearing a pained expression and in a hurry to go somewhere. We turned him over to the Chinaman, with orders to put him on a railroad train bound for anywhere east of the Big Muddy.

Somehow or other, on that ride back to the ranch Aleck and Irma sat beside each other; and when I looked they were talking and laughing over the ludicrous affair, and Irma said something about Poison that made Aleck roar.

A few nights later Jake and I were out behind the barn, and the moon was shining so that we could see two figures not far off. Aleck and Irma were studying how the world looks under moonshine, and they were as close together as you can get and study Nature.

"That wasn't such a bad mistake after all!" Jake snickered, poor mutt that he is. "Do you suppose Aleck knew the little guy was the count all the time?"

"Did he?" I laughed; and for the first time I showed Jake a roll of green and yellow things, which Aleck had handed me for good conduct and proper acts. "Here's what's coming to you," I went on; "though you don't deserve it, seeing I did the work. When you come right down to it, a mistake is something that ain't intended; so this business certainly wasn't a mistake. Come on away and leave them two with their moon!"

Then I dragged Jake up to the house and we counted our wealth—the sum of honest endeavor.

"What with those two females fooling with chefs and counts, this ranch came near having trouble," I remarked. "Schopenhauer was certainly right when he said that women have only about one-fourth as much intelligence as men."

"Did he say that?" said Jake, looking up from his new funds. "There's a guy I'd like to meet!"

The correspondence of big business is dictated to The Dictaphone

They started dictating to The Dictaphone in 1911. Today they dictate to 78.

They have 54 Dictaphones in constant service.

They dictate to The Dictaphone in their Rochester and New York offices.

Dominant minds that have placed American industries at the pinnacle of world achievement were quick to realize the value of The Dictaphone.

The trademarks and plants of a small group of these great industrial and business leaders are illustrated.

They dictate to The Dictaphone. They have proven it the *one* right way to handle correspondence; as have hundreds of other concerns of equal prominence, and thousands of businesses whose organizations are perhaps less in scope but equally progressive.

Big business, and little business, too, need The Dictaphone. It fits in perfectly—whether in the 100 stenographer concern or the one stenographer office.

The Dictaphone is as indispensable as the telephone. And like the telephone, its greatest value and importance are measured by its ability to help the executive *directly* in his own work.

The full value of The Dictaphone is for every office where system is a *fact*, where time-saving is important, where economy counts, wherever a typewriter is employed.

They adopted The Dictaphone in 1911. Today they use 86 Dictaphones.

They installed The Dictaphone in 1910. They now require 23 Dictaphones.

Dictaphone users for more than ten years—they use 83 Dictaphones.

You can't buy a Dictaphone under any other name
The Genuine bears the name The Dictaphone

THE DICTAPHONE

REGISTERED

Dept. 114 C, Woolworth Bldg., New York City

Albany	Arkay Bldg.	Detroit	401 Woodward Ave.	Montreal	284 Beaver Hall Hill	Salt Lake City	Dooly Block
Atlanta	63 N. Pryor St.	Flint, Mich.	210 Walsh Block	New Haven	25 Church St.	San Francisco	334 Sutter St
Baltimore	111 W. German St.	Grand Rapids	130 Ottawa Av., N. W.	New Orleans	517 Canal St.	Seattle	1311 First Ave
Birmingham	517–18 Am. Trust Bldg.	Hartford	719 Main St.	Newark	910 Ordway Bldg.	Spokane	818 Sprague Ave.
Boston	174 Tremont St.	Indianapolis	44 N. Penn St.	New York	83 Chambers St.	Springfield	289 Main St.
Buffalo	622 Main St.	Kansas City	1112 Grand Ave.	Philadelphia	210 N. Broad St.	St. Louis	908 Olive St.
Chicago	12 N. Michigan Ave.	Lincoln	1541 O St.	Pittsburg	101 Sixth St.	St. Paul	747 Endicott Arcade
Cincinnati	117 W. 4th Ave.	Los Angeles	745 S. Broadway	Portland, Me.	43 Exchange St.	Toledo	229 Superior St.
Cleveland	1375 Euclid Ave.	Louisville	425 S. 4th Ave.	Portland, Ore.	429 Washington St.	Toronto	201 Stair Bldg.
Dallas	1011 Elm St.	Milwaukee	Caswell Bldg.	Providence	510 Industrial Bldg.	Washington	1210 G St. N. W.
Denver	633 Sixteenth St.	Minneapolis	412 Nicollet Ave.	Rochester	21 Clinton Ave. S.		

Call us up—we're in the telephone book under The Dictaphone

This Advertisement was dictated to The Dictaphone

Here's the coupon. Cut it out and pin it to your letterhead, or fill it out if you want—and send for that book, "The Man at the Desk."

THE
DICTAPHONE
Dept. 114 C
Woolworth Bldg., New York City

Send me free copy of "The Man at the Desk"

Name

Street

City

It's at Noon

Says the man. This whole-grain dainty doesn't tax the stomach. It doesn't interrupt one's brain work. Yet every atom feeds.

It's at Playtime

Says the boy. He carries Puffed Grains with him. For these thin, flimsy bubbles are delicious food confections.

It's at Candy Time

Says the girl. I use Puffed Rice in all my candy making. These tidbits taste like nut-meats, and they make the candy lighter.

The Puffed Wheat Hour

It's the Morning

Says the housewife. Serve with sugar and cream or mixed with fruit. Puffed Grains at breakfast taste like bubbled nuts.

It's at Bedtime

Says the child. Puffed Grains are airy, flaky, toasted, crisp. Nothing else is half so good, floated in bowls of milk.

It's at Dinner

Says the cook. I use Puffed Grains as a nut-like garnish for ice cream. And I serve these toasted, whole-grain wafers with my soups.

When Is It?

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, when first invented, were classed exclusively as breakfast foods. The morning dish, with cream and sugar, ended the Puffed Grain day.

Then people tried mixing the grains with fruit, and they found the blend delightful. Now a fruit dish without them seems incomplete—like a short-cake without crust.

But these are whole grains made wholly digestible. And people want whole-grain foods.

So they floated these bubbles in bowls of milk, and served them for luncheons and suppers as well as for breakfast. That brought a new delight. These crisp, airy grains—eight times normal size—made a perfect dairy dish.

Now thousands of busy men lunch on Puffed Grains. And with countless children this is the good-night dish.

The taste is like toasted nut-meats. So folks began using Puffed Grains like nuts. They used them in candy making, in frosted cake, as garnish for ice cream.

Now Puffed Grains are all-hour foods. They are unique in their food value. Their bubble-like form is enticing. And no sweetmeats or bonbons are any more inviting. Now whole-grain foods are being served, at every chance, in place of things less healthful. And millions of children now get their quota of whole wheat.

There are no other foods like Puffed Grains. No other way has ever been found to so fit a whole grain for digestion.

Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's process. The whole grains are sealed in guns. The guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

When the guns are shot, a steam explosion occurs inside every food cell. Every granule is blasted so digestion can act. And the grain is puffed to a thin-walled bubble, about as flimsy as a snowflake.

Thus every element in the whole grain is fitted for nutrition. And the grains are made so dainty that one never gets enough.

For variety's sake, keep three kinds on hand. And serve them whenever you can.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

THE MAN-KILLER

(Continued from Page 5)

"Splendid!" she said. "It's been the most peaceful hour yet! But —— Why, Bobby! What's the matter with you? Don't you like her?"

"Great!" said Whittier lugubriously. "We're getting along fine. But one of us ought to go back to kindergarten."

"You or she?"

"That's the deuce of it," said Whittier, biting his lip. "I can't find out."

For the remainder of the evening she was invisible, and on the following morning she had already breakfasted when Whittier appeared. He had no means of detaching her from the central coterie which later formed on the loggia, and he could deduce no plausible pretext for apologizing to her before an audience. Furthermore, he wasn't persuaded that she really required an apology. He didn't know whether he had vitally affronted her or whether the procedure was entirely in accordance with her intentions.

In other words, she had put him so swiftly on the defensive that he couldn't estimate her, even approximately. But, because an apology never operates as an insult, he lingered near her, externally diffident, secretly distraught; and eventually, at noonday, he earned five minutes by the boathouse, and spoke rapidly and without circumlocution.

"Yes," said Miss Standish at the end; "I will on one condition."

"Name it," said Whittier.

"If you'll tell me," she said, "what made you think I'd let you?"

Whittier's vanity took to cringing, and cringed abnormally. He remembered that Cecily's mother had utilized the smallest technical lapses from stern propriety, the tiniest familiarities on the part of her guests, to leash them forevermore. And could anything in the world so rivet a man to the wishes of a girl as to have created the necessity of being forgiven? When his only alibi must be the irresistibility of the girl? Whittier preferred finesse and he hated strictures.

"Suppose we agree," he hazarded, "that bygones are bygones. I'm groveling in the dust . . . that isn't flippant; it's a fact. . . . I want to make a fresh start on even terms. Can you do that?"

She put out her hand impulsively, and Whittier took it as though it contained dynamite.

"I do want to be friends with you," she said. "There's every reason why we should be congenial. We'll start over."

"Thank you!" said Whittier gravely with a mental reservation.

He was both amazed and alarmed at the revelation that next burst upon him. Miss Standish had forgiven him thoroughly; so thoroughly that he was embarrassed. Not content with conveying the absolution to him, she actually capitalized her position; she appropriated him solely to herself at every legitimate contingency, no matter how many candidates begged for the escort. And Whittier, who loathed to take his conquests by default, was resentful and displeased because she so patently intended to throw herself at his head.

In the abstract he liked her. He liked girls of spirit. He knew that she was beautiful and he had always held beauty as a virtue. But in her demeanor there was a quality that baffled him; he felt oppressed and fugitive. She was, as Mrs. Brewster had indicated, too pretty, too alert, too seductive. And yet at times Whittier was sensitive to an indefinite sort of girlishness in her: a girlishness apart from her diction and her behavior.

He couldn't reconcile these opposites of hers; and he distrusted them. She was the only woman who had recently nonplused him, and he was savage about it. Either she was perplexing him deliberately and shamelessly or she was courting him obliquely; and in either case he couldn't endure the terms. So that on Tuesday he was disquieted, and on Wednesday he was annoyed, and on Thursday he would gladly have resorted to bribery in order to dodge what the other men called his luck. She was adorable—but she was predatory; and Whittier was unutterably tired of furnishing himself as quarry.

On Thursday there was a woods picnic across the lake; Whittier, by constructive duress, ferried Miss Standish to the rendezvous in an erratic canoe, and talked about moose hunting in Maine. He was well aware of her desire for silence during the passage, but he was too wily to permit the resultant atmospheric pressure. He knew she was looking at him in appraisal, and he didn't want that to endure, either.

Once, when she transferred her weight without notice, he smiled in retrospect. He was a famous swimmer, and he had rescued no less than seven languishing maidens from accidental capsizings. The shore was hardly a furlong distant; he thought whimsically that an admirable course, in case of upset, would be to disappoint a designing flirt by adopting the style of legendary stalwarts—to stun the victim by a hook to the jaw and then tow her by the hair to land.

At this juncture, as though she had appraised him to finality, Miss Standish again transferred her weight without notice; and the canoe rolled majestically on its side and emptied its occupants into a lake that was unhealthily, penetratingly cold.

Blowing porpoiselike, Whittier splashed forward to where Miss Standish was frantically struggling to buoy herself by the bow of the unstable vessel. There was anger and scorn in his heart; he was incalculably disgusted with her; the obsolescent subterfuge appalled him.

"No danger," said Whittier coolly. "Paddle round a second while I right her."

"B-but—I can't swim!" she gurgled.

Whittier dived under the arms that would have strangled him. He was positive she wasn't telling the truth; he grudgingly praised her histrionics. She was playing her part so naturally that a less expert diagnostician might readily believe she couldn't swim. And this was Mrs. Brewster's protégée!

"All right!" he said, behind her. "Keep your arms down or I'll have to —— Keep your arms down!"

He got an effective hold and maintained it while he stowed away his watch in the security of a side pocket. Then, with the least romanticism imaginable, he kicked out for the nearest beach. His light tennis flannels and shoes impeded him but little; Miss Standish, white but self-possessed, was an easy burden.

Whittier was glad that he had outstripped the main party and that none of the other voyagers were in sight; he was anxious to salvage the canoe and have the affair over before there were spectators to add to his discomfiture. He sounded, and felt sand under his toes. He stood up and attempted to place Miss Standish on her feet—and was actively irritated to discover that she had gone quite limp.

"Here we are!" said Whittier in her ear.

There was no response. Miss Standish was displaying all the symptoms of a dead faint.

Whittier told himself that if this was a sham it had the verisimilitude of a scene rehearsed by Belasco. But if it was a sham, what was he to do about it? There was perhaps one chance in a hundred that she was really overcome by cold and shock; would it be humane for him to ignore the possibility?

"Shucks!" snapped Whittier.

He gathered her up and carried her briskly through the shallows to the beach. She was heavier than he had fancied, so that he traversed the last few yards at a pace which betrayed his aspiration to get rid of her without delay. He deposited her in a warm hollow of sand and stared down at her in embarrassment.

And then, before he had made the first move to revive her, her eyes were wide open; and there was panic in them, and some other emotion. Whittier was slow to comprehend. She murmured plaintively.

"What is it?" he asked, stooping to catch the answer.

"I must . . . be . . . such a . . . frump!" said Miss Standish with difficulty. That was indisputable evidence!

"You are, indeed!" coincided the artist, taking heed of her stringing hair and her clinging garments. "So am I. What's the difference? Feel better?"

She nodded and closed her eyes.

"It was so . . . silly of me!" she mourned.

"I'll tell you," said Whittier: "We'll walk round a bit. Come on—I'll help you."

He assisted her to rise, and had to continue his aid after she had risen.

"What will—people say?" she queried, forcing a queer little smile.

"They'll say somebody rocked the boat," said Whittier. Far beyond the canoe, which

Your Child's Musical Future?

WILL your child's playing be a joy to listen to—full of beauty and feeling?

Or will it be poor and indifferent—the kind that no one wants to hear?

Lessons on a *good piano* are what make the difference. A poor piano spoils the child's music-sense; teaches sound habits that are never entirely overcome, just as a bad associate would teach bad habits.

Let *your* child learn music with a Hallet & Davis Piano. Because it is one of America's oldest pianos. Because its purity and volume of tone, its correctness of touch, its durability of construction all are guaranteed by 78 years of honored reputation.

Before buying your piano, do not fail to send for our catalog and prices. Write for them today.

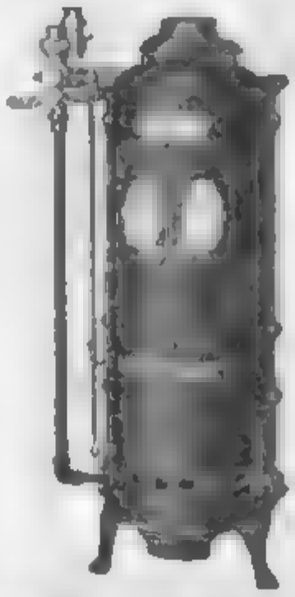
HALLET & DAVIS PIANO COMPANY

145 Boylston St. *(Established 1839)* Boston, Mass.

Hallet & Davis Piano

Highest Gold Medal Awards

A Hot Bath the Instant You Want It



YOU'RE accustomed to getting Cold Water *instantly*. Think of the delight of securing Hot Water in abundance in the same way—regardless of the hour or how much has been used before!

Humphrey Hot Water Service brings you this convenience. A mere turn of the faucet and cold water is heated to order—instantly.

Think what a convenience! Abundant hot water *for every need*. No work—no fuss—no waiting!

You CAN Afford It!

The cost is only 1-10 cent a gallon. You pay only for the water you use. When you turn off the faucet you stop the expense. Compare this with fuel-wasting coal stoves or coils or heating tanks.

Insist on the genuine Humphrey—the original Gas Heater with the original features. For sale by Gas Companies and Reliable Plumbers *everywhere*.

If you can't find the Humphrey write at once for beautiful Booklet, "Hot Water Like Magic." We'll make it easy for you to have Humphrey Hot Water Service.

Humphrey Company Div Ruud Mfg. Co. Kalamazoo, Mich.

HUMPHREY INSTANTANEOUS AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

FOR SALE BY GAS COMPANIES AND RELIABLE PLUMBERS EVERYWHERE

"Sakes alive, what a cleanser!"

After "Spotless" has taken a shy at your pots and pans, sinks and bathtubs, tile, linoleum and what-not, you'll wanta put on your smoked glasses. They'll be there with the glare, and no mistake.

This no-acid, no-caustic, go-gettem cleanser brings a bright smile to everything it touches. And it's so kind to your hands. Just isn't anything like it on the market!

Spotless Cleanser makes your nickel look, talk and act like a dime. If the grocer-man tries to sell you something "as good as 'Spotless'," tell him "Rinky-dink."

Sold everywhere in the enameled, rustproof can Made by
THE REYNOLDS CORPORATION
Louisville, Ky. Bristol, Tenn.

SPOTLESS CLEANSER 5¢

FIRST
-because they LAST
ACME
RAPID FIRE
BATTERY
6
ACME
RAPID FIRE
BATTERY
6
Owing to the GREATER AMOUNT OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY in this battery it will generate a HOT BLUE SPARK in any form of explosive engine such as used in Automobile Marine and Stationary service
MANUFACTURED BY
NUNGESSER CARBON & BATTERY WORKS
of National Carbon Co.
CLEVELAND OHIO.

This is a "Sad" Complaint

"I have been using ACME Dry Batteries on my auto, and they don't have them here now. *They say the reason they don't handle them is they last too long*, and I can agree with them on that I want 12 more. If you sell them less than by the barrel send me price and I will send you draft."
A. L. Houltshouser, Estherville, Iowa

Acme Rapid Fire and 1900 Dry Batteries

have extra powers of endurance. Their lasting qualities have brought them into general favor.

Use the ACME RAPID FIRE for ignition. It is constructed especially for that purpose, and is a wonder. The ACME 1900, famous for its long life, can't be beaten for telephone and general service, including ignition.

If YOU cannot get ACME Dry Batteries write us at the above address.

was obligingly coming ashore, he saw a tiny flotilla rocking on the surface of the lake. "Let's speed it up—shall we?"

Miss Standish, swaying a little, clung to him. He was fully as draggled as she, but somehow he retained a modicum of that transcendent dignity which had sat upon him for at least two days. The arm which guaranteed her balance was as passionless as an iron bar; his service was to her sex and not to her. Miss Standish sniffed.

"I'm sorry," she said; "but my—my knees are all wabbly. Please don't let's walk."

"That's all right." Whittier was peering over the water at the approaching fleet.

"And I'm ashamed."

"Are you?" he inquired.

"And disappointed," she added.

"That's too bad!" said Whittier. "So am I."

"You're not a very heroic hero," she commented, trying to laugh.

"I'm essentially businesslike, don't you think?"

"Extremely! . . . You weren't moaning or praying, or—or anything!"

"I was hunting for a barrel," he explained.

Miss Standish stumbled and caught at his shoulder. The boats were within hailing distance now and someone was shouting at them.

"You probably think I'm very childish," she faltered; "but I was . . . rather wishing . . . we'd turn turtle . . . out there."

"Oh, you were!" said Whittier, enlightened. "Well, you got your wish, didn't you?"

"I certainly did! I'm all right now, thank you."

"What was back of it?"

"Why, nothing . . . except I wondered how you'd act in emergencies. One does, you know."

"Are you fully informed now?"

"Oh, yes! But—I didn't tip us over on purpose."

"There wouldn't have been much danger if you had," said Whittier.

"Still—I wouldn't have been likely to try, would I?"

"I hope not," conceded Whittier, wringing out his cuffs.

"They're almost here!" said Miss Standish. She looked up at him, and Whittier winced; he could have approximated her next statement to a syllable. "This is an awfully queer way to say 'Thank you' but I do say it."

"It's a perfectly sufficient way," he acknowledged.

"I don't think you've been very gracious about it," she flashed with unexpected vehemence. "You act almost as though I'd intentionally inconvenienced you. But I do thank you; and I want you to know, if it'll make you feel any differently—that I can swim."

"Ah!" said Whittier.

"Like a duck!" she admitted. "And I thought I'd ——"

The party had landed, and the onrush of excited girls and men destroyed the remainder of the sentence.

Generally speaking, it was a successful picnic; but Whittier and Mrs. Brewster's butler, who had been brought along as factotum, enjoyed a minimum of it. Whittier was uncomfortable, he was wrathful, and he was incorrigibly taciturn. He sat stolidly on a jagged stump, taking some pleasure in the inconvenience of the location, and watched Miss Standish, who found a place for herself and rested there immovable.

The gayety of the others stirred him not at all; he felt abased and mortified to have participated in an abortive trial by ordeal; and as he inspected Miss Standish critically he wasn't especially relieved to recall what manner of instruction she might have had from her mother. In any event he was through! He took pains to be assigned to another bark for the homeward journey, and when he reached the house he encamped in solitude until the dinner hour, and dined uncommunicative.

Thereafter, by dint of watchfulness and skill, he contrived to escape Miss Standish until ten o' clock. There were in the house only six men, six girls and Mrs. Brewster; and Mrs. Brewster was a hostess who believed in the percolating system as opposed to the sedentary. Whittier had to flee from one cluster to another at a second's omen; he had to efface himself at one point and display great vivacity at another; he had to summon the ultimate atom of diplomacy to secure his freedom; and then, following this so arduous maneuvering, he heard Mrs. Brewster summoned to the telephone just as the friendly phonograph was swung into battery, and there was no refuge for him left.

Five couples were on the floor; Miss Standish stood alone, across the room, and Whittier was unpartnered. He wanted to slink out to the loggia and smoke unmolested, but his accountability to Mrs. Brewster forbade the luxury; so he wandered leisurely to the corner where Miss Standish was waiting, and bowed superficially.

"May I have the rest of this?" he asked

Miss Standish, unsmiling, shook her head.

"Wouldn't you rather go out on the lawn?"

Whittier recoiled.

"Surely—if you say so."

She wavered, then walked slowly out through the great French windows, and Whittier, scowling, trailed her. They went down the brick steps to the ground and out upon the expanse of tree-dotted turf. Twice they promenaded solemnly to the boathouse; on the third lap Miss Standish addressed Whittier point-blank.

"Why don't you like me?" she asked suddenly

He was startled, but not repulsed. Her tone was so intimate and yet without guile; her manner so ingenuous that he had no immediate reply.

"You did at first," she said sorrowfully. "I saw it in your face. That first night you were here, I mean."

"Yes; I did," granted Whittier. "Immensely!"

"Then what's happened? What have I said? What have I done? Why—if there's any justice in things I ought to be the one to dislike you! But I don't!"

Whittier cleared his throat.

"Miss Standish ——"

"There's another thing: You asked if you couldn't call me Cecily. And I wanted you to!"

"If you're in a temper to hear truths I'm in a temper to tell them. Are you?"

"Of course I am."

They wheeled and began the march to the boathouse.

"I've never talked like this to any girl in my life. You're sure you want me to?"

"Yes."

"You think I've changed since that first night?"

"Why, you've said so yourself."

"And you don't know the reason?"

"No; I don't."

"It's this," said Whittier: "If you talk to everybody as you did to me that first time you'll find that some men like it and others—I, for instance—don't."

She made no reply until they had wheeled at the landing.

"I don't understand you."

"The *argumentum ad hominem* is about played out," said Whittier. "It's lost its potency. Some men don't want to be rushed."

"Rushed!" she said. "*Rushed!*"

"Rushed is the word! Now I suppose it's only once in a hundred years that any man dares to talk to a woman this way; but you started it and I'm going to finish. Afterward you'll hope I hang for it; but it was your invitation. We'll take me, for example: When I came here I liked you as soon as I saw you. Then you tried to put me in a cage. And I couldn't stand it. I wanted to be normal and natural with you, and you wouldn't do anything but swap innuendoes. How could I feel normal and friendly under those conditions?

"And after that session on the loggia there were a dozen other instances—and finally that little escapade to-day. . . . A man wants to hunt: he doesn't want to be hunted. This kills any friendship between us—that goes without saying; but I did hope you'd change as time went on, because I was so ready to—to be very fond of you. And, instead, you ——"

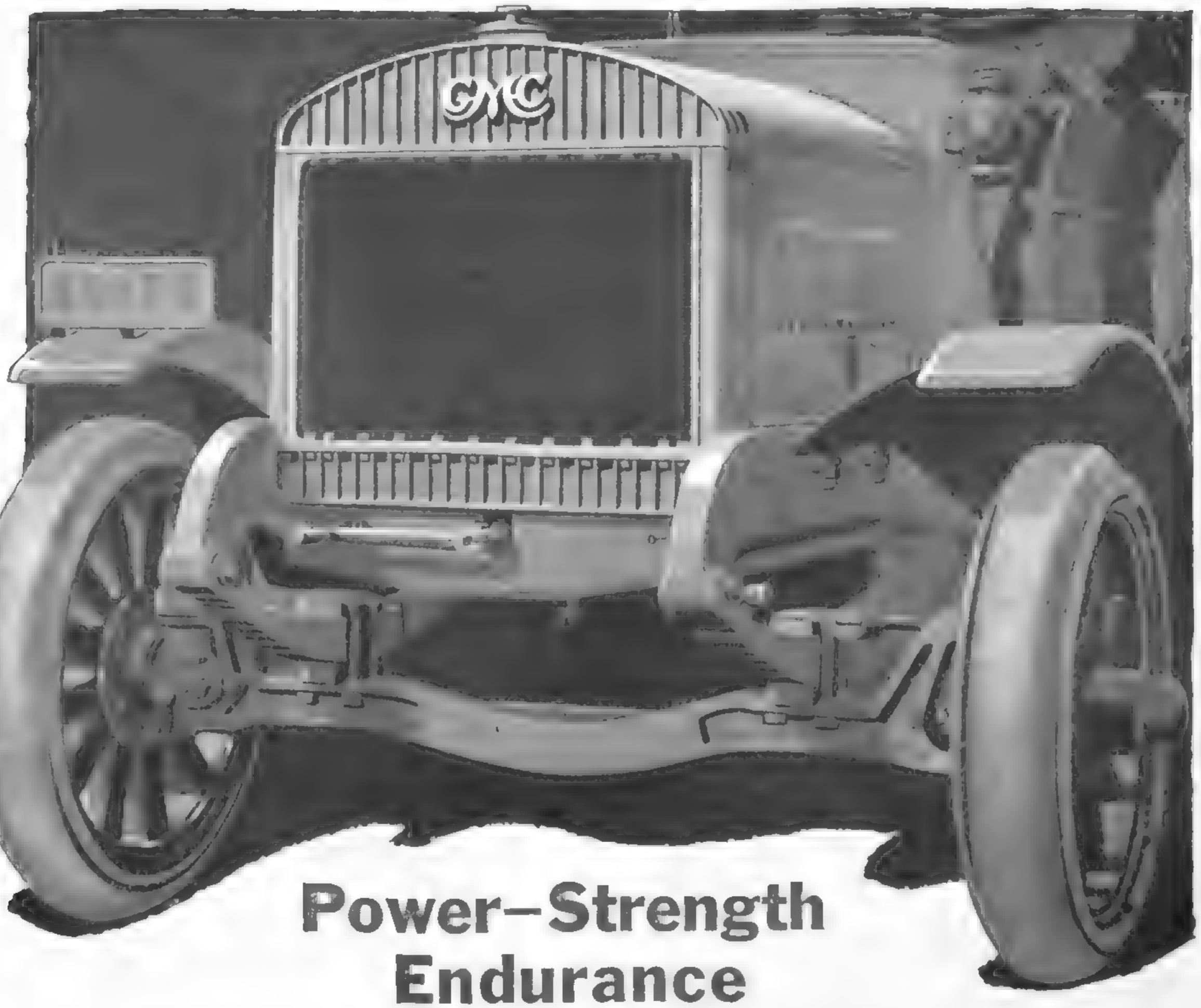
Miss Standish had come to a standstill and was leaning against the trunk of a lilac tree. Her eyes were strikingly wide and her breathing fitful. Something about her caused Whittier to grow uncertain of his authority to deliver lectures; something about her made him suspend his arraignment.

"And you . . . you thought . . . I was doing . . . that!"

"Why, what else should I think?" he demanded with a tonal stoutness that was wholly artificial.

Miss Standish shivered.

(Concluded on Page 45)



Power–Strength Endurance

Abundant reserve power—ample strength—great endurance—these are the features that have put GMC Trucks in the front ranks of the world's motor trucks.

Power and to spare—for the hard pull up steep grades—thru sand, mud and snow.

Strength in abundance—to carry the rated load with absolute safety under all road conditions—with surplus strength for emergencies. Each part is built with a factor of safety that assures long life and defers replacement.

Endurance beyond the ordinary—built to stand the hard service motor trucks in daily use must withstand to be profitable, they give years of consistent, dependable service at reasonable operating and maintenance cost.

GMC Trucks are built in all practical sizes—¾ to 5 ton capacity. Six sizes in all—each size better suited than all the rest for a certain class of work.

See the GMC dealer in your locality, or write TRUCK HEADQUARTERS direct.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

One of the Units of the General Motors Company

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

New York Boston Philadelphia Chicago St. Louis San Francisco

(164)

GMC GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY TRUCKS

A SAFE ANTISEPTIC

—to prevent infection of cuts and wounds

—to keep teeth sound, and for mouth cleanliness

—as a lotion after shaving

LISTERINE

(Concluded from Page 42)

"Why, that's terrible!" she said. "That's terrible!"

"Now look here," said Whittier; "if you —"

"Wait!" Miss Standish motioned commandingly. "You thought I was—I was egging you on?"

"Naturally. Yes."

"And—would other men have thought so?"

"Everyone in the house does think so! They thought so before I came."

She wet her lips and turned to him. There were tears in her eyes and in her voice was a trace of huskiness.

"Are you sure of that?"

"I know it!"

Miss Standish dropped to the foot of the tree and sat there gazing out over the blue-black surface of the lake.

Whittier, deeply concerned, attempted twice to speak; but she arrested him mutely.

At length, with a tremulous exhalation, she raised her face to his and gestured.

"Please sit by me," she said, subdued. "I've got to tell you. . . . You make me! . . . You see, in Pittsburgh it isn't as it was in Templeton. . . . I've been away at boarding school for three years. We haven't many friends. I've hardly any at all of my own age. Mother doesn't want young people round, somehow, any more. . . . This is the only real house party I've ever been to. And I love people I want everybody to love me. When I got here I was scared pink . . . the girls were so lovely, and the men were so big and handsome . . . and I felt out of place. And I didn't know what to say, or—or anything! And then I remembered how mother used to be in Templeton—and I could always imitate her!"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Whittier.

"And for a day or two everyone was wonderful to me, and I was so happy! And then—the girls stopped being so nice to me; and then you came—and I thought we'd be friends, anyway. And ——"

"Then why," he inquired, "did you treat me the way you did?"

"Treat you the way I did!" Her voice rose slightly. "How did I treat you? I didn't care if you knew I liked you! I thought men wouldn't notice one if one didn't pretend one hadn't any sense! The others wouldn't—they didn't until —— And then I forgave you—after you'd shocked me more than you'll ever realize—because I wanted one friend here who'd understand! . . . I thought you did! . . . And every time I tried to be myself something about you kept pushing me ahead to be mother some more—you'd laugh, or you'd look at me ——"

"Why," said Whittier thickly, "did you upset that canoe? So I'd take you ashore, wasn't it? So I'd —"

"No! I —"

"You said you couldn't swim; and then, after ——"

"But I can swim—I can swim just as well as you can! Only when that silly old canoe turned over my foot was caught under a thwart. And when I jerked it out I hit it on the side and hurt it—so I couldn't even paddle with it for a minute. It wasn't sprained or anything, but I couldn't use it for a minute; and then when it didn't hurt so much I was chilled—things got black and the next I knew you were looking at me so unkindly ——"

Whittier was breathing hard, and his voice was husky.

"Haven't you been deviling me?"

"No!"

"Then why did you make it seem so? I wanted you to be yourself."

"I've told you," she sobbed. "I didn't know there was any other way to interest—m-men!"

Whittier was getting a new interpretation of some of the sensations that had lately swept him.

"Cecily!" he said. "Please don't cry!"

"I w-wanted you to like me ——"

"Cecily, I do!"

"No; you don't! You couldn't!"

"But I do! And, more than that —"

"And I w-was afraid of you, t-too! They told m-me you were . . . like that! And I remembered what m-mother said to you once ——"

"Cecily! I'm not like that!"

"B-but they told me ——"

"You mustn't believe them! You've made me fearfully unhappy, Cecily."

"H-how?"

"Because I d.dn't want to think you talked to every man as you did to me."

"I n-never did before—I don't want to! But I wanted you to ——"

Whittier put his arm round her so gently that she was undisturbed.

"Cecily! Cecily! What are you like?"

Her tear-stained face was so close to his that he could already fancy the warmth and softness of it against his own.

"Why—I'm just a—a girl!" whispered Miss Standish, trembling.

"Are you?" said Whittier. His arm tightened round her. "I'm just—a man! And do you want me to like you? . . . I do! Do you want me to—to love you? . . . I do! And I'm the most despicable man in the whole world; but ——"

"No!" whispered Miss Standish.

"I am! I've thought awful things about you! I've thought mean and cowardly things about you. But now ——"

"Now you are a friend of mine?" she breathed.

"Lover!" said Whittier unsteadily. "And I didn't know it—until just now!"

Slowly they inclined together—the man-killer and the artist among women. Tenderly, delicately, awkwardly their lips met. It was the most inept of kisses, the most timorous, the most blundering. It was ecstatic, but amateurish; for, as a matter of fact, their twin reputations were founded side by side on treacherous sand, and they were both in the class of ingénues.

THE PATH OF GLORY

(Continued from Page 8)

the broilers—read the burial service, and spoke a little about poor Paw. But it wasn't a funeral, nohow. No supper; no condolences; no viewing "the remains"—not even a handshake! Maw didn't even look at her old friends, riding back home between Tom and Luke, with her head fiercely high in the air.

A dull depression settled on Luke's heart. It was all up with the Hayneses now. They had saved Paw from charity with their homemade burial; but what had it availed? They might as well have gone the whole figure. Everybody knew! There wasn't any comeback for a thing like this. They were just nobodies—the social pariahs of the district.

IV

SOMEHOW, after the fashion of other years, they got their meager crops in—turnips, potatoes and Hubbard squashes put up in the vegetable cellar; oats cradled; corn husked; the buckwheat ready for the mill; even Tom's crooked furrows for the spring sowings made. Somehow, Maw helping like a man and Tom obeying like a docile child, they took toll of their summer. And suddenly September was at their heels—and then the equinox.

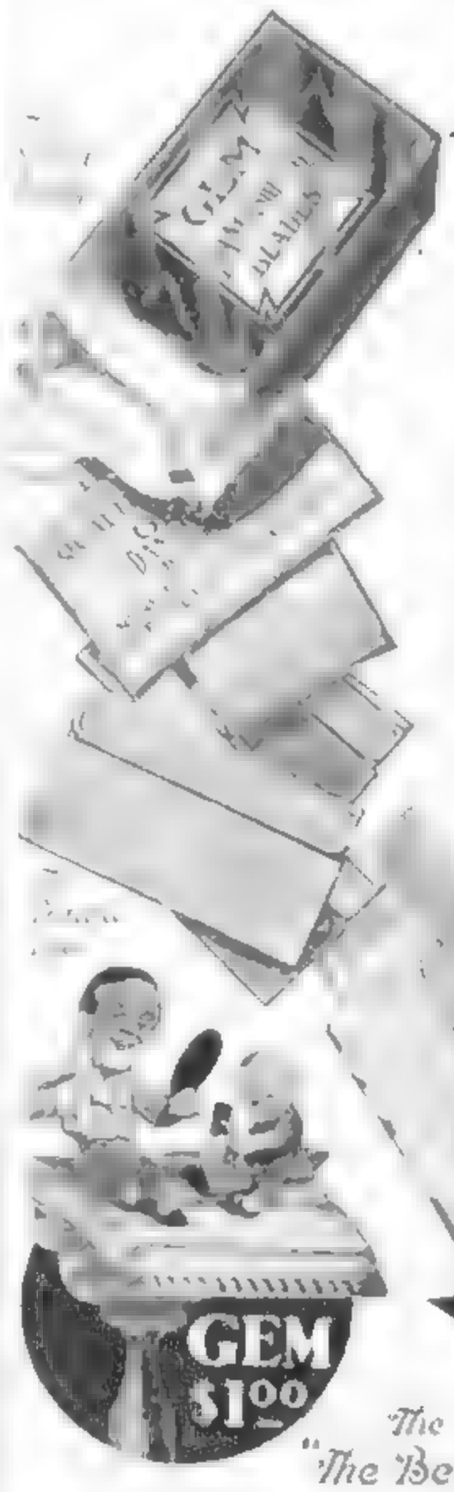
It seemed to Luke that it had never rained so much before. Brown vapor rose eternally from the valley flats; the hilltops lay lost entirely in clotted murk. By periods hard rains, like showers of steel darts, beat on the soaking earth. Gypsy gales of wind went ricocheting among the farm buildings, setting the shingles to snapping and singing; the windows moaned and rattled. The sourest weather the boy could remember!

And on the worst day of all they got the news. Out of the mail box in the lane Luke got it—going down under an old rubber cape in a steady blinding pour. It got all damp—the letter, foreign postmark, stamp and all—by the time he put it into Maw's hand.

It was a double letter—or so one judged, first opening it. There was another inside, complete, sealed, and addressed in Nat's hand; but one must read the paper inclosed with it first—that was obvious. It was just a strip, queer, official looking, with a few lines typed upon it and a black heading that sprang out at one strangely. They read it together—or tried to. At first they got no sense from it. Paris—from clear off in France—and then the words below—and Maw's name at the top, just like the address on the newspaper:

MRS. JERE HAYNES,
Stony Brook, New York.

(Continued on Page 47)



No Need to Irritate Your Skin

For a pleasant shave use hot water, a good shaving soap, rub lather in well—shave with the **Gem Damaskeene Blades,** made of highest grade Damascus steel, well tempered, ground and honed to perfection, they hold their edge indefinitely—*a boon to even the tenderest skin*—an enemy of the toughest beard. In sealed waxed paper wrapped packet—each blade and blade edge protected. **Seven blades for 35c.**

GEM
GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES
RAZOR

To get the right slant on self shaving you must get the right slant on your blade—that means a GEM. Outfit includes razor complete, with seven **Gem Damaskeene Blades,** shaving and stropping handle, in handsome case . **$1.00**

Dealers Everywhere

Gem Cutlery Co. Inc.
NEW YORK
Canadian Branch
[illegible] St. Catherine St. W.
Montreal

The Sign of "The Best Safety"

TIMKEN BEARINGS

One of the Heroult Electric Steel Furnaces in the Timken mill

Metal and Mettle

The mettle of Timken Bearings has been tried and found true through years of usage at points of severest service in the majority of high-grade motor-cars.

The metal from which Timken Bearings are made has always been subjected to the most rigid tests to insure Timken quality.

The different processes of manufacture have also been supervised with the most thorough inspection—the world has been searched for the most accurate automatic machinery—machines designed by our own engineers have been used to make Timken Bearings still more perfect—and the steel tube from which the cups and cones are turned has been drawn in the Timken Tube Mill.

All of this has made possible a control over quality that has resulted in the production of the finest bearings that money can buy for your motor-car.

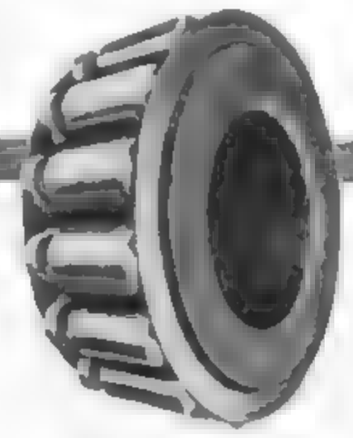
But even this did not completely satisfy Timken standards.

In order to make this control of quality include the actual production of raw material the Timken Steel Mill has been built, and equipped with Heroult Electric Furnaces—the most modern and efficient method of making Timken quality steel—a steel of extraordinary refinement.

Timken Bearings have always been known for their finer mettle—and now the use of a finer metal has added a still greater perfection.

In view of the long life and mileage expected of motor-cars today this standard of quality, even though it does cost more, must be considered as the one dependable assurance of efficient motor-car service.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio



(Continued from Page 45)

It was for Maw all right. Then quite suddenly the words came clear through the blur:

MRS. JERE HAYNES,
Stony Brook, New York.

Dear Madam: We regret to inform you that the official *communiqué* for September sixth contains the tidings that the writer of the inclosed letter, Nathanial Haynes, of Stony Brook, New York, U. S. A., was killed while on duty as an ambulance driver in the Sector of Verdun, and has been buried in that region. Further details will follow.

The American Ambulance, Paris.

Even when she realized, Maw never cried out. She sat wetting her lips oddly, looking at the words that had come like evil birds across the wide spaces of earth. It was Luke who remembered the other letter:

"*My dear kind folks—Father Mother and Brothers:* I guess I dare call you that when I get far enough away from you. Perhaps you won't mind when I tell you my news.

"Well we came over from England last Thursday and struck into our contract here. Things was going pretty good; but you might guess yours truly couldn't stand the dead end of things. I bet Maw's guessed already. Well sir it's that roving streak in me I guess. Never could stick to nothing steady. It got me bad when I got here anyhow.

"To cut it short I throwed up my job with the firm yesterday and have volunteered as an Ambulance driver. Nothing but glory; but I'm going to like it fine! They're short-handed anyhow and a fellow likes to help what he can. Wish I could send a little money; but it took all I had to outfit me. Had to cough up eight bucks for a suit of underclothes. What do you know about that?

"You can write me in care of the Ambulance Paris.

"Now Maw don't worry! I'm not going to fight. I did try to get into the Foreign Legion but had no chance. I'm all right. Think of me as a nice little Red Cross boy and the Wise Willie on the gas wagon. And won't I have the hot stuff to make old Luke's eyes pop out! Hope Paw's legs are better. And Maw have a kiss on me. Mebby you folks think I don't apreciate you. If I was any good at writing I'd tell you different.

"Your Son and Brother
"NAT HAYNES."

The worst of it all was about Maw's not crying—just sitting there staring at the fire, or where the fire had been when the wood had died out of neglect. It's not in reason that a woman shouldn't cry, Luke felt. He tried some words of comfort:

"He's safe, anyhow, Maw—'member that! That's a whole lot too. Didn't always know that, times he was rollin' round so over here. You worried a whole lot about him, you know."

But Maw didn't answer. She seldom spoke at all—moved about as little as possible. When she had put out food for him and Tom she always went back to her corner and stared into the fire. Luke had to bring a plate to her and coax her to eat. Even the day Uncle Clem and Aunt Mollie came up she did not notice them. Only once she spoke of Nat to Luke.

"You loved him the most, didn't ye, Maw?" he asked timidly one dreary evening.

She answered in a sort of dull surprise.

"Why, lad, he was my first!" she said; and after a bit, as though to herself: "His head was that round and shiny when he was a little fellow it was like to a little round apple. I mind, before he ever come, I bought me a cap fur him over to Rockville, with a blue bow onto it. He looked awful smart an' pretty in it."

Sometimes in the night Luke, sleeping ill and thinking long, lay and listened for possible sounds from Maw's room. Perhaps she cried in the nights. If she only would—it would help break the tension for them all. But he never heard anything but the rain—steadily, miserably beating on the sodden shingles overhead.

It was only Luke who watched the mail box now. One morning his journey to it bore fruit. No sting any longer; no fear in the thick foreign letter he carried.

"It'll tell ye all's to it, I bet!" he said eagerly.

Maw seemed scarcely interested. It was Luke who broke the seal and read it aloud.

It was written from the Ambulance Headquarters, in Paris—written by a man of rare insight, of fine and delicate perception. All that Nat's family might have wished to learn he sought to tell them. He had himself investigated Nat's story and he gave of it all fully and freely. He spoke in praise of Nat; of his friendly associations with the Ambulance men; of his good nature and cheerful spirits; his popularity and ready willingness to serve. People, one felt, had loved Nat over there.

He wrote of the preliminary duties in Paris, the preparations—of Nat's final going to join one of the three sections working round Verdun. It wasn't easy work that waited for Nat there. It was a stiff contract guiding the little ambulance over the shell-rutted roads, with deftness and precision, to those distant dressing stations where the hurt soldiers waited for him. It was a picture that thrilled Luke and made his pulses tingle—the blackness of the nights; the rumble of moving artillery and troops; the flash of starlights; the distant crackling of rifle fire; the steady thunder of heavy guns.

And the shells! It was mighty close they swept to a fellow, whistling, shrieking, low overhead; falling to tear out great gouges in the earth. It was enough to wreck one's nerve utterly; but the fellows that drove were all nerve. Just part of the day's work to them! And that was Nat too. Nat hadn't known what fear was—he'd eaten it alive. The adventurer in him had gone out to meet it joyously.

Nat was only on his third trip when tragedy had come to him. He and a companion were seeking a dressing station in the cellar of a little ruined house in an obscure French village, when a shell had burst right at their feet, so to speak. That was all. Simple as that. Nat was dead instantly and his companion—oh, Nat was really the lucky one. . . .

Luke had to stop for a little. One couldn't go on at once before a thing like that. . . . When he did, it was to leave behind the darkness, the shell-torn houses, the bruised earth, the racked and mutilated humans. . . . Reading on, it was like emerging from Hades into a great Peace.

"I wish it were possible to convey to you, my dear Mrs. Haynes, some impression of the moving and beautiful ceremony with which your son was laid to rest on the morning of September ninth, in the little village of Aucourt. Imagine a warm, sunny, late-summer day, and a village street sloping up a hillside, filled with soldiers in faded, dusty blue, and American Ambulance drivers in khaki.

"In the open door of one of the houses, the front of which was covered with the tricolor of France, the coffin was placed, wrapped in a great French flag, and covered with flowers and wreaths sent by the various American sections. At the head a small American flag was placed, on which was pinned the *Croix de Guerre*—a gold star on a red-and-green ribbon—a tribute from the army general to the boy who gave his life for France.

"A priest, with six soldier attendants, led the procession from the courtyard. Six more soldiers bore the coffin, the Americans and representatives of the army branches following, bearing wreaths. After these came the General of the Army Corps, with a group of officers, and a detachment of soldiers with arms reversed. At the foot of the hill a second detachment fell in and joined them. . . .

"The scene was unforgetable, beautiful and impressive. In the little church a choir of soldiers sang and a soldier-priest played the organ, while the Chaplain of the Army Division held the burial service. The chaplain's sermon I have asked to have reproduced and sent to you, together with other effects of your son's. . . .

"The chaplain spoke most beautifully and at length, telling very tenderly what it meant to the French people that an American should give his life while trying to help them in the hour of their extremity. The name of this chaplain is Henri Deligny, *Aumônier Militaire*, Ambulance 16-27, Sector 112; and he was assisted by the permanent curé of the little church, Abbé Blondelle, who wishes me to assure you that he will guard most reverently your son's grave, and be there to receive you when the day may come that you shall wish to visit it.

"After leaving the church the procession marched to the military cemetery, where your son's body was laid beside the hundreds of others who have died for France. Both the lieutenant and general here paid tributes of appreciation, which I will have sent to you. The general, various officers of the army and ambulance assisted in the last rites. . . .

"I have brought back and will send you the *Croix de Guerre*. . . ."

Oh, but you couldn't read any farther—for the great lump of pride in your throat, the thick mist of tears in your eyes. A sob escaped the boy. He looked over at Maw and saw the miraculous. Maw was awake at last and crying—a new-fledged pulsating Maw emerged from the brown chrysalis of her sorrows.

"Oh, Maw! . . . Our Nat! . . . All that—that—funeral! . . . Some funeral, Maw!" The boy choked.

"My Nat!" Maw was saying. "Buried like a king! . . . Like a King o' France!" She clasped her hands tightly.

It was like some beautiful fantasy. A Haynes—the despised and rejected of earth—borne to his last home with such pomp and ceremony!

"They never was nothin' like it heard of round here, Maw. . . . If folks could only know ——"

She lifted her head as at a challenge.

"Why, they're goin' to know, Luke—for I'm goin' to tell 'em. Folks that have talked behind Nat's back—folks that have pitied us—when they see this—like a King o' France!" she repeated softly. "I'm goin' down to town to-day, Luke."

▼

IT WAS dusk when Maw came back: dusk of a clear day, with a rosy sunset off behind the hills. Luke opened the door for her and he saw that she had brought some of the sun along in with her—its colors in her worn face; its peace in her eyes. She was the same, yet someone new. Even the tilt of her crazy old bonnet could not detract from a strange new dignity that clothed her.

She did not speak at once, going over to warm her gloveless hands at the stove, and staring up at the Grampaw Peel plate; then:

"When it comes—my Nat's medal—it's goin' to set right up here, 'stead o' this old thing—an' the letters and sermons in my shell box I got on my weddin' trip. . . . Lawyer Ritchie told me to-day what it means, the name o' that medal—Cross o' War! It's a decoration fur soldiers and earned by bravery."

She paused; then broke out suddenly:

"I b'en a fool, settin' here grievin'. My Nat was a hero, an' I never knew it! . . . A hero's folks hadn't ought to cry. It's a thing too big for that. Come here, you little Luke! Maw hain't b'en real good to you an' Tommy lately. You're gittin' all white an' peaked. Too much frettin' 'bout Nat. You an' me's got to stop it, I tell you. Folks round here ain't goin' to let us fret ——"

"Folks! Maw!" The words burst from the boy's heart. "Did they find out? . . . You showed it to 'em? Uncle Clem ——"

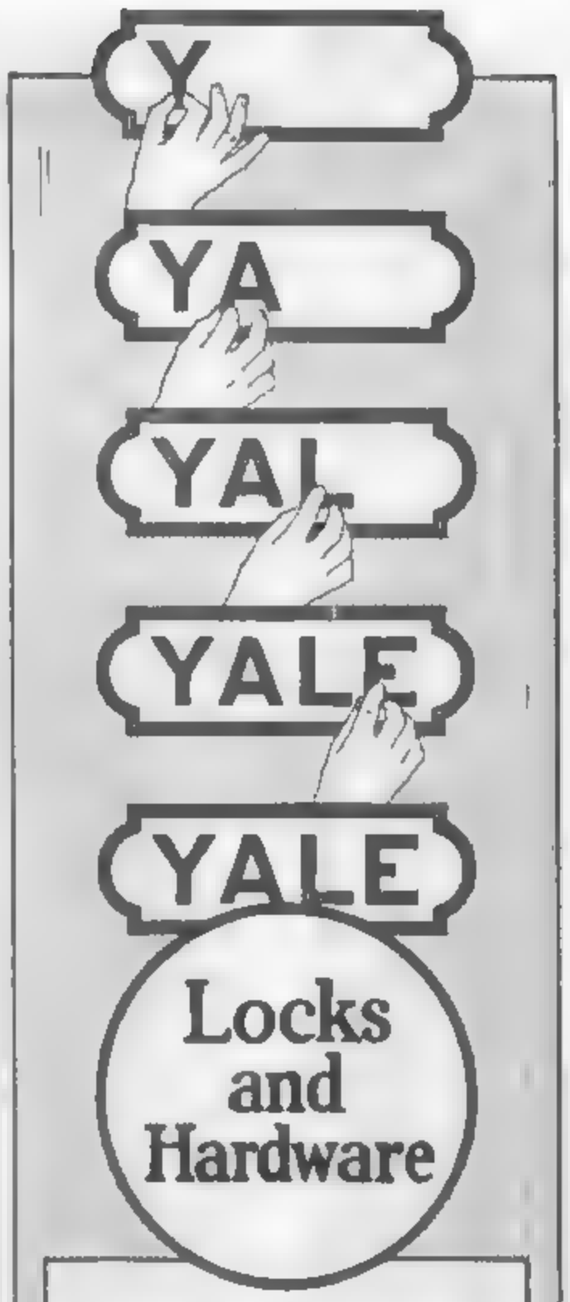
Maw sniffed

"Clem! Oh, he was real took aback; but he don't count in on this—not big enough." Then triumph hastened her story: "It's the big ones that's mixin' into this, Lukey. Seems like they'd heard somethin' a spell back in one o' the county papers, an' we didn't know. . . . Anyhow, when I first got into town I met Judge Geer. He had me right into his office in Masonic Hall, 'fore I could git my breath almost—had me settin' in his private room, an' sent his stenugifer out fur a cup o' cawfee fur me. He had me give him the letter to read, an' asked dare he make some copies. The stenugifer took 'em like lightnin', right there.

"The judge had a hard time of it, coughin' an' blowin' over that letter. He's goin' to send some copies to the New York papers right off. He took me acrost the hall and interduced me to Lawyer Ritchie. Lawyer Ritchie, he read the letter too. 'A hero!' they called Nat; an' me 'A hero's mother!'

"'We ain't goin' to forgit this, Mis' Haynes,' Lawyer Ritchie said. 'This here whole town's proud o' your Nat.' . . . My land! I couldn't sense it all! . . . Me, Delia Haynes, gettin' her hand wrung, 'count o' anything Nat'd b'en doin', by the big bugs round town! Judge Geer, he fetched 'em all out o' their offices—Slade, the supervisor, and Fuller Brothers, and

(Concluded on Page 49)



48 Years of Good Service

In 1869 Yale Products were being made by thirty employees; in 1917 six thousand employees are engaged in the American plant alone.

Appreciation of Yale quality and service is the cause of this growth, an appreciation which for nearly half a century has been expressed by the demand for Yale Products.

The name "Yale" is accepted in every civilized country as a reliable guarantee of perfect and enduring service.

Builders' Locks — *Padlocks*
House Hardware — *Night Latches*
Master-key Equipment
Cabinet Locks
Door Closing Devices
Time Locks — *Safe Deposit Locks*
Dial Locks — *Post Office Lock Boxes*
Motor Car Locks
Prison Locks
Chain Blocks — *Electric Hoists*

For sale by Hardware Dealers
Look for the name "Yale" on the product—it is your guarantee.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
9 East 40th Street, N. Y. C.

Chicago Office, 77 East Lake Street
Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE

Sturdy Supports of Traffic

Tires must be all that—to do their duty to the limit.

For traffic—satisfactory traffic—demands getting from somewhere to elsewhere with definite consistency.

Tires—the sort *you* want at least—must be built to bear the full burden of motor passenger traffic—must be dependable, durable, effective.

And that—just that, plus—is what we can honestly say of *United States Tires*.

They are dependable, durable, effective.

So completely dependable, so utterly durable, so thoroughly effective, that they—all of the Five—fully deserve to be called the *sturdy supports of traffic*.

Whatever of build, of raw material, of "know-how" and "do," is needed to produce *your* kind of dependability, durability, and effectiveness in tires, is put and packed tight into *United States Tires*.

Purpose and performance are not wanting in any of the Five—not even an iota.

Not our word alone on this—but the word of every motorist who has used *United States Tires*.

And what that word *is* may be determined by sales—by the persistency with which more and more motorists spend, and continue to spend, their carefully considered money on *United States Tires*.

Dwell on this big fact:

—the sales increases of United States Tires during the last year greatly exceeded the increase in the number of automobiles for the same time.

That is the important signpost pointing the way.

It points the way for *you* who want dependable, durable, effective, tire service.

The five types

'Nobby' *'Chain'*
'Royal Cord'
'Usco' *'Plain'*

United States Tires Are Good Tires

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use

(Concluded from Page 47)

old Sumner Pratt—an' all! An' Ben Watson asked could he have a copy to put in the Biweekly. It's goin' to take the whole front page, with an editor'al inside. He said the Rockville Center News'd most likely copy it too.

"I was like in a dream! . . . All I'd aimed to do was to let some o' them folks know that those people acrost the ocean had thought well of our Nat, an' here they was breakin' their necks to git in on it too! . . . Goin' down the street they was more of it. Lu Shiffer run right out o' the hardware store an' left the nails he was weighin' to shake hands with me; and Jem Brand came; and Lan'lord Peters come out o' the Valley House an' spoke to me. . . . I felt awful public. An' Jim Beckonridge come out of the Emporium to shake too.

"'I ain't seen you down in town fur quite a spell,' he sez. 'How are you all up there to the farm? . . . Want to say I'm real proud o' Nat—a boy from round here!' he sez. . . . Old Beckonridge, that was always wantin' to arrest Nat fur takin' his chestnuts or foolin' down in the store!

"I just let 'em drift—seein' they had it all fixed fur me. All along the street they come an' spoke to me. Mame Parmlee, that ain't b'en able to see me fur three years, left off sweepin' her porch an' come down an' shook my hand, an' cried about it; an' that stylish Mis' Willowby, that's president o' the Civil Club, followed me all over the Square and asked dare she read a copy o' the letter an' tell about Nat to the schoolhouse next Wednesday.

"It seems Judge Geer had gone out an' spread it broadcast that I was in town, for they followed me everywhere. Next thing I run into Reverend Kearns and Reverend Higby, huntin' me hard. They both had one idee.

"'We wanted to have a memor'al service to the churches 'bout Nat,' they sez; 'then it come over us that it was the town's affair really. So, Mis' Haynes,' they sez, 'we want you should share this thing with us. You mustn't be selfish. You gotta give us a little part in it too. Are you willin'?'

"It knocked me dumb—me givin' anybody anything! Well, to finish, they's to be a big public service in the Town Hall on Friday. They'll have it all flags—French ones, an' our'n too. An' the ministers'll preach; an' Judge Geer'll tell Nat's story an' speak about him; an' the Ladies' Guild'll serve a big hot supper, because they'll probably be hunderds out; an' they'll read the letters an' have prayers for our Nat!" She faltered a moment. "An' we'll be there too—you an' me an' Tom—settin' in the seat o' honor, right up front! . . . It'll be the greatest funeral service this town's ever seen, Luke."

Maw's face was crimson with emotion.

"An' Uncle Clem an' Aunt Mollie ——"

"Oh—them!" Maw came back to earth and smiled tolerantly. "They was real sharp to be in it too. Mollie took me into the parlor an' fetched a glass o' wine to stren'then me up." Maw mused a moment, then spoke with a touch of patronage: "I'm goin' to knit Clem some new socks this winter. He says he can't git none like the oldtime wool ones; an' the market floors are cold. Clem's done what he could, an' I'll be real glad to help him out. . . . Oh, I asked 'em to come an' set with us at the service—S'norta too. I allowed we could manage to spare 'em the room."

She dreamed again, launched on a sea of glory; then roused to her final triumph:

"But that's only part, Luke. The best's comin'. Jim Beckonridge wants you to go down an' see him. 'That lame boy o' yours,' he sez, 'was in here a spell ago with some notion about raisin' bees an' buckwheat together, an' gittin' a city market fur buckwheat honey. Slipped my mind,' he sez, 'till I heard what Nat'd done; an' then it all come back. City party this summer had the same notion an' was lookin' out for a likely place to invest some cash in. You send that boy down an' we'll talk it over. Shouldn't wonder if he'd get some backin'. I calculate I might help him, myself,' he sez; 'I b'en thinkin' of it too.' . . . Don't seem like it could hardly be true."

"Oh, Maw!" Luke's pulses were leaping wildly. Buckwheat honey was the dear dream of many a long hour's wistful meditation. "If we could—I could study up about it an' send away fur printed books. We could make some money ——"

But Maw had not yet finished.

"An' they's some about Tom, too, Luke! That young Doctor Wells down there—he's on'y b'en there a year—he come right up an' spoke to me, in the midst of several. 'I want to talk about your boy,' he sez. 'I've wanted to fur some time, but didn't like to make bold; but now seem's as good a time as any.' 'They're all talkin' of him,' I sez. 'Well,' he sez, 'I don't mean the dead, but the livin' boy—the one folks calls Big Tom. I've heard his story, an' I got a good look over him down here in the store a while ago. Woman'—he sez it jest like that—'if that big boy o' your'n had a little operation he'd be as good as any.'

"I answered him patient, an' told him what ailed Tom an' why he couldn't be no different—jest what old Doc Andrews told us—that they was a little piece o' bone druv deep into his skull that time he fell. He spoke real vi'lent then. 'But—my Lord!—woman,' he sez, 'that's what I'm talkin' about. If we jack up that bone'—trepannin', he called it too—'his brains'd git to be like anybody else's.' Told me he wants fur us to let him look after it. Won't cost anything unless we want. They's a hospital to Rockville would tend to it, an' glad to—when we git ready. . . . My poor Tommy! . . . Don't seem's if it could be true."

Her face softened, and she broke up suddenly.

"I got good boys all round," she wept. "I always said it; an' now folks know."

Luke lay on the old settle, thinking. In the air-tight stove the hickory fagots crackled, with jeweled color-play. On the other side Tom sat whittling silently—Tom, who would presently whittle no more, but rise to be a man.

It was incredible! Incredible that the old place might some day shake off its shackles of poverty and be organized for a decent struggle with life! Incredible that Maw—stepping briskly about getting the supper—should be singing!

Already the room seemed filled and warmed with the odors of prosperity and self-respect. Maw had put a red geranium on the table; there was the crispy fragrance of frying salt pork and soda biscuit in the air.

These the Hayneses! These people, with hope and self-esteem once more in their hearts! These people, with a new, a unique place in the community's respect! It was all like a beautiful miracle; and, thinking of its maker, Luke choked suddenly and gulped.

There was a moist spot on the old Mexican hairless right under his eyes; but it had been made by tears of pride, not sorrow. Maw was right! A hero's folks hadn't ought to cry. And he wouldn't. Nat was better off than ever—safe and honored. He had trod the path of glory. A line out of the boy's old Reader sprang to his mind: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Oh, but it wasn't true! Nat's path led to life—to hope; to help for all of them, for Nat's own. In his death, if not in his life, he had rehabilitated them. And Nat—who loved them—would look down and call it good.

In spite of himself the boy sobbed, visioning his brother's face.

"Oh, Nat!" he whispered. "I knew you'd do it! I always said you'd do somethin' big fur us all."

BUG HUNTERS OF INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 20)

his telephone was out of order; and the engineers examined it, but were unable to find out what was wrong. While they were investigating, in walked a regular repair man from their own organization; and he had the instrument working in two minutes.

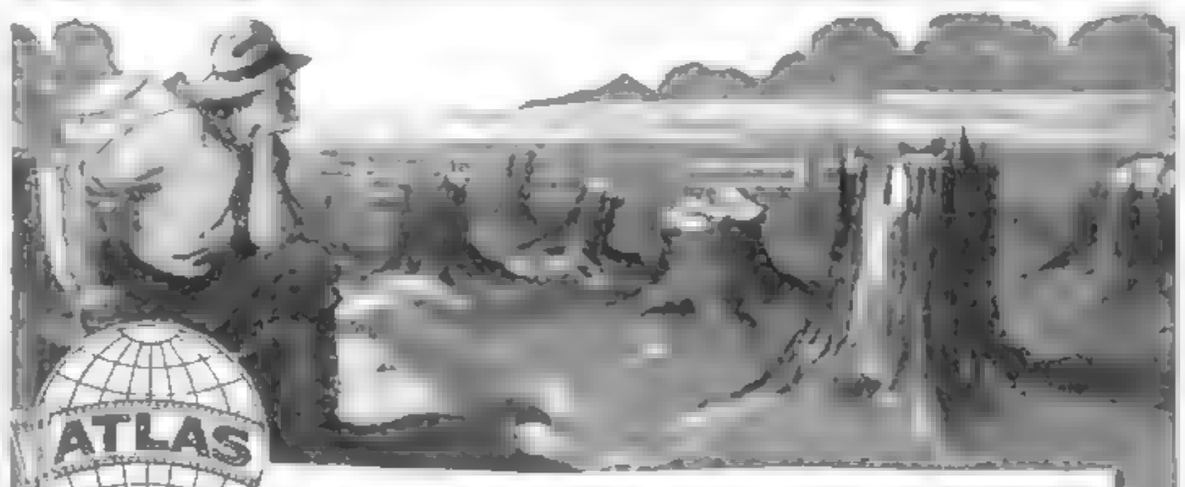
"Now I wonder why those gentlemen couldn't do that," speculated the restaurant keeper. "They're engineers, you know."

"Aw, they're t'eorists—t'eorists!" was the repair man's dry comment.

The trouble shooter's work brings him in contact with the human equation so often that he learns to study it for a key to his technical difficulties. While he is apparently investigating the apparatus his attention may be on the customer.

A certain signal drop in a telephone exchange got into the way of falling without visible cause, for when the operator answered she would find nobody at the other end of the line. A trouble man was sent to

Ever-Ready
Safety Razor
'Ever-Ready' $1
with 12 Radio Blades
We frankly admit that the 'Ever-Ready' outfit at $1.00 with its twelve marvelous "Radio" Blades is the best Safety Razor at any price. Over five million enthusiastic users prove it.
Buy an 'Ever-Ready' today. Try it. If you do not agree that it is the best razor you ever used, the dealer will cheerfully refund your dollar.
Stores everywhere sell the Ever-Ready complete with 12 Radio Blades for $1.00
Extra "Radio" Blades 6 for 30c.
American Safety Razor Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.
TRADE MARK FACE



You Can Blast Them; We'll Tell You How

Perhaps you have put off removing those stumps because you don't know how easy and simple it is to blast them out. Don't wait any longer. Write today for our book which tells how you can do the work without experience or skill by using

Atlas Farm Powder
THE SAFEST EXPLOSIVE
The Original Farm Powder

Just punch a hole, load it, light a fuse and the work is *done!* The stumps are broken into pieces ready for easy handling or burning. The returns from the first crop will more than pay the cost of clearing. Dig ditches, make tree beds, shatter boulders, and blast the subsoil with Atlas Farm Powder—made especially for farm work. Be sure to get the *Original* Farm Powder. Ask the Atlas dealer for prices.

Get "Better Farming" Book—FREE

It shows how to prepare the charges, how to load them under the stumps and how to fire them. It will tell you how to do all your blasting. Mark and mail the coupon today.

ATLAS POWDER COMPANY
General Offices, Wilmington, Del.
Sales Offices: Birmingham, Boston, Houghton, Joplin, Knoxville, Kansas City, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis

FREE BOOK COUPON

ATLAS POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del.
Send me your 74-page book "Better Farming." I am interested in the use of explosives for the purpose before which I mark X. S H P S

- [ ] Stump Blasting
- [ ] Boulder Blasting
- [ ] Subsoil Blasting
- [ ] Tree Planting
- [ ] Ditch Digging
- [ ] Quarrying
- [ ] Mining
- [ ] Road Building

Name
Address

BUY FOR SERVICE

HIGH prices are teaching people the meaning of value. A few years ago it wasn't so serious a matter if you did buy household rubber goods that soon gave out.

Today it is decidedly worth while to choose rubber goods that will give the longest possible service—

Miller Standard
RUBBER GOODS

A hot water bottle is a necessity in every home. The Miller Hot Water Bottle is seamless, one solid piece of rubber, with the exclusive patented C-Kure-Nek in which the metal thimble is imbedded in the solid rubber before vulcanizing. Most hot water bottles eventually leak at the neck—a Miller bottle cannot leak.

Keep your hands free from the roughness and stains of housework—wear Miller Household Gloves—the kind that really last.

If there is a baby in your home you need Miller Sanitate Diapers both for baby's comfort and for mother's convenience.

Miller Nursing Nipples are non-collapsible. The flow of milk is never too much nor too little. Miller Nipples prevent colic and other feeding troubles.

All Miller Standard Rubber Goods are sold by Miller authorized agencies which display the Miller Agency Sign. Look for the sign and ask for Miller goods by name.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.
Also makers of the famous Geared-to-the-Road Tires

THE EASY WAY TO
GET RID OF CORNS

A Few Drops of FREEZONE Loosen Corns or Calluses So They Lift Off.

HERE is a mighty simple and easy way to get rid of your corns and calluses. Apply a few drops of Freezone directly upon a tender aching corn or a callus. It dries immediately. The corn-pain is relieved. The corn or callus then begins to dry up and shortly it can be peeled off with fingers.

FREEZONE

doesn't irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or flesh. You feel no pain or soreness while applying Freezone or afterwards. You'll like it immensely. Women who wear high-heeled footwear will appreciate Freezone. Keep a tiny bottle on your dresser and never let your corns ache twice.

Price 35 cents per bottle
AT DRUG STORES IN U. S. AND CANADA

GENUINE Freezone is only sold in these small bottles with glass rod applier. Each bottle is packed in a round wood case bearing the name

The Edward Wesley Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

the subscriber's house to find out what was wrong. The subscriber seemed a thrifty sort of man, and a little quiet investigation disclosed that he had hit on the scheme of connecting his doorbell to the telephone batteries to use free current. Every time the doorbell was rung the signal drop fell at Central!

For a good many years the trouble shooter was regarded as a bright mechanic, to be sent out when anything in the shape of apparatus broke down or acted up—a fellow who could be depended upon to get things going again. But now, happily, the public-service corporations have come to see that he has a much wider field of usefulness, both in the mass and individually.

In the mass they are organizing him for quick mobilization to meet general emergencies.

When a city burns down, like Baltimore or San Francisco, or a sleet storm snaps off half the poles between New York and Philadelphia, the way men must be massed for reconstruction calls for fine organization. Nobody knows what will happen next in this line, or how many men must be brought together, or where they will be sent, or how long they will stay.

Three days after the Baltimore fire a trouble chief in one Eastern city was told to go down and see what he could do to help the boys rebuild the plant. He took a clean shirt and a couple of collars in a package, expecting to stay a couple of nights—and stayed a year!

Preparation for Emergencies

Not long ago a large electric-light company had an emergency assembly test of its trouble forces, comprising more than a hundred construction men, chauffeurs, foremen and officials. An alarm was sent out at midnight, without warning—"Serious trouble at the main plant!"

When the men arrived they found a lunch waiting, instead of broken-down equipment. But close records were kept of the distance each man traveled, the time he took, the difficulties of reaching him at unearthly hours, his facilities for getting from his home to the trouble.

Numerous little faults of organization were disclosed by this study. One of the most important men had no telephone in his house, and a telephone was installed by the company. A dozen employees had moved lately, and the company did not have their new addresses. It was found that many of the men could be picked up by company automobiles, but that time was lost in finding street numbers; so each man on the crew was told to install a porch light at his house, and switch it on when called for an emergency, so that company chauffeurs could spot him easily in a dark street and bring him out with the horn. It was also found that emergency men could be grouped according to the localities where they lived, each group being under a foreman who would help get them together.

In organizing the emergency man individually, corporations now seek to develop his possibilities as a creator of good will. Originally he was regarded as a mechanical fixer, a fellow who could maintain service; but to-day they realize that he can be an explainer and a maker of favorable public opinion.

One of the customers of a public-service company had difficulty with a certain piece of apparatus that had been installed for him. Emergency men were sent to make repairs several times, but somehow never cleared up the trouble satisfactorily. A hurry call came from this customer one morning when every man in the repair department was away. The only chap who could be sent was Dick, an apprentice.

"You hurry down there, Dick," said the manager, "and look wise; and keep that customer satisfied until Jim can get back from Allenville. Unscrew some of the oil cups or strip down the bearings—appear to be doing something, you know. Just keep him happy until we can get a man on the job."

Dick did more than he was told. He took the machine down completely, and went over it bit by bit with the fresh, curious eye of the learner. And he found not only one thing that was wrong, but half a dozen. Not one in itself amounted to much; but all together they threw the machine out. Dick smoothed one piece down with a file and adjusted another with a screwdriver. Then he put everything together; and the thing ran, and kept on running.

Now for several weeks the company's salesmen had been after that customer for a big contract. Competitors were after it too; and this unhappy experience with the apparatus already installed had raised serious obstacles. Dick's success in clearing the trouble pleased the customer so much that he promised to place his new contract with the company if Dick could profit in some way; and on that basis the order was landed.

If the company looks upon the trouble man simply as a mechanic, to set technical matters right when they go wrong, he will regard himself in that light, too, make his repairs, depart with his tool kit and leave behind him all sorts of potentialities for more trouble. When he is raised to the rank of an investigator and explainer, however, he can become very useful in forestalling trouble and building confidence.

What looks like a trivial repair job may, when studied intelligently, with due regard for the human factors, show up serious errors in the company's methods.

A large motor was sold for use in a factory power plant. Several days after it had gone into service it burned out. The repair man sent to get it going again found that it was wired wrong. After he had got the confidence of the engineer at the factory, the latter opened up and told him a significant story.

When the motor came, he said, he had asked the company for a blueprint showing how it was wired. This had been refused. The company said that was "confidential information." So he had experimented with the wiring and damaged the motor. Such blueprints were not confidential information at all. Somebody in the company with an overdeveloped bump of caution in the matter of business secrets had succeeded in locking up that sort of information with things that were really confidential.

The Big End of His Job

The trouble man's investigation and report led to blueprints' being furnished with every piece of machinery sold, and thus most of the chances for trouble were eliminated and customers were given greater satisfaction all round.

Another persistent and elusive kind of trouble is that caused by carelessness and ignorance on the part of employees of concerns for which equipment is installed.

Present-day elevators, in office buildings, hotels, and so on, have most of their equipment overhead. Elevator men get into the careless habit of trusting to the automatic safety stop to check the car at the top floor, instead of using the controller in the car. If this stop fails the car bangs into the overhead motors and damage is done.

The trouble man called out for that kind of repair work has a thoroughly human job on his hands, involving better organization of the elevator force, better instruction of operators, better supervision of equipment, and so on. He can repair the actual damage and, if need be, catch the careless elevator man; but only a general improvement through technical instruction gives a real remedy.

Year by year the world adds to the complexity of equipment placed where it must run with little direct supervision, and where it is likely to be monkeyed with and misunderstood.

The trouble shooter keeps this equipment in service. He started as a mechanical fixer when things went wrong. This led him to take the human equation into his reckoning and become a great deductive sleuth. And now he is growing into an explainer and teacher; for prevention, not cure, is the really big end of his job.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Collins.

The statements in this advertisement referring to performances of Hudson Super-Sixes in certified trials and in competition are approved as to facts.
Richard Kennerdell
Chairman Contest Board American Automobile Association.

The Long-Life Record
HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Will Hold First Place Forever We Believe

One year of the Super-Six seems to mark it the permanent leading type. Many other sensations had their day and departed. But the Super-Six gains prestige every month. And it comes too close to a perfect motor to ever be far excelled.

For your own sake, don't get a wrong conception of the Hudson Super-Six.

It is a Six, but not like other Sixes. This basic invention, controlled by our patents, added 80 per cent to our six-type efficiency.

It does, in a better, simpler way, what we attempted in our Eights and Twelves. For we built those types for testing, as did others, when the seeming trend was that way.

This Problem Solved

The Super-Six gets its wondrous power, speed and endurance by minimizing friction.

That's what every type attempted. That's why men once thought that V-types would supersede the Six. Vibration causes friction, and friction causes wear. And the type which brings vibration lowest will hold first place forever, just as now.

The Super-Six is that type. Every block test proves it. And a hundred road records confirm it. It now holds every worth-while record of endurance and speed for a stock car.

Another Possible Error

Some men still tell Hudson dealers that our records show qualities not wanted. They cannot use such speed, such power. "And other cars are good-enough hill-climbers."

But you must presume we know that.

We have not increased our motor size. We are using a small, light Six—exactly the size we used before this invention. And a size now very common.

The Super-Six principle gets from that size all of this extra efficiency. It does it by saving friction. Would you have less speed, less power in a motor, because of more friction and wear?

To Double Endurance

The Super-Six was invented to double endurance. That it makes the car a record-breaker is simply incidental.

The records we value most are long distance records. Under sanction of the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association the Super-Six broke the 24-hour stock chassis record by 328 miles. And in the famous non-stock Pike's Peak Hill Climb, sanctioned by the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association, a Super-Six Special made the best time through endurance.

A Super-Six Touring Car twice broke the Transcontinental record in one continuous 7,000-mile round trip. All Super-Six speed records have been made because of endurance.

It Offers You This

It offers you a car which, by a hundred records, is the most capable car in the world.

It offers you endurance, far beyond any previous attainment.

It offers you pride of ownership—the feeling that you rule the road. The knowledge that yours is the greatest car in performance that's built.

It offers you beauty and luxury which make the car look its supremacy.

It offers you, in our latest models, a wonderful gasoline saver.

Will you want a car which offers less when you buy a car to keep?

Phaeton, 7-passenger . .	$1650	Town Car	$2925
Cabriolet, 3-passenger .	1950	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*	
Touring Sedan	2175	Town Car Landaulet . .	$3025
		Limousine	2925
		Limousine Landaulet . .	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Senreco "invaluable for bleeding gums"— A dentist (name on request) writes: —

"I have found your paste, Senreco to be an invaluable agent in the treatment of bleeding gums."

One tube of Senreco tightens the teeth and improves the color of the gums—a patient's experience (name on request).

"My teeth were in a very bad condition when I started to use Senreco. Now, I notice that they have tightened and the gums are almost their natural color again, and I have only used one tube."

Look first at your gums—not your teeth

The most important dental discovery in a century

MORE teeth are lost through loosening of the tissues that hold the teeth in place, than through decay.

This dental discovery is important *to you.*

Dentists say, the reason for this condition is that most people look for decay of their teeth and never notice the condition of their gums.

Your gums should be firm and hard. They should be a healthy pink. If they are red or dark and discolored, if they are soft, if they form loose, ragged pockets for the teeth, *show them to your dentist.* If your gums bleed when you brush them, if they are sensitive, *these are danger signals.*

Why dentists prescribe Senreco

Dentists will tell you that after they have treated your gums, you yourself must continue to treat them at home. That is why Senreco Tooth Paste was formulated.

Senreco is a dentist's formula. It is more than a cleanser. It is a tooth paste that dentists prescribe for toning up the condition of the gums. It contains precisely the remedial and preventive agents that dentists themselves use at the chair, for soft, spongy, bleeding gums.

Twice a day, at the same time that you cleanse your teeth, you will, in using Senreco, be applying medicinal agents to your gums. *Within a few days*, you will notice the improvement in your gums.

Senreco gives a wholesome, cleanly feeling

Senreco is a wonderful cleanser. Once the tartar has been removed from your teeth, Senreco will keep your teeth free from tartar. This is because Senreco directly attacks the film that causes tartar. You will enjoy the cleanly feeling Senreco gives to the mouth.

Senreco costs only 25c the large tube, although it is probably the most expensive tooth paste prepared. Get a tube at your druggist's or toilet counter today. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c direct to "Senreco," Cincinnati, Ohio. Enjoy the healthy, cleanly feeling Senreco gives to the teeth and gums. Notice how brilliantly white Senreco makes your teeth.

Send 6c for a liberal sample

For six cents we will send you a sample tube of Senreco; enough to provide you with treatments twice daily for one week. Simply fill in your name and address on the card below, and mail it to us with six cents in stamps or coin. Address Senreco, 1402 Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Experimental Laboratory, Covington, Ky.

Senreco
REG U S PAT OFF.
THE TOOTHPASTE THAT REALLY CLEANS

"Use Senreco twice daily; see your dentist twice yearly"

"Senreco"
1402 Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me liberal sample tube of Senreco to provide me with treatments twice daily for one week. I enclose six cents for it.

Name _____

Address _____

Making Business Men

By ANNE SHANNON MONROE

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

III

I FOUND my desk on Monday morning literally covered with letters of inquiry for the Fifty Principles. I never loved a little key number as I did the one we had used on these advertisements. I sank into my chair and stared, afraid to believe, afraid I was under some horrible delusion. Then suddenly I could not stand the suspense and began to tear open the letters, one after another, not waiting to read them through. Yes, they were requests for the Fifty Principles catalogue; and they were on good commercial stationery, and bore the signatures of managers, secretaries, vice-presidents and presidents. They were on the letterheads of merchants and important business men.

I Was Convinced That He Was Right

I could have screamed for joy. Tears of relief began to roll down my face, and between letters I mopped them off with the back of my hand. I could scarcely see to read, but I could tell that the letters came from the men we wanted—ambitious, responsible, serious-minded business men. I cried and I laughed till William came, wondering.

"Close the doors, William; close them quick and come help me. They'll think I'm crazy out there, and it's just good news."

William closed the doors and took up the task.

We worked on, my fingers trembling from excitement, William as steady as a coal heaver. When we had opened the last letter I counted the envelopes—there were three hundred and ninety-seven. I wrapped them in a sheet torn from the morning paper.

"Keep an eye on the office, William," I said. "I'll be back in an hour, I think; and if any advertising men come, tell them to wait."

I went out, hailed a taxicab, and ordered the driver to put on all speed. At St. Mark's the nurse, who was accustomed to my daily visits, nodded as I asked whether I might go at once to Mr. Bittner's room.

"He was rational this morning," she said.

I prayed that he might still be so. I wasn't in the least sure that doctors and nurses would approve of what I was about to do, but I believed I was right and I meant to go ahead.

Good News for Bittner

"You're a long time showin' up," was his peevish greeting. It was the first time he had known me since the day he had summoned me to him and given his orders.

"It's the Fifty Principles," I said breathlessly, for I couldn't know how long he would be rational. "Inquiries are coming in so fast that I can't get a moment. See here, this is just one mail! And I must run right back, for it takes us all every minute." I opened the package and let the envelopes fall about him on the bed. He tried to sit up.

"Please, Mr. Bittner, don't move," I cried, pushing him back. "You must get well quick! I can manage for a while, but I need you the worst way. And please do whatever the nurse says, and keep very still. I'll bring you news every day."

On the way out I whispered to the nurse: "Let him have the envelopes about him; it'll do him more good than anything else—it's the thing that's on his mind."

She nodded assent and I left.

Every additional mail brought more inquiries. The peculiar thing had happened that does happen once in a great while with a new commodity: the thing we were offering was queer. It wasn't what Bittner & Binks had stood for. Also men were not accustomed to being instructed in business principles in the first place, and our method of instruction by mail lacked some of the qualities necessary to appeal to conservative men. It had required three full doses to inoculate them. With the appearance of the May magazines still carrying the serious advertisement of a curious commodity, they had been convinced that it was worth looking into and had written. The newspaper story of the convention, which of course was widely copied, may have prompted the immediate avalanches.

Money Begins to Come In

Had we advertised to teach some one particular business with a *bona-fide* promise of a position at the end, every easy-going man wanting a snap who read the advertisement would have written us at once. If you advertise a job or a prize—something that appears to be a guaranty of definite results—you are almost sure of a crop of lazy-minded inquirers who are opposed to exerting themselves overmuch; and a great proportion of such inquirers never go further—they merely waste a firm's stamps and literature. We offered no guaranty; we appealed solely to the judgment of the thinking man who was willing to bear part of the responsibility of his own making, and we got that type. It is a type, I am happy to say, that follows an inquiry with an order if the firm's literature is as convincing as its printed announcement.

I was now in red-hot haste to get the Fifty Principles advertisements into the June magazines. I was afraid many of them had closed, but I began at once to wire the Eastern publications. As it turned out nearly all of them were able to make the change and they acted generously in the matter; but I had to wire the copy and instructions. It was costly work, but I felt we must have the advertising at any price. One thing in our favor was that the advertisements were already written.

Our form letters were ready and I put two of the best typists to work that afternoon getting them out. William addressed catalogues. The next day there was an increase in the number of inquiries received and there were also several subscriptions. The fifty-dollar checks certainly looked good to me. That afternoon I carried the accumulated envelopes to Mr. Bittner, but he was in a heavy stupor. The nurse told me that his greatest danger now was from weakness. He might slip out of life at any moment. I spoke to her again about the envelopes, and she consented to leave them near his bed where he could see them whenever he opened his eyes. I believed they would hold him to life if anything could.

And now my duties piled so high that I took Mr. Dumble off the revision work and set him to correcting problems and sending out new work to the subscribers. It required a day for him to adjust himself to the change of occupation. I soon saw that he would not be able to manage the work

"Your 'Bicycles', Sir"

AT the club, on the train, in the home, wherever men seek recreation from business cares in a friendly game of cards, Bicycle Cards have the call. For a man to think of cards is for him to think of "Bicycles." When he asks for a deck of cards, he expects

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

All the qualities of a playing card that help make card-playing a pleasure are Bicycle qualities. Bicycle Cards have the feel, the finish and, above all, the all-round excellence of manufacture that makes them as good on the last deal of an evening's play as on the first. For general, every day, [illegible] regular price of Bicycles is very reasonable. Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes. Sold [illegible]

Congress Cards—The de luxe brand for social play. Art backs of famous paintings in full color. Gold Edges. Air-Cushion Finish.

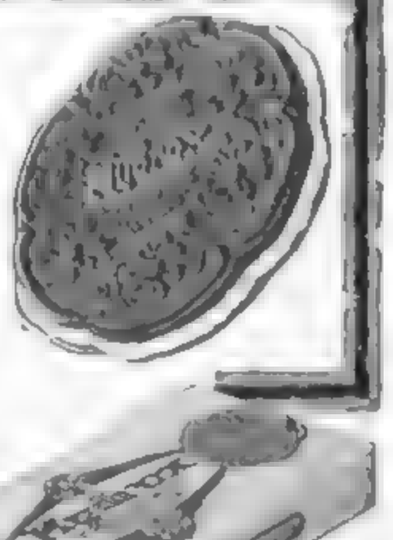
Paine's Card Trays—For all duplicate games. Ingeniously designed. Beautifully finished. Every purchaser is entitled to a free correspondence course in Whist. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for illustrated, descriptive circular.

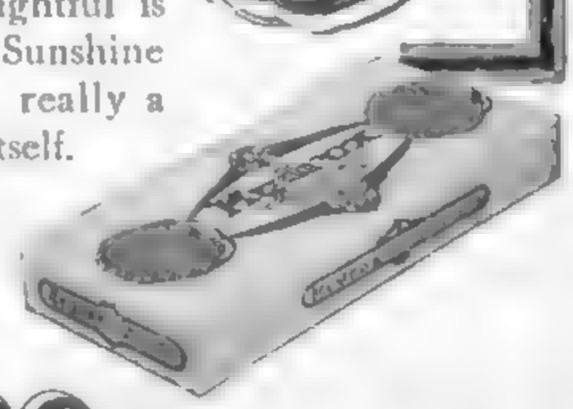
You Need This Book—New revised edition of "The Official Rules of Card Games." Over 300 games. 250 pages. Substantially bound. Mailed postpaid for 15 cents in stamps.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.
Department B-6 Cincinnati, U. S. A. Toronto, Canada

Hydrox
"The King of Biscuits"

So rich is its flavor and so delightful is its taste that Sunshine Hydrox is really a dessert in itself.





Like all our many other varieties of delicious

Sunshine Biscuits

Hydrox Biscuits are attractively and conveniently displayed in the Sunshine Rack in dealers' stores everywhere.

Examine *your* dealer's assortment of Sunshine Biscuits. You'll find an almost endless variety—a kind for every occasion.

Buy Sunshine Biscuits by the pound or in sealed packages.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
824 Thomson Ave. L. I. C., New York

BETHLEHEM
Five-Point
SPARK PLUG

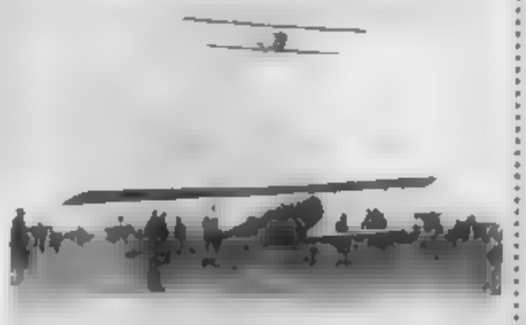
THE Bethlehem Five Point Plug is technically and practically a wonderful sparking device.

Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you, write here, mentioning his name, make and model of your car.

The Silver Company
BETHLEHEM PRODUCTS
South Bethlehem, Pa.
E. H. SCHWAB, President

PRICE
$1
In Canada, $1.25

GUARANTEED for the LIFE of YOUR CAR



AVIATION TRAINING

[illegible]

THE [illegible] TRAINING SCHOOLS

ENTERTAINMENTS For home, school and church; monologs, recitations, vaudeville jokes and sketches, and Plays for Amateurs. Send for free catalog.
DRAMATIC PUB. CO., 542 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

Your Boys' and Girls' Shoes Will Wear Much Longer

if reinforced with the **Tel-Til-Tip.** And your children will take more pride in their footwear. Tip looks like rest of shoe; actually outwears the soles. Water-proof and wear-proof.

TEL-TIL-TIP

"The Leather Toe That Wears Like a Pig's Nose"

Trade mark on sole is your guarantee that the Tel-Til-Tip is built into shoe. If dealer will not supply you [illegible]

Trade Mark

Interesting Booklet on "Children's Indoor and Outdoor Games," including description of tip. Free for your dealer's name

TEL-TIL-TIP CO., 372 W. 16th Street, Holland, Mich.

Make money in your spare time

A. S. Quint, a Boston florist, made $18.65 the first week he sold Fuller Brushes, $21.40 the second and $25.15 the third. Soon he gave practically all his time to Fuller Brushes. Now he is averaging $35 a week—has an independent, growing business, his own hours—and is his own boss.

Fuller Sanitary Brushes

are sold exclusively through our special salesmen. We help you sell them—first by an introductory free brush offer which gains a ready reception in every home, second by general advertising. Fuller Brushes are splendid sellers. They look better, clean better and last longer than ordinary brushes. There is one for every cleaning purpose. Every household needs several. There is a good profit in every sale.

We want you now

to take care of our business in your vicinity. Your initial investment is $5 for samples. We'll pay it back if you don't succeed. Try it in your spare time. You'll soon devote all your time to it, like hundreds of others are doing. Write us at once for full particulars.

Fuller Brush Co.
Sales Department, Hartford, Conn.

A shower for everybody

A brush and shower combined for $3.25. Fits any faucet—a shower for every bath tub. Sells fast—good [illegible]. This is only one of several big profit-getters.

[illegible]

Fuller
Hartford

alone, as he had little mental agility. His English was excellent and he did the lesson work thoroughly and accurately, but he was inherently lazy and he was not resourceful. He seemed totally incapable of sorting the lessons swiftly as they came in, getting out the most urgent ones first and otherwise managing the department so that everything ran smoothly. All he knew was to begin at the beginning and plod right through. I worked with him every moment I could spare, but on Saturday there was still a stack of lessons to go out, and some of the uncorrected problems had been in the office several days. I must have more help.

About this time my attention was attracted to Blanche Booth's unhappy face. She seemed to live in a state of fear. Miss Lutkins' hard, flat "What?" and blunt orders came down on the inexperienced young girl like a lash. Blanche was surely as good as the average. Miss Lutkins was making the young girl's life in our office almost unendurable.

I suddenly made up my mind. Blanche wrote legibly and she was a high-school graduate. I needed personal assistance. I would take her into my department. She received but six dollars a week; if she did well I would raise her. At least I would give the girl a chance.

"Miss Lutkins," I said Monday morning before Blanche arrived, "will you go into the reception room and choose an assistant? I advertised for girls. I'm taking Blanche into my office."

Miss Lutkins blurted out a "What?"

"You don't find Blanche especially necessary to you, do you?"

"Can't see she's necessary anywhere."

"That is for me to say," I replied quickly. "Please send Blanche to me when she comes."

Miss Lutkins returned a few minutes later towing in a plain, little red-headed girl with a turned-up nose. I smiled to myself over her choice, for I believed that she could hold her own with two Miss Lutkinses.

Blanche was charmed with the change. Her fair face flushed with pleasure.

"To be in the private office!" she said. "How lovely!"

I saw Mr. Dumble watching her from eyes that peered up over his work. He had a way of lifting his eyes without troubling to lift his head—he certainly was a lazy man. I suddenly wondered whether I had been a fool—I looked regretfully back toward the cage. Miss Lutkins, militant to her swelling nostrils, was eying the two. So that was it!

Here was another problem. I couldn't dismiss Mr. Dumble; I couldn't dismiss Blanche; and there was no other place to put her, as she did not type. Well, Miss Lutkins would have to mother her own romance. But why, oh why had I ever introduced a man to upset our perfectly good bookkeeper? And such a man! Miss Lutkins was worth ten of him.

A Step Up for Blanche

"Blanche," I said, "I want you to be my personal assistant and help on the lesson work whenever there is a rush." Then I showed her about sorting the mail, separating lessons from orders, inquiries and complaints, turning over the orders to Miss Lutkins, the lessons to Mr. Dumble, the inquiries and complaints to me.

"I'll teach you to handle the complaints too," I said. "If you do well I may give you the complaint department. You must learn to dictate letters."

Blanche was enchanted.

I thought I had taken care of the help problem; but not only did the inquiries increase with every mail, but there were new subscribers to be enrolled daily. This necessitated in each case making a record of the work sent out, the letters written and other details concerning the subscriber, so that any time a complication should arise we could lay our hands on all our correspondence with him. All this required a great deal of care and consumed much time, and I needed more assistance at once.

It was an undertaking to get suitable people for the Fifty Principles department—very different from securing a good stenographer. A stenographer was educated for her work, and if she were competent she could be useful from the moment she entered the office. She knew her business. But we had to teach the Fifty Principles instructors the work they were to do; they would not be of real value under a week.

I next engaged two women, both over thirty, who had been in business of one kind or another almost all their lives. I thought their varied experience might make them suitable material, for they were accustomed to varied duties. Neither would prove a dangerous rival to Miss Lutkins. Miss Waters was a dressy, much-touched-up person. Her hair was burnished, her cheeks tinted, and she affected golden browns. She made me think of a fading autumn leaf—age and weather graying recently brilliant colors. Miss Tappin was small and dark and quick, with a caustic tongue, much given to white powder and dead-black pendants. The latter hung from her ears, about her neck, and in a long chain with which her thin nervous fingers constantly played. It might seem strange that I would engage two such women, but they were a product of a life spent in business and I hoped for versatility.

I gave them desks in the corner of the operating room, now becoming known as the Fifty Principles department, and asked Mr. Dumble to explain the work. They had forms to use, and as there was not a wide range of possible mistakes—nearly all the subscribers made the same ones—the corrections could readily be written in the margin, a new problem inclosed and the whole entered on the subscriber's record sheet. Thus I had only to glance at the work and dictate a short personal letter to be inclosed. It seems simple enough, but you will observe that there were a good many processes requiring several pairs of hands. The new women learned quickly, and I felt fairly well satisfied, but I wished they were more genteel in appearance.

A Chance for College Women

About this time I began to notice that Blanche had a way of flitting about the office and in and out of the operating room unnecessarily. Instead of sorting a large mail and distributing once in the forenoon, she would sort a dozen or so letters, jump up and carry them to their destination. She didn't seem to hover about Mr. Dumble's desk, however, and I believed she would get her work better in hand with time. She had been hectored over so constantly when with Miss Lutkins that I wanted her to feel a free rein for a while. I began to show her about handling complaints, and had her dictate some letters. Of course at first she found it very hard. She couldn't think—no one can without practice—and express herself with that conciseness desirable in a business letter. But I knew she would learn with time, and I continued to help her make herself into a correspondent. She was a bright girl and I liked to have her about me. I hoped she would soon be another Miss Carrel.

The mail continued to pile up. I was constantly interrupted by salesmen and solicitors of one kind or another, which made it impossible for me to do much of the lesson work. Miss Waters and Miss Tappin were soon outdoing Mr. Dumble in speed, and I decided not to hire any more men. Dumble was a sticker, but he was too slow, and the man element in an office full of women and girls was not desirable. On the other hand, he worked overtime with less fussing than the two women—they invariably had a theater engagement on the very night that the mail had been extra heavy—and he was less obtrusively present. Also he was goodnaturedly falling into Miss Lutkins' plan for him—the two went out to luncheon together almost daily—and the other girls had just about given him up. But things might be different with another man. I would stick to women, I decided, at least till Mr. Bittner got back.

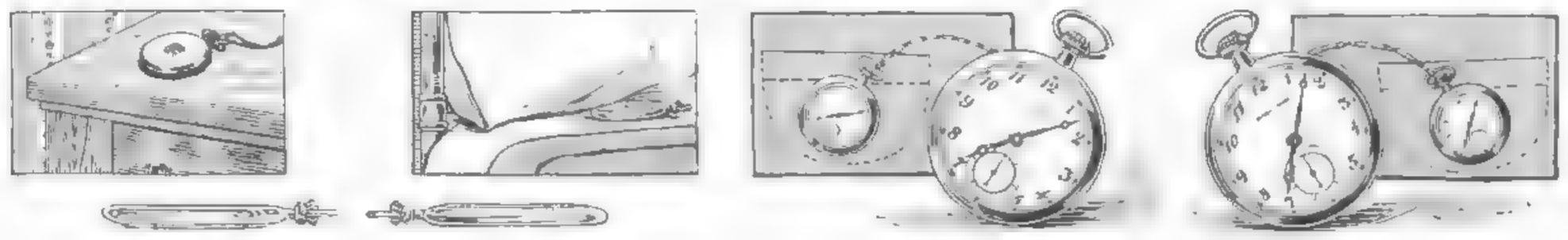
But where was I to get just the right kind of women? I couldn't contemplate with any degree of pleasure the prospect of filling up the office with the Waters-Tappin type. I finally decided to try college women. They would have been through the mental drill that makes for a logical mind, and their brains would be stimulated by study. Also they would have ideals and ambition. After working till ten o'clock Saturday night trying to get the mail all out, I telephoned an advertisement to a Sunday paper and went home feeling hopeful.

Sunday I called up the hospital and found that Mr. Bittner was a little better. I was too tired to go to see him.

Monday I got down to the office early. Miss Krog was back, thank goodness, and a number of women were in the reception room. I took one glance at my desk—it was heaped high with letters—and asked Miss Krog to meet the applicants and select

(Continued on Page 57)

For the first time in the history of watches a high-grade 19-jewel watch at $27.50 that is accurately adjusted to four positions:



1—As it lies flat, with dial DOWN, as for example on your dresser at night.

2—As it lies flat, dial UP, as for example under your pillow.

3—As it hangs pendant, to the right, as when carried in your LEFT-hand pocket.

4—As it hangs pendant, to the left, as when carried in RIGHT-hand pocket

NEVER before in the history of watches has there been a more notable achievement. At $27.50 a watch—a FINE watch—adjusted to temperature and FOUR POSITIONS—and fitted with NINETEEN jewels. To any man who knows watches, this bare statement of fact is astonishing. For watches possessing these requirements for great accuracy have always sold for many dollars more than $27.50.

* * *

STUDY the diagram at the top of this advertisement showing the four positions to which this watch is adjusted. These are the positions your watch assumes in actual service.

To every one of these positions these new 19-jewel South Bend Watches are accurately adjusted by experts. They must keep time accurately in every position before they can pass our rigid inspection system. In addition to these adjustments, these watches undergo a very rigid *final rating* after being cased.

This expert adjustment to many positions is one of the features that makes the difference in cost and performance between the highest priced watches of great accuracy and watches that are not so dependable.

* * *

WATCHES that sell at $50.00 and upward are usually adjusted to temperature and five positions. And this new watch at $27.50 is adjusted to temperature and four positions—the four positions that experience has shown meet all requirements for the average man.

Another feature of this new watch is its NINETEEN jewels—all carefully selected, polished and set in raised settings.
Jewels are used to reduce the friction of the mechanism just as bearings are used in a motor car. Properly selected, polished and set as they are in this model, they become a great factor in its accuracy. All jewels used as bearings in this watch are high-grade Rubies or Sapphires.

Some of the finest watches in America have but 21 jewels, yet this watch at $27.50 has nineteen.

* * *

NEITHER has any other feature necessary to accurate timekeeping been sacrificed.

This new watch has:—

The most modern type of micrometric regulator, one-tenth turn of which causes a variation of one second in 24 hours.

Imported Jurgensen mainspring. Jewelers will tell you that this is absolutely the best power plant that can be put into a watch. It is exactly the same spring that goes into our $125 watches.

High-grade steel escape wheel.

Very high grade compensating balance and highest grade Breguet hairspring.

Bridge model construction—the product of most modern designing. Pendant setting device.

IN OTHER words, this watch has built into it every feature of the highest priced watch that has been proven indispensable to greatest accuracy.

We do not believe it possible to make a greater service watch for average conditions—no matter what the price.

Never before were all these features combined in a watch to sell at anywhere near the price.

* * *

HOW can it be done, you say? Popularity is the answer. Popularity that has built up demand to a point where we have been able to specialize on this model, standardize our factory operations and cut costs to the minimum.

In the little more than a year that this watch has been on the market, users and jewelers alike have been equally enthusiastic over it.

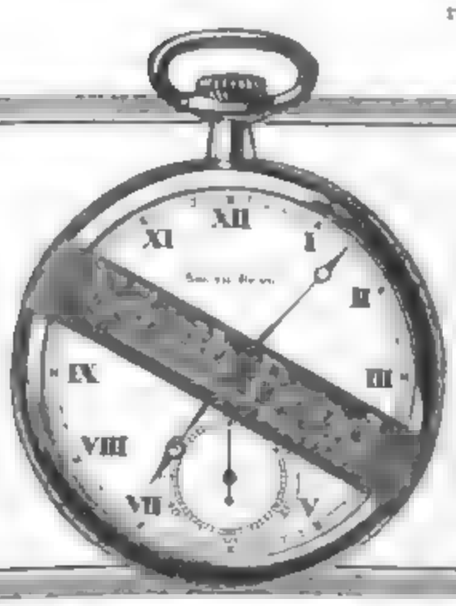
Many thousands have been sold and these have given such remarkable service we now feel justified in extensively increasing our manufacturing facilities to enable us to produce this new model on a large scale.

* * *

AND this is your opportunity to own a fine watch at a remarkably low price. See it at your jeweler's—the watch that gives $100 accuracy for $27.50.

Send for free booklet, "The Making of a Marvelous Mechanism."

Made in two models—the 12 size, Extra-Thin watch which is illustrated here; and the 16 size, which has the same construction features but is a slightly larger and sturdier watch. Cased at the factory in high-grade gold filled cases guaranteed to wear for 20 years. Both models are open face, bridge models, with 19 jewels and adjusted to temperature and four positions; with imported Jurgensen mainspring, high-grade balance and hairspring, latest type of micrometric regulator and every other desirable feature of a high-grade and high-priced watch.

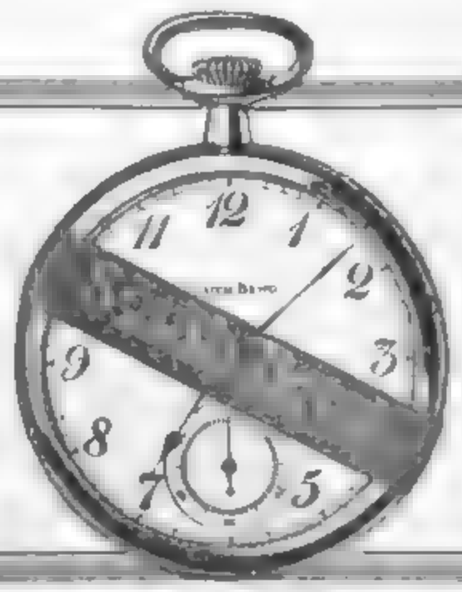


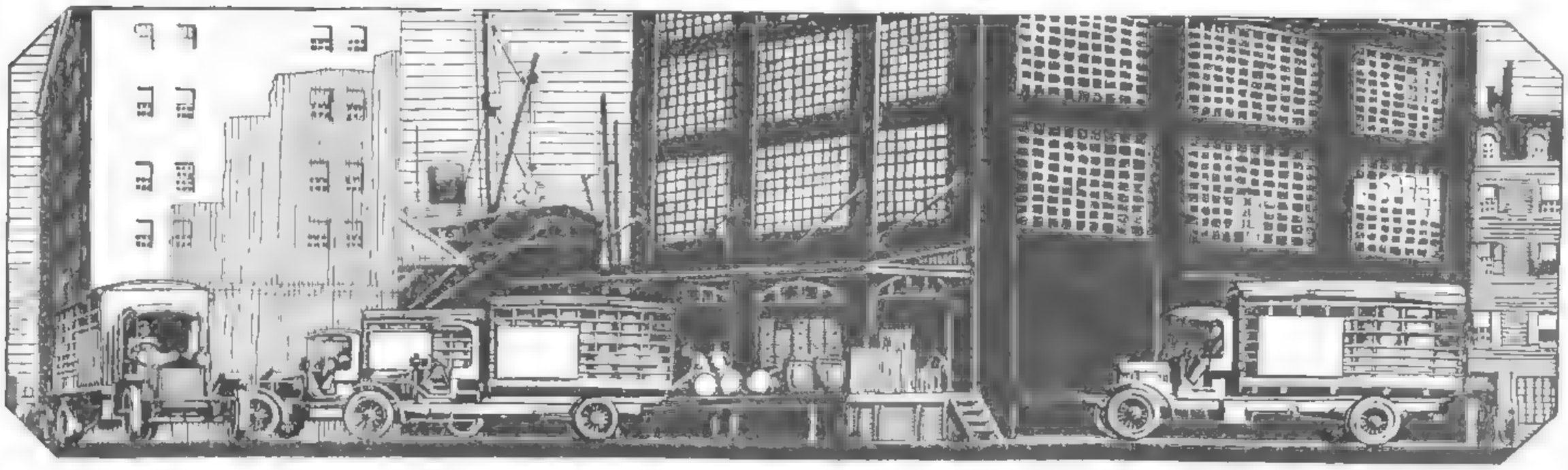
South Bend Watches

Known by their Purple Ribbons

SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY

13 STUDEBAKER STREET SOUTH BEND, INDIANA





The Truck That Began Right

NO Pierce-Arrow truck has ever worn out. No Pierce-Arrow truck has become obsolete. Mileages as high as 150,000 are reported. Trucks that have seen six years' service are still in satisfactory operation. There is a good reason for this record. Five years of test and experiment preceded the sale of the first

PIERCE-ARROW

Motor Trucks

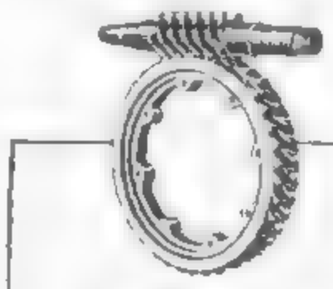
During that time many experimental models were built and scrapped. Chain-driven models were tried and found wanting. Worm-gear models were developed and improved. Flexible frame and many other structural betterments were patiently worked out.

The result was that the first Pierce-Arrow truck went to its purchaser a perfect mechanism. No radical change in design or construction has been necessary in the thousands of Pierce-Arrow trucks built since.

The indisputable logic of mechanical superiority has compelled other manufacturers to adopt the worm-gear drive they so bitterly attacked when the first Pierce-Arrow truck appeared. More and more nearly the trend of modern motor truck construction has approached the lines of the first Pierce-Arrow. Set the pioneer 1911 Pierce-Arrow beside a 1917 Pierce-Arrow truck, and the difference is barely discernible. In those same six years other motor trucks have changed fundamentally in design and construction.

It is because the first Pierce-Arrow trucks were built on fact, not theory, that they are all in satisfactory operation today.

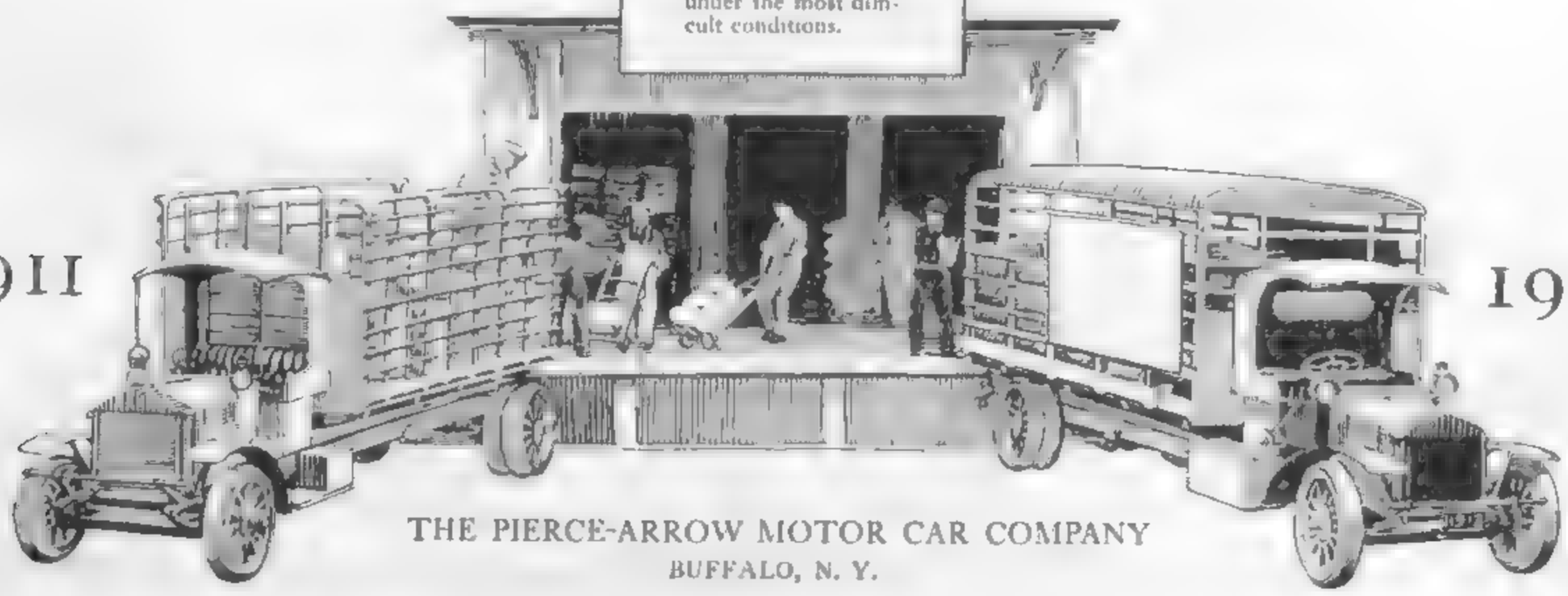
Specific data are available covering the cost of operation of Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks in many different lines of business, such as Transport, Grocery, Contracting, Coal, Brewery, Textile, Oil, Dry Goods, Chemicals, etc.



The Worm-Gear

All Pierce-Arrow Trucks are equipped with the worm-gear drive, which is a positive guarantee of effective service under the most difficult conditions.

1911



1917

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
BUFFALO, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 54)

some one whose penmanship was similar to my own and who seemed alert and capable. I thought perhaps after all Miss Krog was a better judge of good material than I. Also I was glad of an opportunity to show her that she was needed and I was in no way usurping her prerogatives. I could now turn the inquiries and the book business over to her, and this would give me more time for the actual work of the Fifty Principles department. I had had to leave that altogether too much to others to feel entirely comfortable about it.

Miss Abbot, the young woman Miss Krog selected, was trim, slender and good-looking; she stood well and had a fine carriage. I recognized the college gymnasium and the swimming pool in her every movement. This was her first position and she seemed eager to learn, though rather disappointed to start in such an ugly office. I could see that she had hoped—and dressed—for mahogany and leather-upholstered chairs. My plan was to make her my personal assistant, as I had Miss Carrel and later Blanche. I found Blanche a little too young for some of the responsible duties that my assistant would be required to do. She must, in short, be my understudy, be equal to anything I might be too busy to attend to. I was searching for a young woman who had qualities that fitted her for a responsible and a well-paid position. I hoped I had found her. I allowed Blanche to occupy one side of Mr. Bittner's desk and I put Miss Abbot on the other. Blanche was handling the complaint department and helping on lesson work. This gave me a chance to look after the proofreading and the subscribers' record sheets.

These were tasks I had kept strictly within my own hands, but the necessity of getting up new copy and additional folders made it imperative that some one else should have these posts.

Blanche Puts on Airs

Miss Krog had come back from her vacation in a very good humor, her sense of justice having been satisfied. It was a relief to see her going about among the girls again, keeping them up to their work. Miss Krog was certainly a presence; but I began to wonder whether much of this was not due to a certain wooden indifference to the girls and to excellent dressing. Her clothes formed a barrier between her and all the rest. Almost every one respects clothes, I find. Whatever did it, I was thankful for Miss Krog and turned my attention to Miss Abbot. I had her first read the entire Fifty Principles course. The plan I had back in my head was to have every member of the Fifty Principles department thoroughly familiar with the course of study, so that at any time the mail banked up on us all hands could pitch in and clear it out. And then I wanted them to have the Bittner viewpoint on business. It would make them work far more intelligently than if they merely knew one little cog of the office machinery.

I liked everything about Miss Abbot at first, and made up my mind eventually to have an office force composed entirely of college women.

"It is all so interesting, Miss Gale," she said that first day; "and just to think of being treated as a man is! I don't want any concessions in business because I am a woman."

That was certainly the right spirit.

When I showed her where she would work, opposite Blanche at the president's desk, she sat down and looked about her curiously.

"What is your college, Miss Gale?" she asked pleasantly.

"None."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

It was as though she had inadvertently stumbled on a family skeleton. I smiled. She would get over that. I gave her instructions and went on to my mail opening. Blanche was to help me, and Mr. Dumble was to answer any questions Miss Abbot might wish to ask.

I had been so occupied of late that I had paid very little attention to Blanche. But now that Miss Krog was back I had more time for observation. A few days after Miss Abbot's arrival I looked up from my work in time to catch several turned-up noses as Blanche tripped to her desk from the operating room. I thought the typists were jealous of her. She might appear to be a sort of pet, as she worked with me so constantly. I blamed the girls. But that noon, coming back from luncheon unexpectedly early, I discovered her in the act of ordering a group of the typists out of the private office. There had been a collision on the Elevated just outside our windows and the girls had rushed in to see it.

"We don't want you girls in the private office," I heard Blanche say with decided bossiness. The little lady was giving herself airs. I meant to have a talk with her.

But before I got round to it her airs reached their limit. My stenographer failed to show up one morning and I had a stack of letters that must be answered at once.

"Blanche," I called, "send me your stenographer right away, please."

She didn't answer. I looked up quickly, thinking she had not heard me, and found her face clouded.

"I don't know that I can spare her," she said loftily.

Bittner Looked as Though the Heavens Had Fallen

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed hotly. "Tell Miss Farnsworth to come here at once."

Her face reddened. She slowly got up and with the air of an injured princess went to the operating room. Miss Farnsworth came, almost running. All the stenographers looked forward to doing my special work. There seemed to be a charm about the private office, and then of course the workers there were better paid than the mass of typists. Blanche did not return till an hour later, when I had finished the dictation. She came from the cloakroom.

"A bad time to loaf, Blanche," I said.

"I couldn't dictate without my stenographer."

Oh, the pride of a young business woman when she can speak of "my stenographer"!

"You could have sorted that mail," I said, pointing to a huge stack that I had placed on her desk. "And you could have read and signed all those letters that are to go out at noon. Besides, Mr. Dumble always needs help."

She pouted like some willful child, and began to pick at the edges of the letters, not daring to refuse and not willing to submit.

I turned back to my own work. I had let her have her way too long. Responsibility had gone to her head. I must find time to have a plain talk with her.

But a day or so later—I still had not found time for the plain talk—a letter that she had dictated came to my attention. It was returned by the recipient asking for an explanation. Blanche had told him that it was too much trouble to forward his work to different addresses—he was a traveling salesman—and that he must have some one at his home do it for him. The man complained that we had agreed to do this. I called Blanche to my desk.

"Don't you know that we always take that trouble for traveling salesmen?" I asked.

"It's no way to do. It makes a lot of bother and he might as well let his folks do it."

"Blanche, many men take this course who do not want their families or their business houses to know about it. They have their own reasons—that is their business; we agreed to do the forwarding—that is ours."

"A bad agreement's better broken!"

I sat still, dumfounded. I had refrained from speaking on each of the other occasions when she had needed it, and she had apparently interpreted my silence as admission of her indispensability. I wished all at once for Bittner and his cold brutality of manner. I did need Blanche. She was a capable girl with a good brain and she was growing more useful every day. Some day, if she didn't marry, she would be a fine business woman. At present her petty personal vanity got between her and success.

I continued to gaze at her and at last she glanced up hurriedly in Mr. Dumble's direction. The little minx had evidently played a high hand with him. As my assistant she considered herself over him, and now her pride would not permit her to acknowledge her mistake in his hearing. I needed Blanche, but I could not have insubordination.

"Blanche," I said quietly, "you had better take a long vacation from this office. Get your pay Saturday and use my name for reference in finding another position. When you are older and have been buffeted about a little, you will have more sense."

It was her turn to be dumfounded. It hadn't occurred to her that I could get along without her. I had frequently told her that I couldn't, in that semi-serious tone in which we speak to people who are helpful to us in an intimate, personal way; and she had taken me literally. The truth is that there never lived a person who could not be dispensed with in business or anywhere else. We are basically too much alike, we humans, to be indispensable.

I began to break in Miss Abbot on Blanche's duties, and decided to try to get along for a while without hiring anyone else. I was growing dissatisfied with Miss Waters and Miss Tappin as people to have round, and I had not yet proved my college girl. I would wait and watch before employing anyone else.

I was a little anxious about the signing of the letters to subscribers. The force of this work, as of everything connected with the company, was Mr. Bittner's personality. The letters must carry his signature. I took a bunch of the dictated letters to the hospital and asked Mr. Bittner's nurse if she thought it would injure him to talk business. She assured me that it would not, unless there was something to be discussed that would worry him. I told her the matter I had in mind could not possibly upset him. Then I went on to his room. He was awake.

"Mr. Bittner," I said, "let me read these letters to you. I want to be sure this is just what you would say."

Wagner the Spy

His eyes lighted up and his thin white hands groped for the letters. I put them on the bed before him, and picking them up one by one read them aloud. He made a few minor suggestions, but seemed to consider them in the main all right.

He wanted to know how things were going generally. He seemed to have no idea of the passage of time and was surprised at the date on the letters and that we had got so far ahead with the course of study.

"Two talks a week," he said. "Don't send them faster."

"Few go faster," I said.

"Do any?"

"Yes, one man—Wagner, you remember him—our first subscriber? He's a persistent sort of chap, who hardly receives a problem before he is back with his answer and wanting another, or asking a million questions about everything."

I was merely talking to entertain him, but instantly a fierce light shot into his eyes.

"That's Borrige & Kemp!" he exclaimed. "Slow up on that fellow!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Bittner?"

"He's their tool; they're gettin' next. He's rushin' the course to get the whole thing as soon as possible so's they can copy it. Don't you remember the man that wanted to buy outright?" he demanded, half rising in bed, his eyes flashing.

"Yes."

"You look up his correspondence and compare it with this fellow's under a magnifyin' glass, and see if it ain't the same or if one ain't twisted unnaturally."

"Mr. Bittner, I never thought of that! But what shall I do—discontinue his work?"

"No, we ain't got any proofs, and anyway we gotta cater to him same's anybody else. You can't refuse to sell to a man, even to your worst enemy. No, we gotta get him on other lines."

His fingers twiched and his face worked nervously.

"Please, Mr. Bittner, don't think about it," I begged, alarmed at the change in him. "Don't make me afraid to come to you."

"Don't you worry," he said, attempting to sit up. "You bring me everything that looks suspicious. I'm layin' low now, but just you wait till I'm out of this—just give me time—and I'll have their offices!"

It sounded wild. Thoroughly frightened at what I had done, I turned to the nurse, who came in at that moment. But she passed me abruptly with a low "Now see

(Continued on Page 60)

Is this your family, having the time of their lives in one of those beautiful Overlands—something to look forward to every day of the year?

This is the life—

There are two ways to live nowadays.

One way is the life that is daily chock full of healthy activity, wholesome fun and lots of fresh air.

This way is shown above.

This manner of living gives your family every modern opportunity to better health, better sport, a broader mentality and a more highly developed point of view.

To enjoy life on this basis—to get all there is to be had and all that you should have; to look forward to each day with a keener interest and anticipation; to miss nothing—get an Overland.

For there is a quality car in the Overland line for every class of buyer.

And each car is bigger value because it has shared proportionately in the greater economies of our larger production.

The tremendous factories and facilities of the great Overland industry permit us to offer cars of unusual efficiency, style, comfort and power at remarkably reasonable prices.

There is an Overland for you and yours. Pick it out today—and tomorrow introduce your family to the new order of things—the bigger life made possible by the economical Overland.

Light Four		All prices f. o. b. Toledo	Big Four	
Touring	$665		Touring	$850
Roadster	$650		Roadster	$835
Country Club	$750		Coupé	$1250
			Sedan	$1450

The Willys-Overland Co
Manufacturers of Overland and
and Light Comm
"Made in U

Or is this your family, limited to long rides in stuffy, hot trolley cars and listless conversation? How about getting an Overland?

—this is not

Here is the other side of the story—the other way some live—the wrong way.

This pictures the more narrow and cramped life, with trolley car outings for the big event of the week.

It's wrong. It's not fair to your children—your wife—or yourself.

Get a car—an Overland—and over night all this is changed. It will add years to your life and rejuvenate your family.

The Overland is everyone's car today. Some one of the beautiful models you can easily afford. It's not an expense. It's a downright economy.

One executive organization—*one* factory management—*one* purchasing unit—*one* sales management—*one* dealer organization produce and sell the entire line. Each model shares the enormous economies thus effected.

The new Overland models are beauties.

Easy to handle—anyone in your family can learn to drive in no time. They have abundant power; beautiful lines; lots of room, comfort and style and are backed by the greatest motor car institution in America.

See the nearest Overland dealer and take a look today.

Stop living the wrong way.

npany, Toledo, Ohio
illys-Knight Motor Cars
rcial Cars
A "

Light Six	
Touring	$985
Roadster	$970
Coupé	$1385
Sedan	$1585

All prices f. o. b. Toledo

Willys-Knight	
Four Touring	$1285
Four Coupé	$1650
Four Sedan	$1950
Four Limousine	$1950
Eight Touring	$1950

4¢
INTRODUCES YOU TO
CICO*
PASTE

YOU'LL find CICO the most likable paste proposition you ever shook hands with. Always ready for instant use and stays ready. Has an adjustable brush holder which keeps the fingers clean. Fine for home, office, playroom and library.

Carter Inx
Quality Products

When using CICO Paste remember it *sticks best when spread thin.* It's all paste without a bit of waste. No mussy water well, no lumps or sticky fingers. Stationers sell CICO in convenient 45c and 25c refill desk jars (as shown). Also in spreader tubes and bottles. Send those two two-cent stamps today for our introductory size bottle.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Boston New York
Chicago Montreal

Also Manufacturers of Carter's Typewriter Ribbons and Carbons

* Pronounced "Sy-ko"

(Continued from Page 57)

what you've done!" and went on to his side. I gathered up the letters and hurried out. I did not consult Mr. Bittner again about the letters, but continued to sign his name, for it was all his original idea; and what mattered it whether or not he had read and approved the exact wording.

I used the magnifying glass on the two signatures and was convinced that he was right. There was a certain similarity. Also there was the same tone of insistence in both sets of correspondence; and both had sent money-orders instead of bank checks. Then I recalled the invitation to speak before the convention and Wagner's smirking face as he sat in the audience. He had undoubtedly inspired the invitation, meaning either to smoke Bittner out and compel his presence in a situation where he would make a poor impression—Bittner could not do himself justice before an audience—or to gain additional evidence that he did not personally handle the Fifty Principles work.

While I was thinking this out Wagner appeared. He came at once into the private office and would have seen the two sets of correspondence on my desk had I not seen him first and gone across the room to meet him. He asked for Mr. Bittner, as on the former occasion, and again I suggested that he leave his question in writing. He went away without doing so.

The call gave me an idea, and finding over the phone that Mr. Bittner, strange to say, was better since our talk of the day before, I went again to the hospital. I now believed that his brain needed some such stimulus as I had given him wholly unintentionally. He needed to be roused, and I made up my mind to consult him daily if possible on minor matters. I believed that if he could be kept from too much excitement news of the progress of business would really help him. So I told him about the necessity for greater privacy, now that our business was of a more personal nature, and suggested changing the partitions so as to create a public reception room. It had always bothered me, having callers come right into our private office, but now I had a good business reason for insisting upon a change. Mr. Bittner instantly saw the wisdom of shutting out visitors. It would be better business to make it impossible for them to examine the linings of the coat.

"And while the carpenters are changing the partitions, Mr. Bittner, why not make a rest and lunch room for the girls? It won't cost over one hundred dollars and it will be worth a thousand times that."

"It'll encourage loafing."

"It will encourage neatness," I came back. I couldn't argue with a sick man, but I might be able to give him another impression that would supplant his own. "If the girls had a room where they could eat their lunches—not many bring lunches, you know, so it won't need to be large—the operating room would be neater and mice would be discouraged. William found a package of letters gnawed into to-day in spite of his new traps. Besides, if the girls could wash their hands without losing the time required to go clear out to the public washroom it would be an actual saving."

"Go ahead," he said peevishly, "but keep the expense as low as possible."

An Irritating Habit

I knew he was worried about money, but still I could not bring myself to tell him that I had sold my ranch and invested the proceeds in advertising. It was a difficult thing, some way, to tell.

The girls were delighted with their rest room, where there was a couch and paraphernalia for making tea and coffee, and a reading table with current magazines. My only requirement was that they keep the place neat.

All the confusion from rebuilding was over in a few days, for the carpenters got extra men and rushed the work through. The comfort secured more than paid for the temporary upheaval.

In the mean time Hart had utterly slipped my mind. He wrote in, thoroughly angry over the failure of my promise for the June advertisements—I had told him that the business books would have full pages throughout the summer and had forgotten to explain the change of plan. I wrote, promising him an early visit from Mr. Bittner, when everything would be made right.

All this time I had been studying Miss Abbot, and had discovered that she had one very irritating habit—that of making people repeat their remarks. The reason for this, I concluded, was inattention. The American business man not only gets a thing the first time it is said to him, but generally catches it halfway. Perhaps this is the reason he is the cleverest business man in the world today. I had never known Mr. Bittner to fail to catch the full import on a first utterance, or Miss Krog, or William. If there was one thing Mr. Bittner would not tolerate it was lack of alertness. His people must be ever ready. I believe the thing that first won his favor, so far as I was concerned, was my eagerness to hear every word. I realized that I didn't know a thing about business and I wasn't willing to say anything that would expose my dense ignorance. Besides, it had always annoyed me to have women interrupt my narrative with a continual peppering of "Yes?" "Yes?" "Yes?" and other similar ejaculations that are supposed to show an interest. Men as a rule have not this annoying habit. They listen without interrupting. I had early copied this habit which I admired in men, and I believe this was one of the reasons Bittner had found me valuable to him. His ideas were never checked or lost through interruption. His talking to me was a sort of thinking aloud while I took it all down. Women everywhere chatter too much and listen altogether too little. Even when they appear to listen, half the time it is a pose—they are just thinking up something to say when their chance comes. Socially they have been responsible for the conversation, and when they go into business they are apt to carry this habit along. They become a source of confusion to employers who would otherwise find their value and develop them from working girls into business women.

Bittner's Snappy Letters

After Blanche left I had Miss Abbot work more directly with me so that she could get an all-round idea of the business. I felt sure that there was value in the girl and I made up my mind to bring it out. One day I handed her a number of carbon copies of letters that I expected to add to our ready-made letter books. I asked her to revise them, making them as terse as possible without losing their spirit. She had had occasion to read our letters and knew the Bittner style.

When she handed me her work toward closing time I found that she had translated our business language into cold, stilted, dignified English, eliminating every ordinary expression, every meaty phrase. I went over the letters with her, explaining her mistake.

"But Miss Gale, how disrespectful! 'Just salt that down,' for instance. How much better to say: 'Kindly put that away in some safe place where it will not be forgotten.'"

"The former is more graphic and more Bittnerish," I said. "This company is built up on Mr. Bittner's personality."

"Beg pardon?"

I repeated.

She sat thinking for some moments:

"Then he is what is known as a self-made man?"

The idea seemed to trouble her; but she quickly brightened. "He will be an interesting study. I never knew one—that is, intimately." I could not help smiling at the thought of her and Bittner knowing each other intimately.

Still I held to my original belief that the girl had ability if only she could acquire a business viewpoint, and as she seemed to want very much to make good I decided to try her on some other kind of work. The next morning I called her to my desk.

"Miss Abbot," I began.

"Beg pardon?"

"I was about to suggest," I went on, deadening my irritation, "that you make some business calls. I know you are really ambitious to become a good business woman."

"Indeed I am."

"I want you to call on several booksellers to see if they can't move our business books. We are overstocked and I must turn them into money."

I handed her a list of addresses. "These three firms have handled our books in the past, but see if they won't push them on a low cut price."

Miss Abbot blushed and I was sorry for her. This sort of thing had been so hard for me at first.

"I'll try, Miss Gale, but it seems to me perfectly impossible."

She returned a couple of hours later. "It wasn't at all bad," she said in a surprised tone. "The men were all lovely."

"Make any deals?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Did you accomplish anything—get any business?"

"Well, not exactly. You see they didn't seem much interested, but they were all just as nice as they could be."

"You mean they were polite and pleasant to you personally? That isn't business, Miss Abbot."

"What could I do?"

"You should have remembered every second that you were there as a representative of a commodity. Unless you made that commodity more vital to those men than your own personality as an attractive young woman, you utterly failed in your mission. The small concessions made on account of your charm will never mount up large enough to make you a successful business woman. I give business to the men who convince me by cold facts that they have what I want. And you must get business in the same way. You will always be treated politely, because you are a well-bred, charming person; but you will never be a business woman till you make the thing you represent loom larger than yourself. You must sink yourself in business, die personally for your business' sake. It's just like setting up an advertisement with an attractive border and beautiful illustrations that fairly bury the commodity. The space may attract attention, but not to the right thing."

"I suppose I wasted the forenoon," she said, crestfallen.

"No, for you have learned a thing or two."

The next morning I remembered that I had not sent my copy to a big daily.

"Miss Abbot," I said, "will you please hustle this copy over to the Evening Mail and see if they can give us the top of the column next to reading matter today, and if not, to-morrow?"

"Beg pardon?"

It seemed almost too much to have to say all that over again. Impatiently I repeated my commission.

She seemed very much surprised. "Where is William?" she asked.

"Covell's."

"Beg pardon?"

"He has gone to Covell's."

Her eyes turned to Mr. Dumble.

"He is editing letters," I said.

"Beg pardon?"

"Mr. Dumble is editing letters," I screamed. "Miss Abbot, is it possible that you are a little deaf?"

"Deaf! How absurd!" She got that. "Why can't I edit letters?"

"Because you don't know business English; you only know college English. They are your letters that he is editing. Hurry, please. This advertisement must go in to-night if possible."

She got up, stiffly reluctant.

"How do I find the advertising manager?"

"Inquire."

"Beg pardon?"

"Inquire at the newspaper office," I repeated.

An hour later she returned and put the copy on my desk.

"He wasn't there," she said shortly, and started to her own desk.

A Hopeless Case

"Wasn't there? Why didn't you find out where he was and go to him, or find some one else that would do?"

"I beg your pardon?"

I repeated, feeling tired and cross.

"Miss Gale," she said sweetly, "really I can't see why I should do an office boy's work. I sent in my card and asked to see the advertising manager. When he didn't come I returned to the office. I think I have done all that could be expected under the circumstances."

"Miss Abbot," I said firmly, "you have never done all that is expected until you have done the thing you set out to do. There is no financial value in attempts. Achievement alone goes down on the ledger."

"I don't quite understand your asking me to do a humiliating thing," she said in a beautifully intoned voice. I thought of lame little Miss Carrel and how she would have jumped at the chance.

"The one vital thing in this office this morning was to get that copy in an afternoon paper," I answered. "It wasn't of the least importance what you thought or felt about it. You should have landed that copy—that is, if you are sincere in wanting to be a business woman—had you been obliged to climb a dozen stairways and interview as many smudged printers. To a business woman nothing should have mattered except getting that copy in. Now I shall go myself."

When I returned Miss Abbot seemed to have thought it all out, and she had her theory ready. She was dreamily thoughtful and wholly complacent.

"Miss Gale," she said with sweet, forgiving patience, "don't you think our viewpoints are decided by our family, position and all that sort of thing? Now you see you've been a working girl. What would be second nature to you would be a menial act to me."

"Yes," I answered, "while you have been learning how, I've been doing it."

"Beg pardon?"

"I mean," I began as calmly as I could, "while you have been studying at college how to meet life I have been meeting it. This makes us unequally equipped."

"Exactly!" she agreed with satisfaction.

I turned to my letters. Presently I looked up to see what Miss Abbot was doing. Her fine brow was drawn. She seemed to have got something more out of our talk that was unpleasant to her. She was not a dull young person, but her college training was terribly in her way. When she should coordinate theory with practice and lose herself in her work she would do first-rate.

A Pair of Parasites

But all this would take time, and I needed immediately more pliable help. Did it exist? Yes, always there had been Miss Carrel; but such material as she would not remain an under-employee long. I had meant to advertise for more college girls, but I gave it up. They brought no background of business knowledge to their work and they had troublesome theories. The most ordinary man, the most commonplace office girl brought more of immediate value. But then again these people had no ambition and they were unpleasant to have about.

All the girls had gone to lunch and I sat wondering what type of woman I had best try next. College women, judged by Miss Abbot, were a doubtful quantity; business women, judged by Miss Waters and Miss Tappin, were the best after all. Little as I liked these women, they had proved themselves resourceful. They had that blessed quality handed down from generations of women who rocked the baby's cradle with their toes while they knitted their husbands' socks and kept an eye on the bread in the oven.

They did a great deal, it seemed to me, in minus time, where poor Mr. Dumble made an event of each act on the program. I had about decided that I would be compelled to get some more of the Waters-Tappin type, when the two came into the operating room together. They had become great chums. I heard the rattling of a newspaper.

"Grandest thing I ever heard of," Miss Waters exclaimed, reading from the paper. "A stenographer marries her millionaire employer of eighty; she's only nineteen—her first job too. No such pick-ups in this office."

"There's Mr. Dumble," facetiously put in Miss Tappin.

"Him! Rats! He'll never make the price of a maid. Besides, look whose claws are in him."

"Guess Bittner's lined with gold all right, all right, and he's a bachelor."

"Umph! It's plain enough who's got him landed. Bet she took him away from Krog too. There isn't any love lost there. I'm for pulling out of here." I slipped quickly out by the private-office door. No, these were not business women; they were business parasites, looking for men to marry and support them. I could not stand any more of their class. In some way I must find real women.

I lingered a long time over lunch, thinking out the entire help problem. At last I squarely faced the fact that our business had been undergoing a metamorphosis since the beginning of the Fifty Principles success, and I had been too much engrossed in the details of my own work to view the thing as a whole. The better class of trade that we were now getting did not call for so

(Continued on Page 65

This Tube Keeps Pressure Up

Too many motorists consider the inner tube in the light of negative virtues.

If a tube doesn't actually "go flat" on the road, or put them to the pump at inconvenient times, they think it adequate, and are satisfied.

Their point of view costs them money.

For a tube, to serve at full utility, must do more than merely contain air temporarily—it must *hold* that air, day in and day out, against shock or blow, or whatever the road has to offer.

It must have the positive virtue of enforcing the last mile of service of which the casing is capable, and it lacks this virtue if it permits underinflation at any time.

We advise all motorists to buy *Goodyear* Tubes if they are at all concerned with the economical upkeep of their tires.

We build Goodyear Tubes to *hold* air—make them up from many paper-thin sheets of fine rubber, laid one upon another and vulcanized together into a perfect air-retaining unit.

We vulcanize even the valve-patch *in*—not stick it *on*—and here eliminate one of the commonest causes of tube trouble.

We make them *thicker*—that they may last longer.

For sustained and severe service we recommend the Heavy Tourist type. It is especially thick, rugged and vigorous, slightly higher-priced than other tubes—and *better*.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Weitzel Lock—Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

GOODYEAR

AKRON

ITS QUALITIES ARE IN HARMONY

Obviously, the bitterest foe to the tire's long life is the battering of the road.

And the ordinary tire's commonest failure has been in its inability to escape this punishment.

Built up of numerous plies of stout canvas, its activity was strangled in the grip of tight cross-weave, and it depended for survival upon resistance.

It suffered every shock of travel in unaverted collision, took issue with every impact, passed on, or gave to ruin.

Its strength was an invaluable adjunct to generous tire service; its stiffness a grave handicap.

Its qualities were in conflict.

Back in 1904, we realized the limitations of the then popular type of tire construction, and strove to evolve the remedy.

We sought to perfect a tire combining activity and strength in extreme measure —one at once stalwart and spry, lively and enduring.

We wanted a tire so athletic and vigorous, that instead of thudding blindly into obstruction as did the old type, it would meet such obstruction adroitly, absorbing the shock into its own resilience.

We wanted a tire that sprang, rather than bumped; that exercised, rather than toiled; that served, rather than suffered.

We found it easy to develop a resilient tire at the sacrifice of strength, and easy to develop a strong tire at the sacrifice of resilience.

Our difficulty lay in combining the two at the sacrifice of neither—in retaining the strength of hardy fabric, freed of the binding action of cross-weave.

Season after season we experimented, tested, improved and tested again, until we arrived at that perfected construction which is today's Goodyear Cord Tire.

Its qualities are in harmony.

Its peculiar construction has for a basis thousands of light, pliant cords, tightly-twisted and densely strong, established side by side in the tire-structure layer upon layer, *without interweave*.

Each cord and each layer is insulated and upholstered with a springy cushion of pure rubber—each cord and each layer is free to exercise, flex and recover, independently of the rest, without contact, without friction.

Thus to the multiplied stoutness of the thousands of cords is joined the unhampered elasticity of quick rubber—making a tire-body almost invulnerably strong, yet spry, active and fast as a tempered spring.

Over so sound and efficient a structure finally is treaded a fine-grained, wear-resisting, amazingly vigorous stock—generously laid on, in both the big-blocked All-Weather and easy-steering Ribbed tread designs.

The result is a completed Goodyear Cord Tire—easy-gaited as a coyote, possessing the stamina of a bulldog—costing more, in materials and make-up, to build and to buy, and worth it.

A tire that will quicken your car, encourage its motor, deliver you more miles from every gallon of gasoline, protect your satisfaction, and engage your good-will.

A tire competent in all ways to carry you farther, last you longer, serve you truer.

A tire whose quality makes it higher-priced—and *better*.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

An old-time advertisement of

WALTHAM WATCHES

This reproduction of an old-time advertisement of "THE WALTHAM AND HER TIME" appeared in the "Time is the test" series of advertisements in a recent issue of

This reproduction of an old-time advertisement of Waltham Watches appeared originally in a recent issue of

as an advertisement by the Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

As this whimsical old engraving indicates, your watch is with you by day and by night. How important, then, that the watch should be a good watch! In a quite intimate association it presides silently and unobtrusively over your goings and comings. If it be a faithful and enduring time-piece, it travels with you all the length of the way and tells the Truth throughout the journey.

It is this companionship and this loyal service which have made the Waltham Watch a prized possession for three quarters of a century. In every part of the globe it has done its duty unswervingly and won universal good report, until now at Waltham stands the largest watch factory in all the world, proud in tradition and unrivaled in scientific and artistic resources.

It is no cause for wonder that practically every improvement in the watch-making industry during the past half century has originated at Waltham. The lead taken in the days of the old advertisement has been steadily maintained. Today the Waltham Watch Company produces the only complete variety of jeweled watches and the leading watch in each grade.

Measured by the tests of History, Art, Science, and actual Use by millions of people, the Waltham is the premier watch of the world—*the* watch for your pocket!

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY
WALTHAM, MASS.

"Borrige & Kemp Will Follow Me Up Till One of Us Is Ditched"

(Continued from Page 61)

many follow-up letters. Most of our business came from the number-one and number-two letters, where formerly it had come from numbers four and five. The type of men who had become interested in the Fifty Principles knew at once whether or not they wanted a thing, and if they had been sufficiently interested to send in an inquiry they generally subscribed. They didn't have to be begged, and cajoled, and made club offers, and given premiums, and so on. This was the beauty of appealing to high-grade men in a high-grade manner. Consequently we needed fewer follow-up girls of the cheaper class and more good stenographers and instructors of an intelligent class. The tail of the business, in other words, was shortening while the head was expanding. From an ordinary mail-order house with its never-ending follow-ups and reminders, we were becoming a highly specialized concern. This change was bringing the employees more directly under my management and lessening Miss Krog's responsibility and authority.

Places for Two

I foresaw trouble ahead. Miss Krog would not readily yield her reins. And yet, though she was the ideal forewoman to drive a lot of unintelligent, half-baked workers through an enormous amount of routine work, she was not equipped for handling women of a higher order, whose interest must be enlisted. The typists under her care were a careless, indifferent, giggling, gum-chewing set of young animals, full of youthful nonsense and without ambition. Miss Krog got them at bargain rates, and like all bargains they had serious flaws. They were poor spellers, knew little of punctuation and did nothing to improve themselves. Miss Krog had had no business experience except what she had got with the firm of Bittner & Binks, and she had early been trained by Binks in close economy. She could not see that an inefficient girl was expensive at any price.

On their reading table I had been careful to place a number of business magazines along with the popular ones, but these gathered dust from day to day. Since Miss Carrel's departure not one had been opened. The girls' talk, whenever I chanced to overhear it at noon, was of their "friends," their dresses, a dance or some other purely personal matter. Frequently they speculated on the probability of a raise and discussed other firms that paid better. And all the time I was watching for girls that I could make into efficient business women, girls who were worth a raise

I took a pencil and paper and figured the thing out by actual mathematics. An ordinary six-dollar-a-week girl could do twenty pages of plain copying or forty letters from dictation in one day. I must dictate slowly, frequently redictate later in the day when the whole thing had gone from my mind, and confine my language to the typist's understanding. A twelve-dollar-a-week girl did forty pages of copying a day, or sixty letters from dictation, required less than half as much of my time and very seldom any assistance with her notes. My time, which ranked as the most valuable in the office, was being wasted to save a few paltry dollars.

I saw a most disagreeable task ahead of me. I must make Miss Krog see this question of cheap help as I saw it. She prided herself on running the place economically. She would obey an order from Mr. Bittner without question, but I wondered how she would treat one from me? Was this to be my Waterloo, this revolution I had in mind on the help problem?

Well, it had to be done at any cost. I could run the office without Miss Krog, if I must—I had proved that during her vacation; and the business could not suffer to save the feelings of even the oldest employee. But the immediate problem was that of better help for the Fifty Principles department. Where could I find serious-minded, ambitious, womanly women who would respect their work and my orders and become permanent with us? All at once I remembered my own serious attitude toward business when I began with Bittner & Binks at four dollars a week. I had clung to my job because it had meant my actual bread and butter; I had shivered at every symptom of disfavor. I decided then and there to get rid of Miss Waters and Miss Tappin and employ others to whom a job meant life or death; women situated as men usually are, with some one depending on them, women who felt the seriousness of living, women who must earn. I got up at once, went back to my office and wrote an advertisement something like this:

"I have a place for two women of education and common sense who write legibly; but they must have others dependent on them for support. Preference given to desperate women."

It was a blind advertisement.

Saturday I let Miss Waters and Miss Tappin go, and sent my advertisement to a Sunday paper. Late Sunday afternoon I called at the newspaper office, for I knew that desperate women would answer at once. I received forty-nine answers. It made my heart sick. How well I remembered the old, long, terrible trail of the educated but untrained woman looking for work! I believed that a great deal of excellent material went to waste because of the unwillingness of employers to take on inexperienced help. The inexperienced woman often brings other things to business that equal if they do not exceed in value the experience so generally demanded.

If only I had forty-nine places to fill! I carried the letters home and carefully read and sorted them. Two especially appealed to me as good material. These women wrote legibly and concisely, whereas most of them wrote long, rambling stories of their woes. They stated their case, but with dignified reserve, almost a flinching from the revealment. There was no apparent effort to appeal to my sympathies. One said that her husband had acquired the cocaine habit from severe illness and that she now had to support him and their baby girl of three years. She wasn't sure that there was anything that she could do in business, but if trying had any value she could recommend herself. The letter was terse, crisp and spirited. The woman signed herself Mary Coontz.

The other was a widow with a son whom she was trying to keep in school. The boy had lost a leg in a street-car accident while selling papers, and now as he would never be able to do active work she was trying to give him a chance to develop a talent he seemed to have for modeling. She believed the child had genius. She had been sewing in the dressmaking department of a large suit house, but could not make enough to pay expenses. She had tramped the streets looking for work, but her lack of experience was against her—she could not get a hearing anywhere. She confessed that there was really nothing she could think of that she could do in a business way. She had been educated in a convent, and on leaving school had married. Her husband had been dead two years. She signed herself Mrs. Winifred Gray with the "Mrs." in brackets.

To each of these two women I sent a special-delivery letter asking them to report at our office at eight o'clock on Monday morning. Then I put the forty-seven other letters away for future use.

Both women were there when I got down—I knew they would be—and I was favorably impressed. Mrs. Coontz was a thin, pale woman with very bright black eyes and a nervous manner. She was as quick as a steel trap. On second glance I decided that her plainness arose from lack of time to dress carefully, and she had lost two front teeth which made an ugly gap in her mouth. Her hands were pitifully hardened and lined and cracked. They suggested lifting, washing, scrubbing, cooking, mending.

Desperate Women at Work

Mrs. Gray was a totally different type. She was even-featured and womanly, and had not lost her natural daintiness in the struggle. Her shabby black dress—a semblance of mourning—had evidently been dyed and many times turned and her neat lace collar, spotlessly white, was much darned. She had a wistful pretty mouth and soft appealing hazel eyes in which rested the shadow of much suffering.

I employed them both, and as they entered the operating room after me a suppressed snicker arose from the young typists. I looked up quickly and the noise died away. It is strange that young women can be so thoughtless as to be unkind to shabby members of their own sex, but they are as a rule, even as men are. They don't see the pity of it—not till they see inside and know the personal history. Bittner would lay it to lack of imagination. I doubt if any male employer in the city would have seen value that Monday morning in those two sadly depressed women with haunted eyes. The general run would have seen only the poor clothes, the work-hardened hands, and a job of scrubbing would have rounded out their idea for them.

I talked over my idea in hiring these women with Miss Krog and solicited her coöperation. I did not want them to suffer from the forewoman's prejudice as well as from their own inexperience.

William moved two tables into the private office, so that I could oversee the work of my new assistants. Also this removed them from the prying eyes of the perky young typists. Then I carefully explained their tasks and put the Fifty Principles course into their hands to read. I counted on their trouble-matured brains grasping the whole plan and seeing its significance. These women had married men who had struggled and gone down.

They knew failure in all its starkness and barrenness. It had eaten into their souls. I believed the Fifty Principles would grip them, and I wanted them gripped. I wanted them to respect the work and put themselves wholly into it.

At closing time Mrs. Gray looked up from her reading with shining eyes. "May I take these talks home to read to Harold?" she asked eagerly.

"I am sorry," I said, "but we can't let anything pertaining to the Fifty Principles go out of the office. Maybe after awhile I can arrange for him to take the course."

That was the first point of gain. She regarded the work seriously; there was nothing flippant in her attitude. It meant something—something big—to make business men. And to be able to do the work I had outlined would mean an end to the long, weary, heartrending search for a position. Mrs. Coontz showed equal interest in her own way.

Knowing nothing of business, having no previous ideas on the subject and realizing their own lacks, they respected every order, they took no liberties.

By the end of the week I was so well satisfied with my two assistants that I believed no further problems remained in my immediate department. I went to see Mr. Bittner and found him sitting up. He said he would be at the office in a few days. I was glad, but not nearly so glad as I should have been some weeks earlier. Thrown on my own resources, I had carried the thing through, and now I did not feel especially burdened.

The day Bittner returned to the office Miss Krog uttered one "Oh," then looked at me reproachfully. He was a shadow of his former self. She suddenly understood but she said nothing. He went about the office, noted the changes, then came back and sat down by my desk. He gazed disapprovingly at the two desks of my assistants. Mrs. Coontz was busy but Mrs. Gray's chair was vacant. I saw that this close proximity of others bothered him.

"They can move into the operating room now that you are back," I said, assuming the initiative through recent habit. "It does crowd us too much."

"Everything goin' all right?" he asked.

"Splendidly! There is not one thing to worry about now, Mr. Bittner. It's just clear sailing on smooth seas."

He smiled a slow, amused smile.

"You can just as well take that Great Lakes trip as not." The doctor had advised this and I knew he ought to follow the advice. "All the bad places are passed. Please go!"

Quiet little Mrs. Gray came to us, bearing a cup of tea. She had evidently gone to the rest room to make it. "It will do you good," she said in a low sweet voice. "It helped my husband through the business day after he'd been ill."

Bittner looked as though the heavens had fallen, but thank goodness he accepted the cup. Mrs. Gray went back to her work and he stared after her. Then he turned to me: "I thought you kept things dark."

"I did, Mr. Bittner. It's you who give it away—you look ill. You won't be any

(Continued on Page 68)

"A Stenographer Marries Her Millionaire Employer. No Such Pick-Ups in This Office"

This is REAL

How Fisk Service Will Benefit YOU

THOUSANDS of car owners have acquired the habit of going to a Fisk Branch on a certain day in the week, almost on the identical hour, month after month throughout the year, to have tires tested for air pressure.

They know from experience that regular and frequent inspection by Fisk Service Men is actually giving them from 1500 to 2000 additional tire mileage.

They have learned how important is the need for uniform air pressure. They understand that to let tires vary a few pounds in pressure from day to day is to invite trouble and unnecessary expense.

They know that their tires are more uniformly efficient, and that the upkeep costs are lower when they are given the right kind of attention. And so they have learned to depend upon Fisk Free Tire Service because it is thoroughly reliable and ***makes those added miles possible at no added expense.***

Air testing is only a part of Fisk Free Service—only one of the reasons why these thousands of car owners have the "Fisk Habit"—only one of the many kinds of help and advice found in Fisk Free Service that makes possible the utmost enjoyment and satisfaction in the use of tires, without the expenditure of a single penny. ***This is real tire service.***

Tire Service

The Fisk Service policy is as definite, as uniform, and as firmly established as is the policy for the production, distribution and sale of Fisk Tires.

It reduces tire costs and increases mileage. It is free at every Fisk Branch, to everyone who drives a car.

Anyone, regardless of the tires used, may enjoy this Free Service at any Fisk Branch, without charge and with no sense of obligation—**this is the Fisk policy and it is unique in the industry.** Take advantage of it.

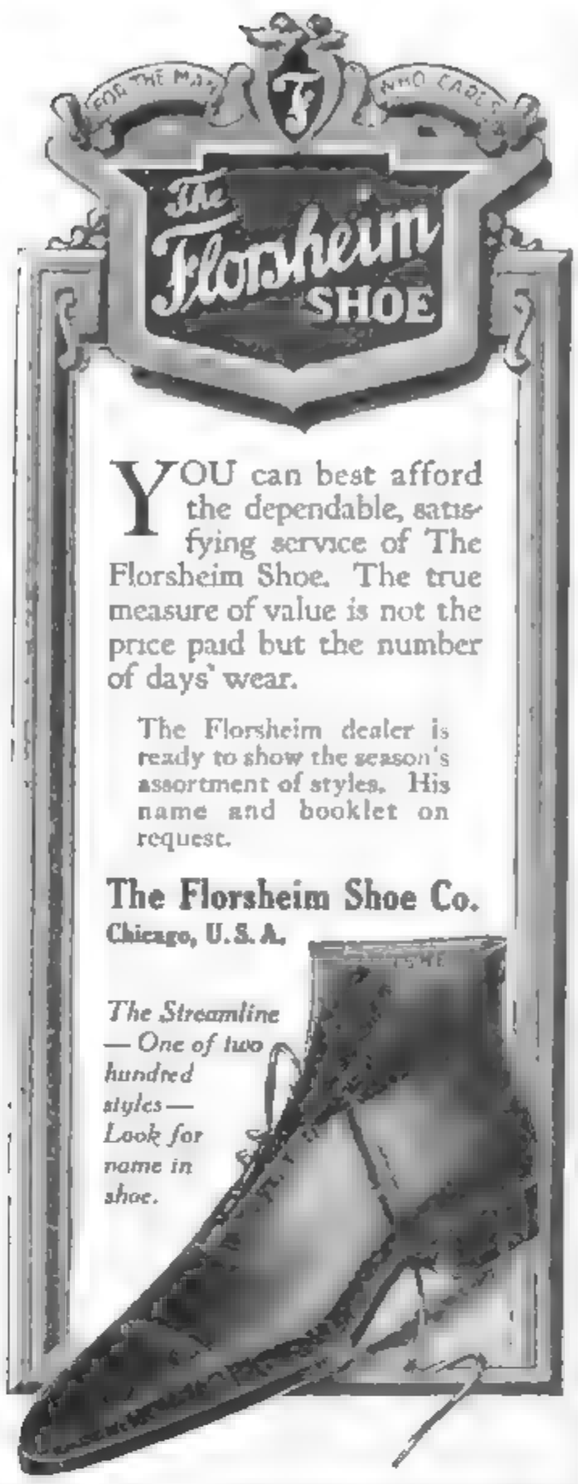
Time to Re-tire? Buy Fisk!

FISK FREE SERVICE BRANCHES

Akron, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Fisk Co. of Texas

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Manufacturers of Fisk Tires and Tubes



YOU can best afford the dependable, satisfying service of The Florsheim Shoe. The true measure of value is not the price paid but the number of days' wear.

The Florsheim dealer is ready to show the season's assortment of styles. His name and booklet on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U.S.A.

The Streamline — One of two hundred styles — Look for name in shoe.

Ivory Garter
For Comfort
It doesn't bind—has no hot, sweaty pad—is very light—contains no metal to rust and tear socks or cause blood-poisoning. The Ivory Garter has beautiful fittings. It is the pride of the well-dressed man. Although materials are advancing in price its well-known quality will not vary.
Prices:
Silk 50 cts. Silk Finish 25 cts.
Men's Side Garter
For those men who do not
Dealers. Order from your jobber or direct. Write for
Ivory Garter Co.
Sole Mfrs
New Orleans
U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 65)

advantage to the office looking like that; better take the lake trip and get toned up a bit."

"Where'd you find that woman?"

I smiled. The ministering mother-woman in an office certainly was an anomaly, and in the Bittner & Binks office at that! Poor innocent soul, she hadn't known any better than to be humanly kind to the president of the company!

"Advertised—the way we find all good things," I answered lightly. He turned and looked at her, but her head was bent in close attention to her work. Then he drank the tea. I happened to know that he loathed tea.

"I'll take that lake trip," he said, screwing up his face and pulling out his knife; my heart leaped—it was the old Bittner, "because it's such a smooth sea here. As smooth," he went on, "as any other black, snaky sea just before a storm. I'll take the trip just to be good and ready. There's goin' to be a fight—a fight to the finish this time. There ain't goin' to be any dividin' this field!"

He began to hack at his pencil. The perspiration broke out all over his face and his hands trembled. He laid down the pencil and knife.

"Just keep on holdin' things level," he said, rising. "I'll be back in ten days."

He had spoken no word of praise or commendation, but I knew the way of the man and I did not need it. He would probably never say that the changes I had made in the office were of value, but on the other hand he expected the people he associated with himself to use their brains, and if they failed to do so they didn't travel far in his boat, that was all. Possibly few of those who were dropped from time to time knew just why.

Back From a Holiday

The course of study was booming along evenly and regularly, with new subscribers coming in every day, and the department was now running as on oiled wheels. As I thought over Bittner's words I made myself believe that he was imagining trouble ahead; that his fight was an impression left over from his long illness.

Already we were getting tremendous appreciation. A merchant in Iowa wrote that one talk alone that had especially covered his case was worth the price of the whole set. A man in Georgia said he wished he had had them ten years earlier, but he believed they were gingery enough to knock off ten years. A traveling salesman said they occupied the time he had generally given to poker between towns, and the amazing thing about them was that they were just as interesting.

I opened a new file for notes of appreciation. In each case I wrote the subscriber asking whether he would object to our quoting him. As a rule the permission was granted. In a few cases, where subscribers were in important positions, they felt that they could not afford to have their names so used. I never urged the matter or filed a letter for use without the owner's permission.

Bittner returned, tanned, filled out and in pretty fair health. My two assistants had moved into the general operating room. He sat down by my desk, and immediately by some magic we were back on the old footing. I began at the beginning and gave him a detailed history of everything of importance that had occurred since his incarceration in the hospital.

"And now," he began, without comment on my recital, "the thing is the fall advertisin'. Borrige & Kemp have got nearly our whole set of talks, problems and letters; they've just about got it all in their office and their own course ready to spring. They've taken space beginning with September in all the magazines we cover and a lot besides, and ——"

"But, Mr. Bittner, you don't mean to tell me that they are actually stealing the Fifty Principles outright like that?"

He looked at me pityingly.

"They've been stealin' since the day our first Fifty Principles advertisement appeared. Been gettin' ready; they maybe didn't do nothin' expensive till those June advertisements, but ——"

"Why then?"

"Couldn't a blind man see that they were thought of late and in a hurry with all that telegraphin' to change the copy? And wouldn't an idiot know that nothin' could have inspired a sudden change of tactics but an inrush of inquiries, which meant that the thing had caught on? Of course they got next. Too many talkers in the business to keep a thing like that bottled."

"Oh, Mr. Bittner, then I did wrong to go in the June issues!"

"No, you didn't. It just brought the thing to a head faster, that's all; and it might as well come to a head first as last. If you'd stayed out they'd have dropped it for the time bein', thinkin' the scheme had failed; but you'd have lost the value of continuous advertising—lost the good, healthy start that can be got only by plowin' straight ahead. The loss of confidence engendered by stayin' out would have been worse for us than havin' Borrige & Kemp on our backs. For we gotta have 'em till we get 'em under our feet, till we're settin' in their offices!"

Then he had not been delirious that other time. I began to wonder more and more about these determined rivals.

"It looks to me personal," I said at last. "Why should they follow you up so closely! Why not some other firm? It looks personal."

He gazed at me steadily for a long time, his eyes narrowed to a squint.

"If you keep on thinkin'," he said at last, "you're goin' to be real wide awake yet."

I felt humiliated. "If I have made any mistakes by taking the initiative the past ten weeks," I said stiffly, "I am prepared to pay the costs." Then I told him about selling my ranch for sixty thousand dollars and using it to pay the advertising bills, thus getting the benefit of the discount for cash. It had saved a good deal of money—as well as the immediate situation.

He stared at me in amazement, then turned his narrowed eyes to Mrs. Gray, where they rested a moment on her bent head; then back to me.

"Well, I'll be durned!" he said. "Women are unexpected sort o' critters!"

"They are worth knowing, Mr. Bittner," I said hotly. "Few men have gone that far in their study of human nature. It limits them dreadfully."

He smiled a peculiarly maddening, superior sort of a smile. It angered me.

"You think of them just as detailists, you men," I said, "just in business to do your bidding, and carry out your ideas, and do the work you plan—and hate to do. But if you only knew it they bring a lot besides to business. They bring heart and sympathy and loyalty. When they see a business in danger they stick all the closer, and they care and they try to help carry it. What does a man do? He sees the business tottering, and he lights out and finds a job with a solid house. The very mother-nature in women makes them stick and work and try all the harder at the first sign of weakness. And besides heart and sympathy and loyalty, they've got a kind of judgment that you men lack. They get hold of the work and they go steadily ahead with it; they get interested."

The Fighting Spirit

"Look at Mrs. Gray over there. She doesn't know she is working—she's having a good time. She enjoys every one of those problems. It's just like helping her little boy at night over his slate. Watch her face. It lights up with each envelope she opens, and she smiles or frowns or looks troubled or pleased as she finds the answers satisfactory or otherwise. She's human about it all. She's flesh and blood. She doesn't make as good time as Mrs. Coontz does, but she is just as valuable, for she enters into the subscriber's needs and is so very earnest, so very sympathetic. This office is now running like a good home, Mr. Bittner, just because we've got some good home women in it—and some mothers of men! And you and other men would toss it all off with a phrase—'good detailists.'"

I stopped, breathless. I had not meant to say so much, but once in a while Mr. Bittner succeeded in arousing my indignation past the point of control.

His eyes were still narrowed down to a slant and he seemed looking away toward a far horizon.

"I don't know much about homes," he said slowly at last, "but from all I hear, I gather that the house machinery runs smooth when the enemies on the outside are taken care of right. It's enemies everywhere: With nations it's other nations; with business it's rivals; it's fight all through and in every quarter. Women ain't naturally got the fightin' spirit."

"Haven't they?" I challenged, looking him evenly in the eyes.

"They'll maybe fight for a man, or with a man or because of a man or their children or somethin' like that, but they won't just plain fight for the sake o' fightin'."

"Of course not; it's not nice!"

"That's just the point. They think it's not nice! They don't put a high value on a good fightin' spirit."

"And you men don't put a high value on a good peaceful spirit," I retorted. "You take it for granted when it's really a great achievement. Women have always made it their business to work for social harmony, and they've achieved a high degree of efficiency as socializers. But you just call it—oh, well, we'll say a woman's way. But I want to tell you it means just as much in the business scheme as to be good fighters. Men don't understand the value in women. They think women are trying to usurp their place and take their job away, when they are not and never will. When women are really valuable it's when they bring to business qualities left out of men; when they supplement men."

Advertising Plans

Bittner smiled broadly and looked toward Dumble: "A fine lecture to give a fellow with an office full of women and just one man in his employ."

"That's just it. You've felt your way blindly to a truth, but you haven't recognized it. It's the recognition that I want."

He picked up a large red apple that William had placed on my desk. William and I were great friends. Then he took out his knife, and with infinite care laid it across the perfect apple and cut through the core. The two halves fell apart.

"It's like that, is it?" he asked. "Just two halves?"

"You've got it," I returned, laughing at his extreme care to halve the apple evenly.

"Then we'll get back to Borrige & Kemp," he said mildly. "They've no doubt got their plan ready, as I said, and they'll spring it in September. We gotta have September advertisements that'll knock the punch out of anything they may say or claim. It's gotta be evident at the first glance at the two advertisements that they're copyin' us. First off you put that history of the business on record at the historical society, and get their receipt. We'll have a half-tone made of it to reproduce."

"Oh, Mr. Bittner," I exclaimed, suddenly remembering, "there's the convention that I forgot all about. You've got your M. B. P. degree—your tag." I pulled open a drawer, found a copy of the paper with the write-up and spread it before him.

He took in the headlines, glanced through the body, then looked up and eyed me queerly.

"You're sure some woman!" he said. This was the first verbal praise I had had from him.

"It will take up a lot of space to use both," I replied, quickly getting down to business.

"We gotta use two pages and ——"

"Then it's true that Borrige & Kemp have ordered two pages?" Several representatives had reported to this effect some days earlier.

"It may and it may not be true; but we gotta come in full and strong and get photographed on the public eye as the originators of the idea of making business men. In the same publications Borrige & Kemp will come out with handsome copy, but it'll be their first issue on their new scheme. We gotta make it plain that we've been in the business some time—it'll be all o' six months, thanks to their tool, Wagner—and we've already got a list o' subscribers that'll stand as proof of our soundness. We gotta advertise from September on as if we were an old-established firm in the business o' making business men. We can't say so in so many words, but make the talks sound like history. Stir it thick with references to successful men who have subscribed, with stories of achievement, with suggestions of accomplishment—what has already been done. Make the advertisement sound like those of a strongly established, assured institution alongside one of these little mushroom copycat affairs. Give it age, solidity, strength, conservatism. Don't get any smack of newness in it. Make it a vivid contrast to every new, untried claim. Take our first advertisements with the suggestion all through of what we will be able to do for the business man, and offset 'em

(Concluded on Page 71)

Symbols of Security

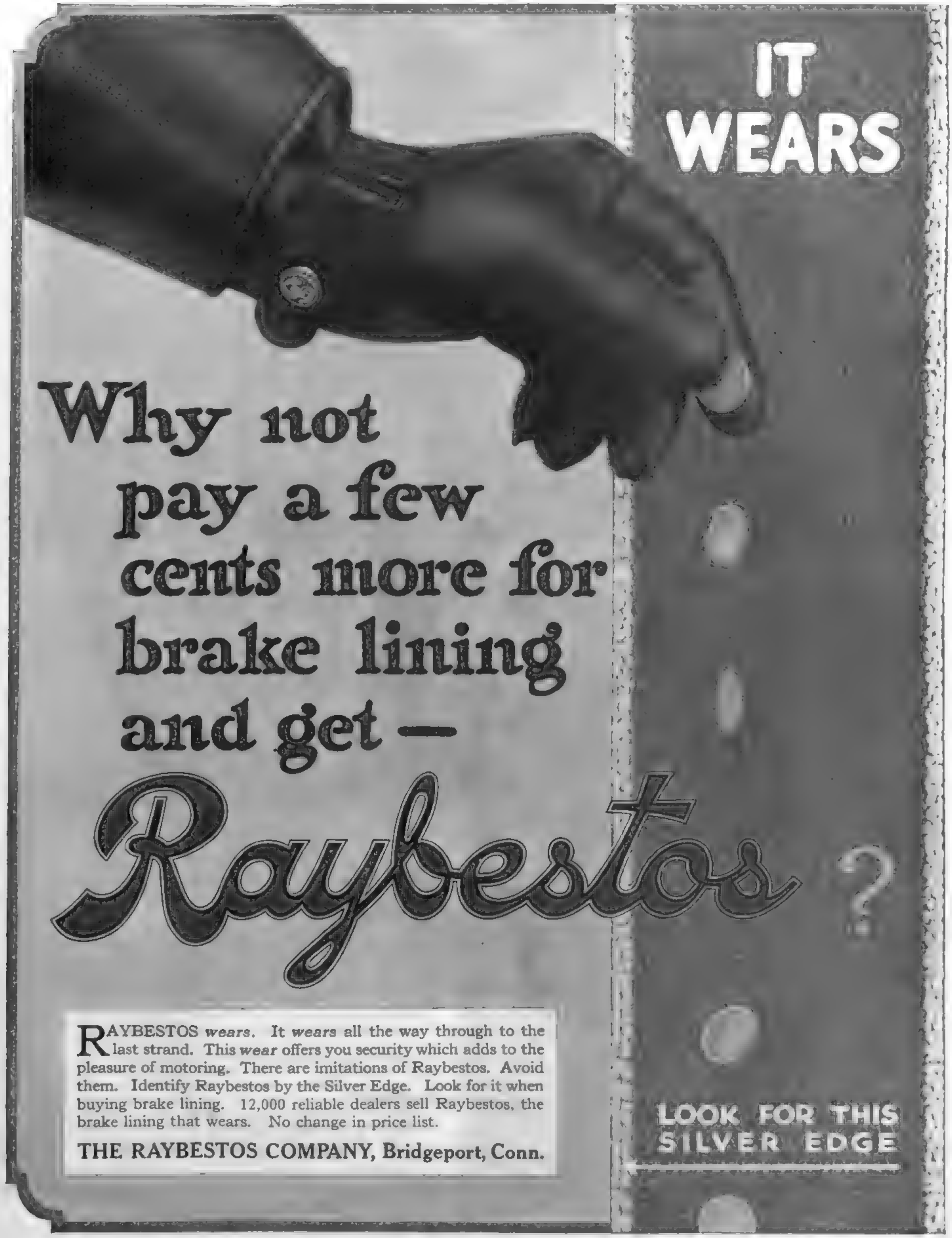
When the motoring world wants freedom from every form of tire trouble it looks with confidence to the Firestone Non-Skid Tire, the Colossus of Roads.

There is confidence in its safe, sure hold on any road, in any season. There is confidence in the resilient strength and mileage values in every Firestone Tire.

Above all, there is confidence in the quality on which the organization was built and in the Firestone name behind it, a symbol of security the world over.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio — Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Firestone



RAYBESTOS *wears*. It *wears* all the way through to the last strand. This *wear* offers you security which adds to the pleasure of motoring. There are imitations of Raybestos. Avoid them. Identify Raybestos by the Silver Edge. Look for it when buying brake lining. 12,000 reliable dealers sell Raybestos, the brake lining that wears. No change in price list.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.

(Concluded from Page 68)

with what we have done; only don't make any misstatements. Give the impression but watch your words."

"Mr. Bittner, if you don't mind telling me, how are you so sure that Borrige & Kemp are planning all this as you say?"

"It's in line with their work."

"Is that all you're going on?"

He eyed me queerly. "What more would you want to go on? If there was a thief round, and you left your diamond tiara out handy, what result would you expect?"

"But suppose in this one case you are all wrong. Suppose Borrige & Kemp should not have noticed our advertisements. Then won't our fall advertising be all out of key? In that case wouldn't it be better to have it harmonize with our original advertising?"

"There won't be no such case."

"How do you know?"

"Borrige & Kemp will follow me up till one of us is ditched."

"But why?"

"Why? Do you mean to tell me that it ain't never occurred to you —— Oh, you woman, I guess I gotta use language!"

He came nearer and whispered two words.

"Mr. Bittner!" I exclaimed, too astonished to say another thing.

"Fightin' maybe ain't nice, as you was a sayin' a while back," he went on mildly, "but I guess you see now it's to the last ditch all right."

Binks Comes to Life

After the first shock of the news that Binks, Bittner's old-time partner whom he had frozen out of the Bittner & Binks business after discovering Binks' plan to freeze him out, was the motive power back of the Borrige & Kemp Company, I asked myself why this had never occurred to me before.

With the passing of Binks out of our office on that stormy afternoon four years earlier he had, to my mind, passed off the planet. His exit had seemed a final one. His reappearance in the thick of our lives was shockingly incongruous. It was as if in a play a villain who had been killed in the first act should come on in the third to upset the whole tenor of the piece. Not that I regarded Binks altogether as a villain, even though on a plain statement of the facts he might be proved one. I had been too close to the fight and had understood too perfectly the fierce antagonism that existed between the men to have all my sympathies on one side. They were of such different timber that each was totally incapable of doing the other justice.

Binks had been the office drudge, attending personally to such duties as were now mine. Bittner, then as now, had been the man on the outside, generally absent from the office, picking up ideas and working out schemes the value of which Binks was unable to estimate correctly. From Binks' point of view, Bittner shared in the profits of a business to which he contributed virtually no labor. From Bittner's point of view, Binks was a slow-witted, obstinate, unimaginative plodder who held the business back. Their separation was inevitable, as each was tenacious of his own ideas.

The fact that Binks had precipitated the disruption by a conspiracy to close Bittner out, and that the latter, by his swiftness of action, had turned the tables on him, would naturally intensify the hatred with which Binks regarded his former partner. He had been seized in Bittner's quick, sure grasp, thrown out and the door closed upon him; and then he had been forgotten. But he had not forgotten. He had assembled a mightier force than ours and returned to crush us. It wasn't then merely the case of two rivals, each seeking the lion's share of the public's money, but of two men influenced by natural antagonism and personal animosity, each fighting to win at the price of the other's ruin.

Poor Mr. Binks! He had not been able to save even his name from the catastrophe—Bittner got that too. I could see how it must gall him every time he saw it in print, and that was pretty often, as it was in every publication of importance.

As I thought over the situation I realized clearly our peril. Binks had in an unusual degree the ability to absorb and give out another's ideas. Supply him with a text, and he could write pages on it, never getting away from the original thought. He was uneducated, illiterate, but he had the gift of language. Words would flow and sentences round out, and he could hold forth on a suggestion he had just caught from another with a warmth and fervor that made the thing appear to be his own. He had so completely absorbed Bittner's ideas when the two men were in business together that he had actually come to consider himself their originator.

Bittner gave me the details of Binks' business experience since leaving us. It seemed that he had been able to interest capital and had become the working partner in an old, well-established publishing house that had lost ground of late years. The men who had built up the business had died, and the principal inheritor, David Kemp, suffered from rheumatism and spent most of his time at European health resorts. Binks had made good on the new departure, the publishing of business books, and the management was now left wholly to him. The fact that the firm was located in New York was an advantage, as so many people look to New York as the natural book center. Binks had been wise in associating with himself eminent college professors with many letters after their names, who had written books to which he had given high-sounding titles. Combined with this he brought to the New York concern the practical experience of the practical business man—and Binks was a good business man of his kind, there was no question about that. He had used the personal human quality in his correspondence, had made his office, in fact, a copy of the old-time Bittner & Binks office, and he had won out.

I went to work at once from the vantage ground of my new knowledge. I collected Borrige & Kemp advertisements for a year back and studied their appeal. Then I settled down to our fall advertising in a spirit of dogged determination. We must win. I must have ideas and language and pith and point. I prayed for ideas—gingery selling ideas.

Bittner never had been so critical of his advertising as he was that summer. I would work on an advertisement until I was dizzy, getting in the points, the levers that must pry loose any foothold a Borrige & Kemp advertisement might have secured. It was not just copy to advertise the Fifty Principles that I was writing, it was copy to undermine our rivals, and the public must not realize the attack. We imagined every argument Binks might put forth and we met the arguments in advance. Then all this mass of points, proofs and facts had to be condensed into hammer blows, got into strong, terse language that would drive in, and boiled down to fill only two pages when it needed a dozen! We had the September copy set up to be sure that the pages would not appear crowded, made a few elisions, tried it again, and at last sent it off. Then we took a long breath and went to work on October copy.

Bittner came in with new ideas daily. His eyes were intense and his whole being seemed focused on one point. The big fight of his life was on. He was still young—thirty-four—but he had been fighting always—fighting conditions—and he had reached his fighting prime.

How Mrs. Gray Got On

The Fifty Principles work went ahead without important difficulties. The two women continued interested and efficient. They came early and worked late and never asked for a raise or a holiday. Mrs. Coontz had had her teeth put in, and both women were now dressing better. They were getting twelve dollars a week, not a large salary, but then they were untrained women, and so had no ranking, nothing on which to base a claim for higher pay. I hoped we could raise them substantially by September, but I realized that we must keep expenses down to the lowest notch. Mrs. Gray had discovered Mr. Bittner's preference for coffee, and now each day she made him a fresh cup and brought it to his desk when he arrived at the office in the middle of the afternoon. I hadn't the heart to remind her that this cut fifteen minutes or so out of her day; besides, I saw that Mr. Bittner had begun to watch for his coffee. Mrs. Gray was a gentlewoman through and through, but also she was making good. She was doing capital work, and this is a much more creditable achievement than just to be a gentlewoman. Still there was something pathetically brave about it all. It rested me just to look up from my work and see her sitting there; quiet, poised, dignified. It was a happy contrast with the slangy, gum-chewing, indifferent typists who were forever talking of their dances and giggling about their gentlemen friends. Youth must have its dash at life, even cramped youth in a big dingy office, but the sweet gentle presence of this refined woman in business was like a bowl of violets on one's desk.

Mrs. Coontz was growing into a typical business woman; and she was just the material for it. Active, eager, exact, methodical, she worked hard and looked forward to a raise. She had learned to dictate letters with a crisp, quick sort of fluency that was in keeping with the Bittner style. Miss Krog preferred her to Mrs. Gray. When I looked upon these two, I wondered that employers the world over had failed to see business value in older, life-experienced women. I wondered how they could go on year after year hiring raw, green girls in the grip of youth and fancy, when this mature, serious-minded material was in the world. But business men are the most conservative people on earth. When they break away from the beaten path they are not business men, they are business geniuses.

Bittner Becomes Gracious

I seemed destined always to rub Miss Krog the wrong way, though there was no one with whom I tried harder to be tactful. One evening after the stenographers had gone Mr. Bittner discovered a letter on his desk that should be answered immediately. He looked helplessly about for a stenographer.

"Will you get this letter out for me, Miss Krog?" he asked, ambling over toward her desk, where she sat pinning on her hat most carefully before a small mirror.

"Me?" she questioned. It might have come from royalty.

"Let me do it," I exclaimed. "Dictate to me on the machine." I ran out to the operating room and opened one of the machines. He ambled over and dictated his letter. Miss Krog looked on in amazement; then pinning on her handsome hat she went majestically out of the office. Poor Miss Krog! She kept constant guard on her dignity. She had been a six-dollar-a-week typist once; but now she was the forewoman, and far be it from her to recognize so publicly her lowly origin.

One day Mr. Bittner stopped by my desk and said, nodding toward the two assistants: "Got any way of gettin' more like them?"

"Oh, yes," I answered; "there must be more."

"Better see about gettin' 'em. We'll need more in September."

Then I broached the matter of a raise.

"Both of 'em?" he asked, frowning.

"Certainly. They came in together and are equally efficient."

"Mrs. Gray now, she oughta get more; but I don't know about Mrs. Coontz."

"Why, Mr. Bittner, Mrs. Coontz is excellent! I was going to suggest that you make her the head of the Fifty Principles department. She works like chained lightning and she is so orderly. She will look after the record-sheets—and, by the way, that work needs a girl of its own, it is getting so cumbersome. I would suggest that you make Mrs. Coontz the head. Miss Krog likes her and they work well together."

"What about Mrs. Gray?"

I looked up surprised, and then a light dawned. I started to smile, checked myself, and drew my face into stolid composure.

"Yes, what about Mrs. Gray?" I repeated presently. We both turned and looked toward her. The sunlight streamed through the window and across her desk as she sat writing, lighting her hair to a ruddy gold. Bittner ambled over to her desk.

"If I was a poet," he said, "I'd make poetry about the woman with gold in her hair."

Mrs. Gray looked up, not quite comprehending. There was a surprised, questioning expression in her soft hazel eyes.

"Don't you want that blind lowered?" he asked, and went over to the window to lower it. She thanked him sweetly and bent again to her work.

I dropped back into my chair and stared hard at the inkwell. For the first time in all the years I had known him I had heard Bittner say a gracious thing, had seen him do a gracious act. All the rest of us had taken Mr. Bittner as we found him and tuned our manners to his key. We had returned curtness for curtness. Mrs. Gray had remained the kind, well-bred, courteous lady, and he had lowered her blind. He had seen gold in her hair and told her about it!

Editor's Note—This is the third article in a series of four by Anne Shannon Monroe. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

A smart top coat in a wide variety of colors and patterns.

"Warm-an-lite"

A New "R&W" overcoat made of a knit fabric that is warm, light and soft.

Ask your dealer to show you this stylish overcoat.

Look for the label.

Makers of good overcoats, raincoats, trousers, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, summer clothing, golf and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

Complete Your Home

Your home is not complete without these modern building necessities. Designed to protect the good looks of your home and grounds from the careless coal man—to provide for the most sanitary method of garbage disposal and for the safest and cleanest delivery of milk, etc.

Majestic Coal Chute

Garbage Receiver—Package Receiver

[illegible] Majestic Specialties not only make every home [illegible] with [illegible] but save [illegible] with [illegible] for their upkeep [illegible] in a very short time.

The Coal Chute keeps your house, lawns and [illegible] clean because every piece of coal falls into the bin without damaging your house. Absolutely burglar-proof.

The Garbage Receiver is sanitary, water-tight and fly proof. Emits no odors and keeps the contents safe from dogs and vermin.

The Package Receiver placed in the kitchen wall, [illegible] bottles and packages against theft and keeps them clean.

Write for Catalog Today

which describes these and many other Majestic Specialties.

THE MAJESTIC CO.

715 Erie Street Huntington, Ind.

STUDY LAW 30 Days FREE

Let us prove [illegible] to entire satisfaction at our expense, that the Hamilton College of Law is the most [illegible] resident law school [illegible] Conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL. B.—by correspondence. The law [illegible] in U. S. combining standard resident school and [illegible] same instruction by mail. Over 500 classroom lectures. Faculty of over 30 prominent lawyers [illegible] prepare graduates to pass bar examination. Only [illegible] school giving Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking. School highly endorsed and recommended by Gov. Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students. Send today for Large Handsomely Illustrated Prospectus and Special 30 Day Free Trial.

HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW, 1204 Advertising Bldg., Chicago

George Westinghouse—the Man

Most Americans know that George Westinghouse invented the air-brake, the most important railway safety device ever known.

Few, however, realize how great were his other contributions to our present civilization.

He stands a dominant figure at the parting of the ways between the age of steam and the greater age of electricity.

He, more than any other man, viewed the coming era as a whole and not merely in part. Therefore his life-work, more than that of any other one man, helped to solve the three great problems in the electrification of a world.

First, the economical generation of electric energy.

Second, its far transmission and wide distribution.

Third, its efficient and economical application to use.

He considered its every aspect in relation to power plants, central stations, railway and steamship lines, manufacturing industry and household convenience.

Thus, it was he also who first harnessed the power of Niagara.

It was he who effected safe and economic distribution of natural gas.

It was he who developed and made practical the Parsons steam turbine for electric generation and who also perfected reduction gears by which its terrific velocity can be safely yoked to the propeller shafts of vessels.

He developed the transformer patents by which the alternating current came into general use to effect wider and more economical distribution of electric energy.

He encouraged and aided Nikola Tesla in perfecting the induction motor which today does such a large share of the world's work.

He greatly advanced the electrification of steam railways, increased the safety and improved the operation of street and interurban lines, perfected the remarkable automatic coupling system on the New York Subway and designed complete electric switch and signal systems.

Whoever you are and wherever you live, you experience every day some civilizing influence that flows from his labors.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse

Westinghouse—the Institution

Of all the achievements of George Westinghouse there was none in which he took greater pride than in this institution which bears his name.

He started without any capital save his ability; he lived to be the head of an organization employing $200,000,000 of capital and 50,000 men and women.

He defended and maintained this institution against the most bitter, determined and persistent attempts to crush it. And to the lasting benefit of his countrymen he was successful.

The work he began continues. The organization he founded is firmly and permanently established as an international institution.

Westinghouse engineering ability, Westinghouse invention and research, Westinghouse thorough workmanship are even greater factors in the electrical world than when he lived.

Westinghouse products are, of course, subject to the limitations of all devices constructed by men out of material elements. They are subject to continuous development, improvement and variation.

But they have built into them, something of the ideals and principles of the institution, and those are

To keep always in advance of electrical development.

To devise and build any and every kind of apparatus that will reduce the cost of generating and distributing current for the people's use.

To build other types of electrical apparatus that make efficient and economic use of current in every possible application to human activity.

To surround these products with every manufacturing safeguard of good quality and durability, to follow them in use with expert service.

These principles have built up a world-wide business which designs, manufactures and distributes over 300,000 separate items, including everything from electric locomotives, gigantic generators and motors to the electric ware that makes home life less laborious and the myriad small supplies and parts used by the practical electrician.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse

THE IDEAL OF HIS DREAMS

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

ALL his life George Williamson had dreamed of her the fair girl whom sometime he would love and wed. Even before he was twelve years old while sulkily, hoe in small, tanned, tough hand, he pecked day-long at potato hills, he visioned her. And the vision grew and waxed stronger when, older, he guided the old white horse and the plow up and down his father's corn rows.

And often the hoe handle slipped idly from his lax fingers, and often the plow cut wabbly furrows instead of straight as his large, earnest brown eyes went dreamily over potato field, over long, tender green corn spears, past the stretch of scrub oak adjoining his father's farm, beyond the distant tawny strip of dunes guarding Lake Michigan, ten miles west of the farm—away beyond, into the distant hope-gilded, hope-guarded future.

She filled his future—this dream girl. How his heart yearned to her and for her! All desirable she continually appeared to his earnest young eyes. His fancy invested her with a thousand glowing charms.

Sometimes he pictured her with eyes the lovely eager blue of early violets. Sometimes her irises were dusky, like ebon clouds. Sometimes her pretty hair was pale gold; sometimes as brilliant as dawn; sometimes her tresses were somberly beautiful and dark, like a winter moonless midnight. Sometimes he saw her a slim young thing; sometimes, petitely plump; sometimes, stately and Junoesque. Sometimes he did not definitely visualize her, but saw her vaguely—just a girl or woman with an aura of ——

Blonde, brunette or fifty-fifty, as the hour's greater or less fertility of his imagination dictated, there was one item never lacking from the vision of her whom he made the ideal of his dreams; there was one feature that he never failed to visualize. And that feature was the lovely flutter of the leaves of a check book, either in her small white hand—or large hand, as the case might be—or somewhere very near her. And the aura he always created about the girl or woman whom sometime he would love and wed was—the aura of greenbacks.

For George Williamson was a logical and thoughtful youth as well as dreamy. He early learned to like the looks of money. Cash is so lovely a calcimine for the crude walls of existence. But he did not at all incline lovingly to the toil and difficulties of earning a lot of money. In a way, he was a modest young man. In his heart he doubted his ability ever to corner much of the world's treasure-trove. It seemed to him that it would be far easier to marry a lot of it than to make a lot of it. He knew that plenty of men were doing it—every day. Would it not be as easy to love the daughter of a rich man as the daughter of a poor man? George logically and reasonably held that it would be far easier for him.

And so perhaps it is more exact to state that the actual ideal of George Williamson's dreams was a coupon-cutting, bond-burdened, check-book-cluttered father-in-law. For it is a fact that his young heart at times swelled almost to bursting in its yearning to meet that oft-dreamed-of future relative, while his large brown eyes searched the years to come so earnestly and so wistfully for the elderly gentleman that by the time George was nineteen they protruded slightly; though this was hardly noticeable because of the countering effect of a large, broad forehead, prominent cheek bones and a heavy chin.

When George was nineteen years old he left home.

Even when a mere child he had never cared greatly about hoeing potatoes. The older he grew, the more he disliked that work. Also, he heartily disliked to weed, plow, prune, milk, harrow and haul hay. Finally his soul absolutely revolted and he sullenly told his father that he'd be d——d if he'd work like a nigger on the farm any longer.

James Williamson, a weary old fellow whose shoulders were rounded like a bowlder and whose face was furrowed like one of his own tilled-out fields, mildly said that was all right; he could suit himself. But, he added, in that case George needn't hang round home any longer; for George had a baker's dozen of brothers and sisters, and the farm, though one hundred and sixty acres large, was a tired, sandy old place, harrowed almost out of fertility and hard-pressed to feed even those who helped coax crops from it. It was not fair to expect it to feed one who would not help in the coaxing.

He Added, in That Case George Needn't Hang Round Home Any Longer

George listened stolidly to his father's mild statement of the facts; then silently donned his Sunday suit and packed in a valise his three white collars, four pairs of balbriggan socks, five neckties, some shirts and underwear, a paper-backed copy of St. Elmo, and a cat-stitched chambray laundry bag given him by his sisters, Rose and Amelia, the preceding Christmas.

Twenty minutes later he set the valise down in a rear upstairs bedroom of Mrs. Melissa Hanna's city boarding house, the leading and only hostelry of Middleburg, a town of seven hundred and twenty people, one corner of which adjoined one corner of his father's farm.

The next morning, at seven-thirty, he was standing behind a counter of A. B. Searcer's Emporium, the leading and only dry-goods store of Middleburg; a position that, unbeknownst to his parents, he had asked for and obtained a week before when he took a wagonload of garden truck into town.

George was not the kind of young man to leave home recklessly, with no place the next night to lay his large, sleek brown head. He was instinctively a believer in preparedness; one of those who do not burn any bridge until a neat, provisioned raft is built and tied under the willows at the bank. Had George participated in that well-known Boston Tea Party, no tea would have been poured until he had in his hip pocket a written statement from the British Government absolving him from complicity.

He worked at the Emporium nearly ten months. Abe Searcer paid him eight dollars a week. For room and board he paid Mrs. Hanna four dollars a week. That left for clothes, doctor's bills and recreation, four dollars—minus ten cents weekly, which he tipped Frieda, waitress at the city house. Do not get any impression, however, that George Williamson willingly and cheerily swelled the great American evil. He gave the tip grouchily. But it was, in a way, enforced. It was almost blackmail. If he didn't tip her Frieda had an ugly habit of giving him ice-cold soggy potatoes instead of warm soggy ones; also the fattest slab of side meat she could find in the pan. The food furnished at the city house was none too tempting at its best; which may have been a reason why George punctiliously kept the promise made to his mother, at leaving, to come out home every Sunday for dinner.

His mother's meat pies had the flakiness that is a melting kiss to the palate. Mrs. Hanna's pies were flaky in mineral style; they chunked down the throat like pieces of granite.

Walking out home and back again to town, those dusty or rainy Sundays, or when it was snowing, George renewed his vow sometime to have a home of his own that would be indeed a home.

Out of his weekly eight dollars, during the ten months at Searcer's, George paid his board and a rather large dentist's bill, bought two thirty-dollar suits, with shoes, ties, derby and linen to accompany, went to all the entertainments and dances of the surrounding county, and, besides, saved about three and a half dollars each week.

With the modesty that ever was characteristic of him, he never boasted of what he saved. However, Abe Searcer finally guessed.

"But I don't dare accuse him," he fumed to his wife. "I ain't got a grain of proof. He's been too slick. And he'd sue me for damages like a shot."

But that Saturday night he grimly told George that he need not be on hand for work the coming Monday morning. Abe's gray eyes, under heavy gray brows, raged their knowledge; but George, unperturbed and imperturbable, unconcernedly got his hat and pleasantly called good night to Hattie Doebling, the bookkeeper, a tall lank girl with whitish yellow hair, long bony arms, and sallow bulging cheek bones.

Hattie, who was four years older than George, turned her pale-blue eyes toward Abe Searcer reproachfully.

Then for a while George worked at the Middleburg basket factory, a small concern; then at the depot lunch room; then in the office of the coal yards; then at a canning factory in an adjoining village. Meeting Hattie Doebling at a country schoolhouse dance, he was told by her that the larger of Middleburg's two grocery stores, owned by her brother-in-law and his father, needed a man; so he drifted back to the home burg and, by repressing some of his innate propensity to save, managed to hand out groceries for two years, at ten dollars a week.

During these two years he found a new way to augment his legitimate income. Back of Jud Pilson's drug and ice-cream store was a small dingy room in which nightly gathered the most restless element of Middleburg. Poker was the chief attraction—this in spite of the continual protest of the Ladies' Aid Society and the tearful pleas of the Wednesday Uplift-Our-City Club. Awkward at first, in time George Williamson's long, strong fingers, whiter than when they left the farm, acquired such uncanny skill in shuffling ace or deuce or queen to such part of the deck as was most advantageous for George's pile of chips that various citizens of Middleburg and various commercial travelers making the town came to regard George churlishly.

Unperturbed and imperturbable, he merely grinned, twiddled his thumbs, abandoned the grocery store for the lighter work of chalking at the pool room, began to pay forty-five dollars for his suits instead of thirty, and began to take short pleasure trips to Grand Rapids, Detroit and Milwaukee.

Meantime his dreams stayed with him. But he began to doubt that he would ever find his dream girl—or woman—round Middleburg.

In the whole county—except old Widow Swanson, who had forty thousand dollars out at interest, but was seventy-six years old and bedridden with rheumatism half the time, and a few farmers' daughters whose beefy cheeks did not appeal to George—there were only five women who possessed, or ever would possess, over fifteen hundred dollars.

Sarah Gould, thirty-six years old, principal of the town schools, had ten thousand dollars in bank—a legacy. But Sarah was graying-haired and had two old, ailing, ill-tempered parents. George could not fit her into any dream of his. Besides, Sarah once had said loud on Main Street that if she had her way she'd ride out of town on a rail every man who patronized that back room of Jud Pilson's.

Elsie Corder, twenty-six years old, would sometime inherit the Middleburg State Bank from her father. Elsie was nearly handsome, but four years at college had given her a very good opinion of herself and a rather slighting opinion of Middleburgites. She was reported to be engaged to an Eastern lawyer. She was seldom in Middleburg.

Leila Herbert, a serious girl of twenty-two, only niece of Josiah Anderson, who had accumulated about one hundred thousand dollars' worth of first mortgages on property in and adjoining Middleburg—including the Williamson farm—was engaged to the Baptist preacher, a widower with six children whom Leila honestly desired to mother.

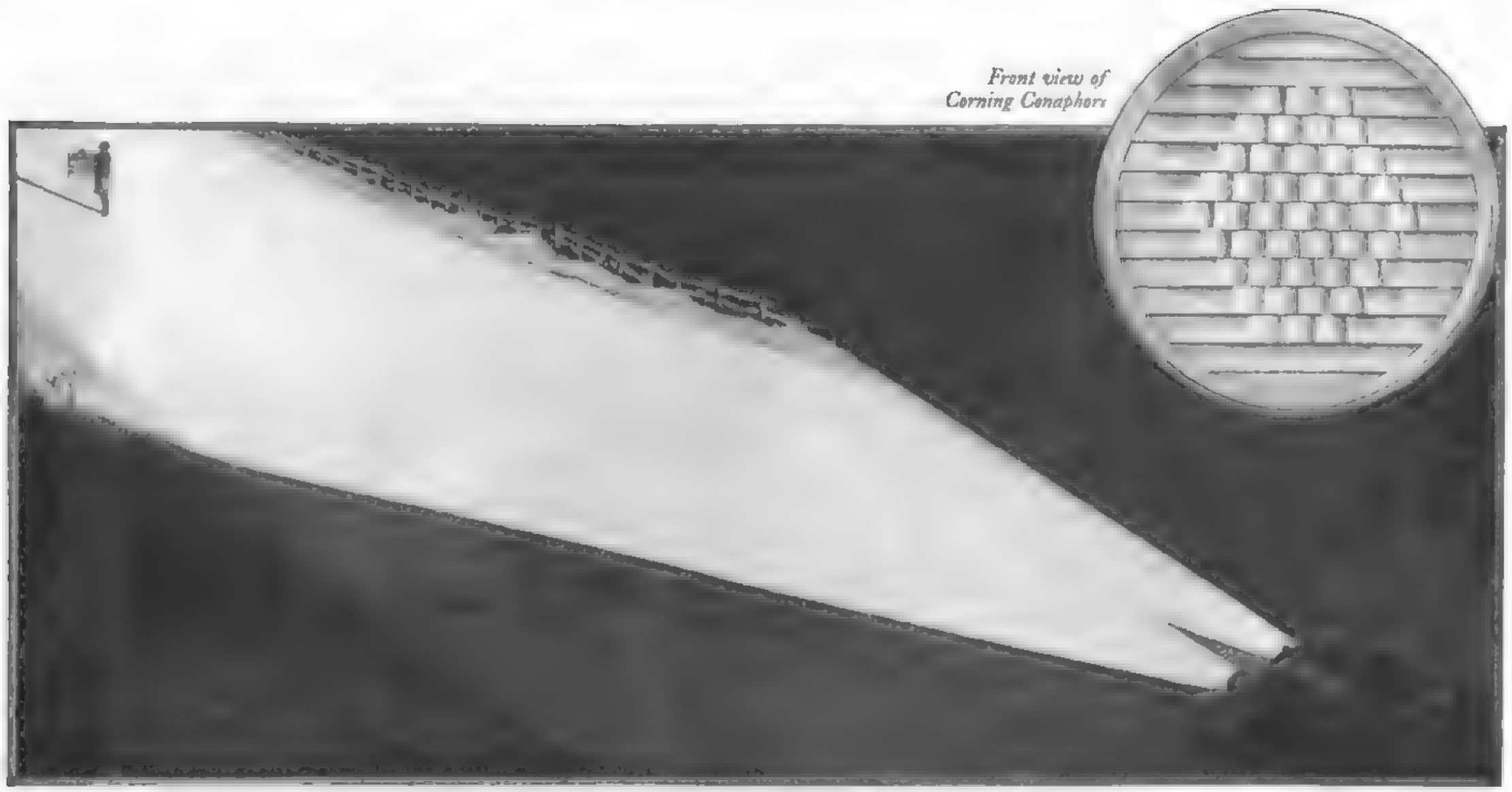
The two Halber sisters, whose widowed mother was reputed to be extraordinarily well fixed, were heavy-shouldered, heavy-voiced, inclined toward socialism, devoted

(Continued on Page 77)

For every good article there is a sensible price. A sensible price for a suit of clothes, a pair of gloves, a hat, a cigar, an automobile. The sensible price for a high grade 6-cylinder automobile is well established. It is, for a 5-passenger touring car, $1250; for a 7-passenger car, $1350. That amount of money buys good lines. Buoyant springs. Soft cushions. A roomy body. A high degree of comfort. A motor with plenty of power. Sound reliable construction. The best labor. The Chalmers six is a sensible automobile sensibly priced. To pay less than the Chalmers price is likely to prove poor economy. To pay more is unnecessary. The question of price is not perplexing. Simply pay the sensible price for a sound and sensible car.

Five-passenger	Touring	$1250	Seven-passenger	Sedan	$1850
Seven "	Touring	1350	Seven "	Limousine	2550
Two "	Roadster	1250	Seven "	Town-car	2550

(All prices f.o.b. Detroit)



THE 500-FT RANGE TEST The man behind a pair of Corning Conaphores can read a sign 500 ft. from his car, if it is held in the beam of light. Notice ample side-light. 500 ft. range means safety no matter how fast you drive.

RANGE 500 FEET
Without Glare

Every automobile owner wants a headlight glass that gives long range.

Long range means safe night driving. If your headlights shoot a beam 500 feet down the road, there isn't much chance you'll crash into an unlighted wagon, run off the road at a sharp turn, or hit a pedestrian. You can see ahead—and so you can stop or turn out in time to avoid accidents.

But while you want long range, you do not want glare. Glaring headlights blind other motorists and pedestrians. Accidents result.

The Glass that Gives Range Without Glare

The trouble with most devices for cutting out glare is that they reduce the range and so are absolutely unsatisfactory.

NO GLARE
Light from Corning Conaphores is never more than 42 inches above road.

Dimmers, caps, tilting the headlights downward, smearing soap or paint on the glass—all these schemes have been tried and have failed because they do not give the range motorists want.

Tilting headlights down may decrease glare, but it also decreases range. Tilting wastes your light.

The photograph shown here proves that the Corning Conaphore gives your headlights a range of at least 500 feet. *All the light is utilized.*

The Corning Conaphore is the headlight glass that gives long range, and yet has no glare.

Scientific Design

The Corning Conaphore is made by the Corning Glass Works, largest manufacturers of technical glass in the world. This company makes most of the signal glass used on American railroads.

In design the Conaphore is scientific, yet simple. The patented horizontal corrugations and cylinders bend down the light rays, spread them out, and shoot them along the road. The Noviol Glass, of which the Conaphores are made, causes the light to pierce fog and dust. No other headlight glass can use this patented, golden-tint glass.

Made in Two Kinds of Glass

Corning Conaphores are made of clear glass as well as Noviol Glass. Clear glass Conaphores are equally efficient in giving long range and eliminating glare, but lack the added advantages possessed by the Noviol Glass of eliminating back-glare and penetrating fog or dust. We strongly recommend the Noviol.

Easy to Install

You will find the Corning Conaphore easy to install. Simply take out the glass now in your headlight and put the Conaphore in its place. Sizes are made to fit all cars. In ordering give name, model and year of your car, and diameter of your present headlight glass. All progressive dealers now sell Corning Conaphores. Put a pair on your car today.

Price List

Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
3 to 4⅜ inches inclusive	$1.30	3 to 4⅜ inches inclusive	$0.80
5 to 6⅜ inches inclusive	2.40	5 to 6⅜ inches inclusive	1.60
7 to 8⅜ inches inclusive	3.50	7 to 8⅜ inches inclusive	2.50
8½ to 9½ inches inclusive	4.50	8½ to 10 inches inclusive	3.00
10 to 11½ inches inclusive	6.00	10⅜ to 11½ inches inclusive	4.00

Prices 25 cents more per pair west of Rocky Mts.
Sizes vary by steps of ½ inch

CORNING GLASS WORKS
CORNING, NEW YORK
CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc., Managers
512 Foster Bldg., 40th St. & Madison Ave., N. Y. City

CORNING CONAPHORE

(Continued from Page 74)

to suffragism and interested in eugenics. Once they had taken it upon themselves to remonstrate unpleasantly with George Williamson because their young brother spent too much time playing pool. George was of the opinion, ever since, that any man who married them for their money would earn all he got. And he knew very well that if he should propose marriage to either, she would call the sheriff and have him locked up as a drunk and disorderly. Not only prophets are without honor in their own home town.

As time went on, George, however unwisely, acquired a little too much skill in shuffling a deck of cards. Finally Jud Pilson uglily told him that the other fellows would be just as well satisfied if he stayed out of the game—or played differently. For a while George was stubborn and hung on. But many of the men began to refuse to play with him, and some were not so taciturn as Abe Searcer had been.

At last everybody interested seconded the motion that George be barred from future card games in Middleburg. George grinned. He could afford to; several of his boon companions growled.

But after that summary action time began to drag for him. Middleburg palled. The days in the pool room were dull. The nights monotonous. He decided that it was high time he was getting up and out of the town into a bigger place, where there was some chance of making dreams come true.

At this time George Williamson was twenty-nine years old. He looked slightly older, though he was, in a heavy, stolid way, rather good-looking. "Awfully good-looking," said Hattie Doebling. His brown eyes had a steady, straight stare—perhaps from much dreaming—that smacked of innate honesty. He was muscularly built. He wore about the best clothes seen in Middleburg. Not everyone has to go clear to a college to get an education. In his various lines of toil George had picked up a diversified heap of knowledge that more important men might have envied him. He had plowed long enough to get a hard, healthy physique. He had played pool enough to get a surprising dexterity of movement. In Jud Pilson's back room he had learned manual celerity and perfect facial control. Such learning had well taken the place of other and better physical and mental gymnastics.

So he bought a ticket—not round-trip—to Chicago, one hundred and sixty miles away.

When he left his native place he took one large well-filled twenty-eight-dollar wardrobe trunk—which proves that accomplishment is not wholly a matter of environment; one steely determination to realize a dream; a smiling but resentful contempt for his fellow townsmen and gamesters, and a viciously hearty resolve to ride in front of them some day in his own seven-thousand-dollar limousine; an excellent knack at finding a royal flush where most canny dealers could find only three aces; a well-thumbed copy of the New York Telegraph—left at the depot lunch room by a cross-continent commercial traveler; and a pale-blue cretonne shoe bag, presented to him at leaving by Hattie Doebling.

Hattie's own fingers had embroidered the shoe bag in light-green floss with the kindly words: Good Luck! and Good Soles! When presenting it Hattie half-averted her lank, light-yellow head, as though expecting warm embarrassing thanks.

Accepting it, George half-averted his head. He was no Joseph, and once or twice in the past his lips had known Hattie's in lieu of choicer; but, now that he was permanently shaking the dust of Middleburg from his broad tan oxfords, he saw no reason for giving unprepossessing Hattie the boresome kiss of thanks she seemed to expect. Hattie's lips, he knew by experience, were usually a trifle unpleasantly moist from the lemon drops she had in her mouth much of the time.

Arrived in Chicago, he roamed round the Loop until he located Tod Slate, once manager of the Middleburg pool room, now scurrying for news items for a Chicago daily. Tod was mindful of home-town ties. He steered George to a small, fairly clean room on Dearborn Avenue, that Mecca of flat and tight purses, gave him a pass to a failing musical show, and later pointed out to him many sights and celebrities of the Windy City: A Pink Room, a Gold Room, a Blue Room, a senator, the mayor, the Art Institute, the stockyards, an indicted chief of police, a famous dancer, an infamous dancer, a notorious bookmaker, an unknown bookmaker whom it was safe to patronize, a noted newsboy aged sixty-two, a pickpocketess with a pull, a city editor without a pull, a respected reformer, a disrespected reformer, some millionaires after whom warrants had been named, some theatrical folks after whom perfumes had been named; and, at a *thé dansant* Adelaide—nicknamed Laidy—Heidemann, only child of the late Stephen—better known as Old Steve—Heidemann, of the Steel Works.

II

LAIDY HEIDEMANN! Three minutes after his steady brown eyes saw her, George Williamson knew that she fitted into his dreams like a yolk into an egg.

She was twenty and a half years old and five feet high. She had a pair of cool blue eyes—the same blue as certain lovely old bowls beloved of our great-grandmothers—George's mother cherished a cracked one from her mother's mother.

Laidy Heidemann had a frivolous mop of kinky gold hair, which, disheveled at the moment from fast foxtrotting, perked impudently from under her close-fitting ermine toque. She had a small, red, weak, handsome mouth, which had a trick of turning up in a smile and up in a pout all in the same minute.

When Tod Slate pointed her out the tea room's band was plucking its banjos furiously; and in the arms of a tall, lean, solemn, critical-appearing young man, whom Tod named Stanley Gibbard, one of Chicago's rich young wheat gamblers, she was whirling about the amber-electroliered room so swiftly that her sable-bordered, petunia-hued chiffon skirts, cut very full and so daringly short as to show the tops of her fifteen-inch-high white doeskin boots, fluttered like a racing butterfly's wings. Her eyes were star-bright; her young cheeks were a hot velvet red, like the heart of an American Beauty; and her lips were parted in breathlessness.

"She was born with a dented pewter spoon in her mouth," said Tod Slate dryly; "but her dad gold-plated it and studded it with pearls while she was growing up. Then he died suddenly, two years ago, without making a will or naming a guardian or trustees for her. And—jiminy! but she's making his five millions fly!"

"Five millions!" ejaculated George Williamson in awe. "Good Lord!" He gazed hungrily after the whirling young form.

"Five! Think of it!" sighed Tod, excusing himself to get back to his office. George stayed at the tea room.

Thereafter he saw Laidy often. You could see that young lady, did you desire, nearly every afternoon at some *thé dansant* or other. And he heard much about her. Habitués and employees of *thés dansants* discussed Laidy a great deal. Dancers, waiters, managers, maids of the check and retiring rooms, bus boys and orchestras were very, very familiar with Laidy's small kinky gold head, big gold vanity bag, and tiny, swift, graceful, silken ankles. Bus boys knew that the dark-blue wheels of her sleek gray limousine chugged: "We-cost-twelve-thousand-dollars!" Waiters—silent, deferential—knew that a certain diamond-and-platinum dinner ring on her small white finger cost four thousand dollars. Orchestras, thrumming fast, silvery notes, exchanged whispered comments on the probable cost of the triple string of white-pink pearls that she carelessly wore about her pretty pink-white neck.

(Continued on Page 80)

As He Drew a Fourth Yellow Bill He Laid a Heavy Wager With Himself That Sometime Lovely, Careless Laidy Should Pay Him Well for This Extravagance

GRINNELLS put out the fires of war!

IN THE little village of St. Dié, in France, stands the large cotton-mill of Jules Marchal & Co. Everywhere about it are burned and gutted ruins, the prey of the invaders. But the Marchal Mill still stands intact, saved from the fires of war, a triumph to the science of peace!

Thrice the trained incendiary squads of the invading army tried to burn it, and thrice they failed.

At one attempt 125 bales of cotton were opened, soaked with kerosene, and the torch applied. But the mill did not burn. It stood as though some magic wand protected it from fire. It was the magic of science—of Grinnells.

The Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System worked as it always works. Quickly and surely the fusible heads melted, snapped open and sprayed torrents of water upon the onrushing flames. The fire hissed, died and went out!

German war efficiency thus failed before the mechanical efficiency that an American, Frederick Grinnell, applied to fire-fighting—failed before the kind of protection that American business men use to safeguard industrial enterprises worth thousands of millions of dollars.

Other buildings nearby, owned by the same French firm, did not have Grinnells. They were burned to the ground.

Of their Grinnell-protected factory, the owners say:

"Our works have been preserved, thanks to the extinguishers which functioned perfectly. It is certain that without your equipment our works would have been completely destroyed."

MAY 3, 1915, in Capetown and Johannesburg, South Africa, English rioters were firing building after building owned by Germans. The police were powerless; the fire brigades were helpless, their hose was cut; scores of fires were blazing; incendiarism ran riot.

The hardware store of Koch & Dixie on Burg Street, Capetown, was fired at seven different points. In a twinkling twenty-one Grinnell Sprinklers opened and seven fires were out.

At Port Elizabeth six fires were kindled in a sawmill. Fifteen Grinnells opened and six fires were out.

In Johannesburg, in Frenkel & Company's building, the rioters built up five stacks of inflammable material, poured kerosene over them and simultaneously applied the torch. Five fires started to

burn fiercely. But five Grinnells, one to each fire, opened, and Frenkel & Company were saved.

And so in far-off South Africa, as well as in France, stand monuments of preparedness amidst the ruins of unpreparedness.

Out of a great cataclysm emerges a principle—this fundamental principle: *Fire will put itself out automatically.*

From the technical standpoint there is nothing remarkable in any of these facts. Grinnell Sprinklers have balked incendiaries many times right here in the United States, confining the damage to an insignificant amount, and at the same time giving notice of the danger by ringing the alarm-bell.

How to Measure Your Fire-Danger

A fire-bug is to be feared much less than a hundred and one innocent-looking fire-starters to be found in any building. He is less dangerous, for instance, than an electric wire or a suit of greasy working clothes in a closet.

Experts who catalog fire-dangers find they literally number in the hundreds. A business man cannot size up his fire-danger for himself, but in his insurance *rate* he has a perfect measurement of how great the danger is.

There is only one way known at present to go after fire-danger on a wholesale basis, and bring down the insurance rate immediately in a wholesale way. Over the whole ruin-breeding lot put a system of Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers, the untiring mechanical watchmen.

Your rate will drop from 40% to 90% as soon as Grinnells are installed. The premium saving will, of course, go far toward paying for the equipment. Frequently the protection pays for itself in a few years.

Protection Plus Cheap Insurance

Are you looking only for cheap insurance, or are you seeking above everything else to avoid interruption to your thriving business?

If unprotected by automatic sprinklers you chance a big fire. You may think your losses will be covered by insurance. But will they? With the insurance money you collect you will be able to have the ruins cleared away, buy building materials, buy new machines, buy new raw materials with which to reëstablish your business; but you will have no insurance money to repay the very serious losses caused by the *interruption* of your business, losses such as orders unfilled, important customers gone elsewhere, idle time of a sales force, to say nothing of the nerves and worry and troubles involved.

When your turn comes to have a big fire, are you likely to pay dividends that year?

The function of Grinnell Sprinklers is to "Keep Your Going Business Going." Fires can start under sprinklers, but they can't spread. In the course of ten years your fire-alarm will ring just as often. If your industry is metal-working, for example, the average loss per fire will be $334 instead of $34,000, which is the average for unsprinklered metal-workers.

Give us a chance to send you a Questionnaire which your bookkeeper can answer and, with your answer before us, we can tell you in a general way what the sprinklers will do for you.

By the way: the Grinnell Sprinkler is the oldest and best known; it protects more property than all other kinds put together.

Write—now—to the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

The wonderful story of the war fires briefly sketched above, together with illustrations, is told in "The Sprinkler Bulletin," published in London. We have a limited number of copies and will furnish them gratis to business men applying on their business letterheads only.

The above-mentioned bulletin does not contain the letter from Jules Marchal & Co., from which we obtained the information about the fires in their cotton-mill. We are therefore reproducing it just as it came to us.

Lettre de Messieurs Jules Marchal & Cie,
Filatures de St-Dié (Vosges)

Lors de l'invasion, le 29 août 1914, les allemands ont mis le feu à notre filature de la Bolle à plusieurs reprises, et chaque fois les Grinnells ont très bien fonctionné et l'incendie a été arrêté dès le debut.

La première fois, les allemands avaient arrosé avec de l'essence les mélanges de coton et mis le feu, il y a eu de suite un brasier intense, tous les appareils du local ont fonctionné et le feu a immédiatement été étouffé (il y avait environ 125 balles de coton ouvertes); nous avons remis de nouvelles têtes aux Grinnells qui ont refonctionné à une deuxième tentative, et il en a été de même chaque fois.

En résumé, nos magasins, qui n'étaient pas munis d'extincteurs GRINNELL, ont été brûlés par les allemands, nos usines ont été préservées grâce aux extincteurs qui ont fonctionné d'une façon parfaite. Il est certain que, sans vos appareils, nos usines auraient été complètement détruites.

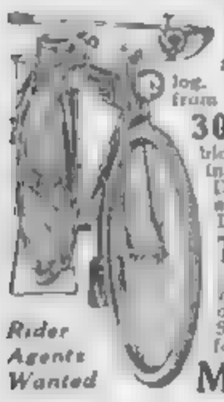
Agréez, Messieurs, nos sincères salutations.

Signé: JULES MARCHAL & CIE.

St Dié Vosges, le 10 février, 1916.

PRESTO!
Effecto
AUTO
FINISHES
Sold by paint, hardware and auto accessory dealers. Send for Color Card. Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 145
PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

Delivered TO YOU FREE



Rider Agents Wanted

Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes of the famous line of CRESCENT bicycles, shown in full color in the big new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your town.

30 Days Free Trial allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for a full month. Do not buy until you get our great new trial offer and low Factory-Direct to-Rider terms and prices.

TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at [illegible]. No one else can offer such values and such [illegible]. SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog. It's free.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. R-55 Chicago

(Continued from Page 77)

Managers, twirling their swallowtails obsequiously whenever they found themselves in her vicinity, surreptitiously appraised her chic svelte boots, guessing that the price of each would have paid some families' rent for a month. Maids hung fawningly about her in dressing rooms, not so much on account of the tips she flung about with the speed of one who has had the best opportunity to master the technic of spendthriftism, but because they knew that the Prima Donna perfume, which emanated from her kinky gold hair like the scent of a far-off Mayflower field, cost twenty-seven dollars an ounce. Such knowledge induced more deference than a mere tip, though as heavy as the clothes hamper known merrily to the Wives of Windsor could ever call for.

George collected all these items, and more. Not through, at first, any definite hope or plan, but simply from uncontrollable interest.

He was as much surprised as elated when, ten days after he first saw her, he procured an introduction to her—through a fellow introduced to him by a chap introduced by a man introduced by Tod.

But George's star was in the ascendant. It is easier now to procure an introduction to many folks than it used to be. Between the fumes of the *thé* and the trot of the *dansant* many conventional props of our social life have weakly disappeared.

And besides, there was small conventionality about pretty Laidy Heidemann. She was carelessly willing to be introduced to almost anybody!

For this too careless willingness there was a reason, of course.

Poor Old Steve Heidemann! He had been a brainy man; brainy enough to rise from overalls and three dollars a day in the Steel Works to part ownership and the head of the directors' table. But he hadn't been brainy enough to insure content for his only girl, though he spent all his life for that purpose and died fatuously sure that it was accomplished. He must have turned over in anguish in his silver-handled coffin if he knew how all his plans for his loved kinky-gold-haired baby were miscarrying.

When Laidy was born the Heidemanns lived in a small frame shack. When she was seventeen years old her father shamefully neglected his business for several months, while she was away at boarding school, to oversee the erection of a grand home for her when she came back.

When this home was finished he was mightily proud of it. It was a gorgeous and composite structure. Its front reminded you of an English castle; a florist had a hurry-up call for ivy to cover the tall gray tower. On the east side it looked like an Italian villa; Steve hugely admired the chic little pergola the architect stuck on at a corner. On the west it was Colonial in effect, and at the rear it was frankly American, with an up-to-date kitchen and system of pantries white-enameled from ceiling to floor.

It was situated on the Lake Shore Drive, and Steve looked with satisfaction at the neighboring homes. This was the place for Laidy to live! Here she would mingle with the best! He saw no breakers ahead. He saw only her pretty kinky head brightening the crest of the highest wave of the big town's society. She had the qualifications for any position—beauty and money. He knew that he had enough connections with moneyed men to insure her being petted by those men's wives. Wouldn't she have a good time until she married—his pretty baby! He held her on his knee while he bragged to her of her future. Such a rosy future! And after a while—not too soon, he hoped, but sometime—she would marry a clean, clever, altogether desirable young man with money, family and integrity. Well, perhaps Steve Heidemann had excuse for being optimistic. Starting with nothing, he had so far got about all he wanted. Naturally he was bound to believe that he would go right on getting what he wanted.

Foolish, brainy old Steve! He never thought of dying. But he died—almost while Laidy was sitting on his knee, listening to his bragging and showing off to him the graces she had learned at the fashionable boarding school.

Happy are the dead, perhaps, in that they cannot return. Had Steve Heidemann lived, doubtless he would have accomplished all that he planned and hoped for Laidy. When he died the moneyed men with whom he had business connections forgot him almost as soon as they got through sending flowers and condolences to his family. And they never thought of mentioning Laidy to their busy wives. If Steve had not neglected to make a will and name trustees and guardians who in looking after the estate would incidentally have looked after his girl ——

As it was, Laidy and her mother, a stout, dowdy, old-fashioned woman, drove home from the funeral to find themselves standing

"George, One of Ma's Uncles Left Me Nine Hundred Dollars! Ain't That Grand?"

in Society's front yard; but the front door of Society's house was grimly closed, and they were seeing gravely a sign that read: No Trespassing on This Lawn!

Laidy's mother did not mind. She did not really know. She could not read English very well anyway. And she was preoccupied in getting more blossoms to take out to that fresh-made mound. She and Steve had loved each other well when they were young. Of late years she had meekly mourned in secret that business and brains had separated him from her; she disliked his board meetings, clubs, telegrams, bank and directors' conferences. Carrying out flowers and crying over his grave daily, she seemed in closer touch with him than when he was alive.

Besides, the servants and the ultramodern kitchen, with its big, satisfying enameled walls, took up a great deal of her attention. Also the parlor curtains. Having known what it was scarcely to afford dollar-and-sixty-nine-cents-a-pair lace curtains, it was absorbing to realize that now she could pay, did she choose, a thousand and sixty-nine dollars a pair.

And for a while Laidy did not pay much attention to the sign either. She was busy grieving for her loved old father.

But presently time softened her grief, and she looked round and discovered that she was a very lonesome young woman. She was not interested in a kitchen, no matter how ultramodern and beautifully white-enameled its systems of pans and pantries. And she did not care much for parlor curtains. Curtains can't talk to you.

She sat down and wrote to several girls with whom she had chummed at the boarding school. They promptly accepted her invitation to come and visit her.

But after they had been at her gorgeous home a week or so their round eyes wanted to know why no one else came there! No callers; no dinner guests; no reception flocks; no musicale crowds! Laidy, stupid for a while, finally guessed what their round eyes asked and she blushed with mortification. Then they went home; and she hurriedly tore up invitations written to one or two others.

Then Laidy sat solitarily on her English-castle front veranda a while and dolefully watched two tall, critical-appearing girls who lived across the street in a straight, high, stone exclusive place. Sometimes she drove her sleek gray limousine right alongside their sleek emerald-toned one as they motored downtown mornings. But they never seemed to see her. Their name was Gibbard. She read their name in the Society Columns.

Then—then Laidy followed a precedent set a long time ago. With a hurt look in her blue eyes and a haughty resentful curl to her small pretty nose, she went out into the highways and the byways, known in modern swagger parlance as *thé dansants*, and she gathered up plenty of friends and guests. Any kind of friends! Any guests!

Presently she had a horde of friends—men and women. They flocked to the big house; they ate dinner there; they rode in Laidy's cars; they paid her compliments; they made engagements with her and for her. And some weren't altogether undesirable; but some were. Laidy accepted them all at their face value. They liked her and they were willing to accept her hospitality. These were their credentials. Presently she was a friend-surrounded girl.

Her mother did not really like many of the flock of Laidy's friends who overran the house, fluttering into it like homing pigeons, not disguising that they liked its architecture, its cuisine, its sideboard and its open door. Nor did she really approve of Laidy's scandalously late hours or cigarettes.

But she knew, of course, that these fast, undesirable people and ways were the undesirable, fast ways and people of the Society into which Steve had planned that his little Laidy should go. Didn't you read all about Society's ways in the Sunday Supplement? The poor woman tried to be as broad-minded as Steve would have been had he lived, and she prided herself on stoutly realizing that in Rome one must do as the Romans do.

She wondered once or twice why the two tall girls in the big stone house across the way never joined the fluttering horde of guests. She knew they were the Gibbard girls, often mentioned in the newspapers.

"Your pa used to admire a young Gibbard real well," she remembered. "Do you know him?"

"I've danced with him two or three times," said Laidy shortly. "I—I don't care for his sisters—or him."

Her mother was counting the best spoons—Laidy had had a big and late party the night before—and she did not notice that the pretty face had hardened and the pretty lips had curled.

But she did note how very deferential to Laidy were milliners, corsetières, manicuristas, hairdressers, waiters and crossing policemen. These last had a habit of giving the kinky gold head and big, sleek gray car right of way against all traffic regulations. Laidy had a habit of smiling at crossing policemen exactly as she used to smile at Old Steve.

A trifle more formal was the little smile with which she said that she was engaged—so sorry!—when, after being introduced to her, George Williamson at once asked for a dance. But it was a nice, courteous little smile.

George Williamson was patient and persistent. Following a plow you learn to be both. A few days later he asked again. And again.

The fifth time he asked, the patient appeal in his large, serious, direct brown eyes affected Laidy's good nature. So she put off another man—an ex-chorus man who posed as a broker—and danced four minutes with George. Laidy would dance with almost anyone once. Future dances depended upon how you managed your feet the first time.

(Continued on Page 82)

Valspar Makes Another Record!

It withstands 36 hours of live steam

HUMAN ingenuity never devised a more severe and conclusive varnish test, but it all happened accidentally in the office of one of the largest public service corporations in New York City.

A cold snap came one Saturday. At noon orders were given to turn on the steam heat. This was complied with, but one little detail was overlooked—*to close an open valve on a radiator.*

So all through Saturday night, all day Sunday, and until business time on Monday morning, *live steam filled the room.*

When Monday morning arrived the doors had swelled so much that only with difficulty was an entrance forced.

A Scene of Wreckage

When the steam was finally turned off and the clerks entered the room, a scene of wreckage met their eyes.

The varnish on the doors and woodwork was literally boiled away. The wall-paper was hanging off in sheets. In fact, everything at first sight seemed utterly ruined.

One startling fact soon became evident—namely, that *the furniture was absolutely unharmed.*

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

An investigation developed that the reason for this phenomenon was, the desks and furniture had all been varnished with Valspar.

The Inspector's Letter

The Inspector of Equipment for this corporation wrote us an enthusiastic letter, from which we quote.

"The steam destroyed the paper on the walls, the varnish on the woodwork, and swelled the doors so that it was impossible to close them after they had been forced open. But the furniture, which was finished with Valspar, came through the 36 hours steaming without a spot, nor did it warp or swell in the slightest degree.

"I am having all of our special furniture, such as counters, tables, etc., finished with Valspar, as I believe that this is absolutely the best varnish made."

This test demonstrates again that Valspar is absolutely waterproof. It won't turn white in water, and it is adapted for every varnish purpose in homes, offices and industrial buildings of all kinds.

Valspar, for instance, is best—

For your front door or piazza—rain and snow don't spot it.

For your front hall—wet feet and dripping umbrellas won't harm it at all.

For your kitchen and pantry—so you can wash it freely and sterilize the places where your food is prepared.

For all your furniture—because Valspar is spotproof as well as waterproof and resists hot dishes and spilled liquids of all kinds.

For your bathroom—making a finish as waterproof as tile and far less costly.

For all your floors—because you can freely wash them and you'll never need to wax or polish them.

Special Offer

Test Valspar in your home, in your own way, under the severest conditions you can devise. To make it easy, we will supply a sample can for 20c. in stamps, enough to make a real test. Fill in this coupon. Send today.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 458 Fourth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me 4-ounce can of Valspar, for which I enclose 20c in stamps.

Name

Address

Most paint dealers carry Valspar. If you cannot get it write direct to us.

VALENTINE & COMPANY
Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World

New York Chicago
Boston Toronto
London Amsterdam

TRADE VALENTINES MARK
ESTABLISHED 1832

W. P. FULLER & CO
San Francisco and Principal Pacific Coast Cities

Copyright 1917, by Valentine & Company

Here's Health!

—Health without drug-taking. If you need a natural, gentle laxative, just eat, each day, a delicious bran muffin made from

Pillsbury's Health Bran

The larger, cleaner, coarser bran flakes supply the right amount of roughage to accomplish the desired laxative effect. Then too—the Pillsbury recipe, printed on the Pillsbury package, produces a muffin that is really delicious! Don't doubt it—try it—forget medicine—use PILLSBURY'S HEALTH BRAN and bid good-bye to constipation.

Insist Upon Pillsbury's

Big Package 15c

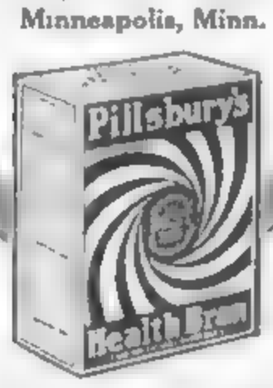
(Except in Far West)

If your grocer cannot supply you, send 25c for a full-sized package (the 10c additional is for wrapping and postage).

Department "S"

Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.

Minneapolis, Minn.



Safe Milk for Infants and Invalids

HORLICK'S

THE ORIGINAL

MALTED MILK

Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. More nutritious than tea, coffee, etc. Instantly prepared. Requires no cooking.

Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price

THE BOOK THAT WILL HELP ABOLISH TIPPING

The Itching Palm—by W. R. Scott

Every red-blooded American should read this book!

Help wipe out this pernicious un-American practice which is undermining our democracy.

Read how you can do it and why.

AT ALL BOOK STORES

or sent postpaid to any address 50c

The PENN PUBLISHING CO., 925 Filbert St. Philadelphia

YOU CAN HAVE THIS

[illegible] typewriter, for your own [illegible] you will show it to your friends and let them see wherein it excels other $100 typewriters, and tell them of our most liberal [illegible] Woodstock [illegible] By post card or letter [illegible] say "Mail Particulars."

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 411, CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from Page 80)

Like many heavy men, George was light on his feet and a fairly good dancer. He had been considered about the best round Middleburg. But, to forestall her possible criticism, and also—oh, shrewd George!—to differentiate himself from the flock of city men round her constantly, he told her, as soon as they whirled off, that he was just a rube. Nothing in common with Vernon Castle. She must be merciful. He had spent most of his life plowing.

Laidy looked up at this broad-shouldered, serious-appearing young man with a trifling increase of interest.. Twice, when a little girl with her parents, she had visited an aunt in a small town. At the times she had enjoyed the visits where there were calves, kittens, gophers and other objects of interest to youth. Now she recollected only the hot little frame house, the fly-buzzing lean-to kitchen, wheezy wood pump and tin washbasin. She was altruistically glad that this young man had got away from such and come to the abode of plumbers, taxis, white-marble-foyered hotels and *thés dansants*.

A few days later she gave him another dance. And a few days later another.

III

NOTHING in this world is quite equal to persistence. George Williamson had great capacity for persistence, even when the stakes were small. Now that the stakes were extraordinarily large he was extraordinarily persistent.

It would not be true to say that from the first he planned and expected to marry Laidy Heidemann. With all his ambition, he had hardly that much presumption—at the first. But he dreamed of doing so; dreamed longingly and heartily—and steadily. And, driven by his dreams, he so persistently connected himself with her flock of followers that presently that careless, sociable young woman unconsciously began to believe that she knew this friendly young man far better and longer than was at all the case.

Whenever he danced with her or talked to her he contrived to throw a great but unobtrusive friendliness and liking for her into his serious, honest-appearing brown eyes.

This was not hard for George. He could throw most any sort of expression into his eyes. Often, back in Middleburg, he had been wont suddenly to throw a blue funk into them, thereby causing various commercial travelers making the town to telegraph their firms, first thing the next morning, for more expense money.

Unconsciously Laidy yielded to that persistently kindly expression, and in return gave a measure of careless but cordial friendliness.

He called on her at her home—and felt at home, and wondered how it would feel to call it home. He met her mother. He even ate a few dinners in the big dining room. Above the sideboard was a life-sized oil portrait of Stephen Heidemann. George looked up at it with unaffected affection. What an ideal father-in-law! Affection almost impelled him to take a wreath out to the old gentleman's grave in Graceland; he was so grateful to Stephen for being conveniently out in Graceland.

But he restrained himself from yielding to this affectionate, grateful impulse.

You can't get much of a wreath, you know, for less than three dollars; and his dollars brought from Middleburg were dwindling in spite of his care—and no man could be more careful with them—far faster than he liked to see. He cursed silently to himself often at certain *thé-dansant* waiters who snapped at quarters and half dollars like turtles at fish bait, and then stuck out greedy eyes and impudent hands for more.

It irritated him, at times, to reflect that his entire capital would scarcely purchase one of the many Airedales which stretched their lazy lengths in the broad Heidemann halls.

Presently he began to realize that, after getting so far in Laidy's regard, he seemed to be getting no farther. To her he did not seem to stand out exceptionally in the mob of men who, also, were mightily friendly to her. She gave him dances. She invited him to dinner once in a while. But she did not save him dances. And there were usually twenty or more others at the dinners.

Moreover, Clara Fraser, a tall, handsome divorcée, who classed herself as one of Laidy's dearest friends, began to look at him with amused, mocking, understanding eyes.

"You think she's about the sweetest thing on earth, don't you?" she drawled.

George admirably kept his pose.

"I sure do!" he said seriously. "And she's been mighty good to a nobody from a small town like me."

Clara laughed softly.

It was the next day that George dropped in to see Laidy's mother—this, though he knew Laidy was at a matinée. Mrs. Heidemann, in a gingham house dress, was going over the month's bills. She could not, though she tried heroically, join in Laidy's royal disregard for dollar details, and mail a check to everyone requesting one.

George stayed all afternoon and helped her add and subtract. While he helped her he talked lightly about himself. He was perfectly truthful and candid. He told her that, after spending his young life behind a monotonous plow, he had come to the city in search of greater opportunity. Gayly he confided that he intended to track opportunity to its lair and despoil the lair.

It was quite accidental that, as he said this last, his eyes dropped enviously to the high heap of accounts—grocer, butcher, modiste, florist, wine dealer and caterer. Mrs. Heidemann smiled friendlily and encouragingly over her spectacles. She liked to hear a young man talk in that strain. It reminded her of the way Steve used to talk—the young, ambitious Steve of long ago. And some tears came into her eyes and rolled down her cheeks, and she had to wipe them away. Then she insisted that George stay for dinner. There was to be no one there but herself and Laidy. Later she told Laidy:

"He seems such a nice young man. Sort of different from a lot of 'em that keep coming here. For your money, I can't help suspecting, dearie, sometimes."

"He's nice," agreed Laidy carelessly, listlessly.

"Ain't you running round too much, dearie?" begged her mother. "Your voice sounds tired, and you look ——"

"I'm cross over my dress," said Laidy. "She used cloth-of-silver instead of silver tulle ——"

"I thought it was lovely," objected her mother. "I seen one like it going into the house across the way this afternoon." She glanced through the window as she spoke and across the way to a high, straight stone house, from whose doors an awning passage ran to the curb. "I guess them Gibbard girls had a reception."

"Did they?" yawned Laidy.

"Ain't you ever met them any place yet?" asked her mother. "It seems sort of funny ——"

"No," said Laidy curtly.

"Didn't I once hear you mention that you know their brother?" asked her mother meditatively. "It seems funny ——"

"I've danced with him—twice," said Laidy.

"There was a young Gibbard your pa used to admire," said her mother reminiscently.

"I'm tired, mother," said Laidy, yawning suddenly. "I'm going to bed."

There were times when Laidy's blue eyes were not the soft blue of certain old bowls beloved of our grandmothers, but a hard agate blue.

"She's dancing too much, I believe," worried her mother to herself. "She's fagged out, I know."

Frequently after that George Williamson dropped in to see Laidy's mother. And presently he noted, with satisfaction, that in Laidy's regard he was fast getting to a point of intimacy. Merely fraternal, friendly intimacy; but that was good. Given a choice, George always took three queens in preference to fragments of a flush.

He came to know the Airedales by name; also, the food fads of Bizzy, Laidy's tiny terrier. He helped Mrs. Heidemann so often with her monthly bills that he knew almost to a cent what the Heidemann régime cost a month.

This knowledge irritated him and elated him; elated—because it was glorious to dream that some day he might be in a position to pay such outrageous bills; irritated—because, though Laidy paid ninety dollars in two weeks for shoes, and the Heidemann servants had their fill of peaches out of season, he himself was compelled to haunt twenty-cent table-d'hôte restaurants and counter lunch rooms in order to make his few hundred dollars last as long as possible.

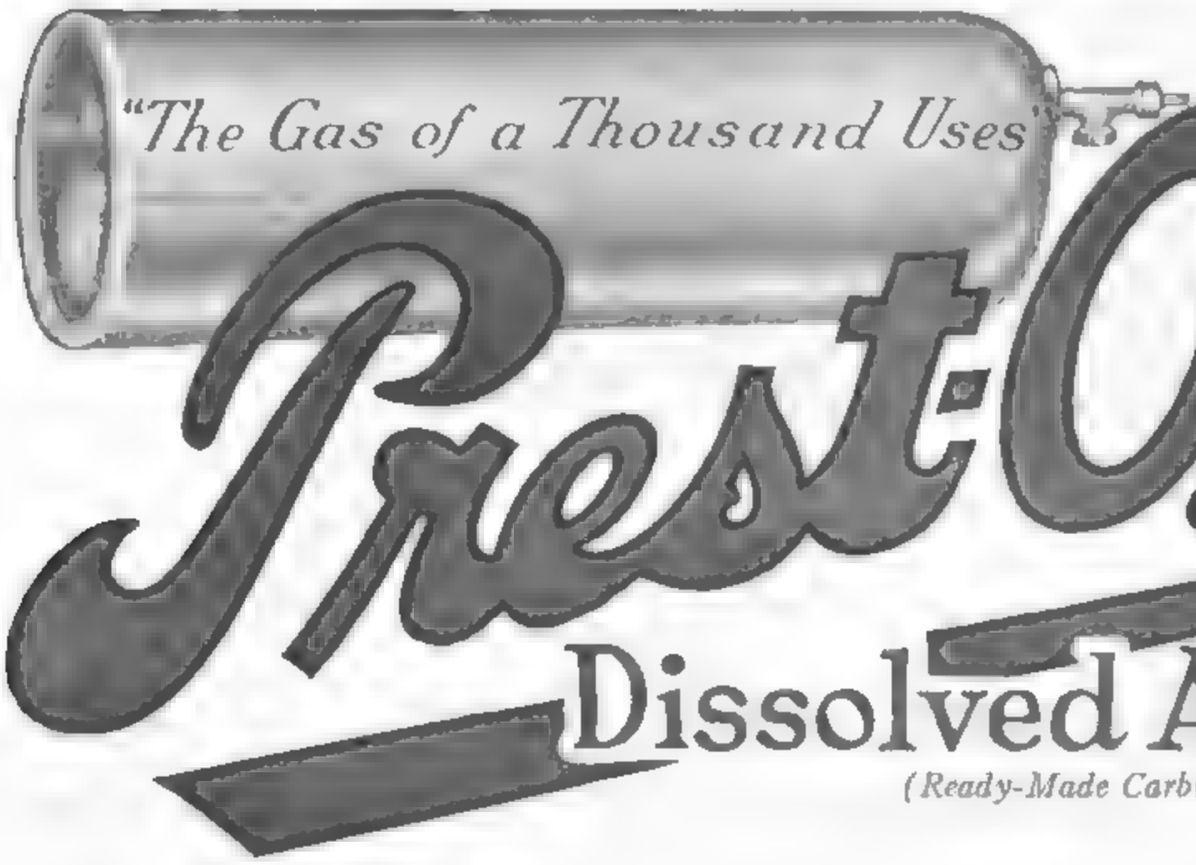
Sometimes he really disliked Laidy for her careless use of money. She never seemed to reflect that it was precious. She tossed it about as a baby tosses toys. She played with it; she threw it away.

There was one night when she ordered wine—George had lost, some time back, the small-town stuff of calling it by its Christian name, champagne, and had fallen into the use of Chicago's classier appellation—with a freedom that made him furious. It was at the amber-electroliered tea room where he had first seen her. He had danced with her several times—more than any other man that evening. So the other men seemed to think that it was his privilege to pay for the bottle after bottle she ordered, sipped at, then carelessly allowed a waiter to carry away and bring another.

Always secretly George had raged at the *thé-dansant* waiter's brisk, frisky way of carting off a half-quaffed glass to make way for another. As he drew a fourth yellow bill—and by this time his yellow bills were getting few—he laid a heavy wager with himself that sometime lovely, careless Laidy should pay him well for this exhibition of carelessness and extravagance at his expense. But, catching Clara Fraser's mocking, understanding glance, he hastily changed his facial expression. He gently admonished Laidy:

"You shouldn't drink this stuff. I've wanted to tell you for a long time ——"

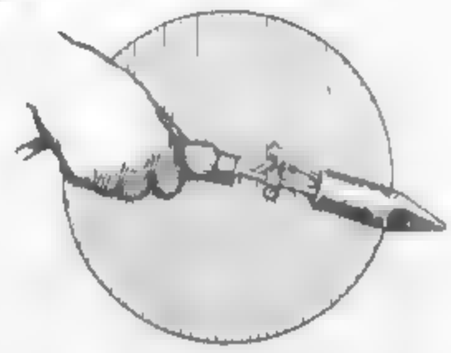
(Continued on Page 85)



Prest-O-Lite

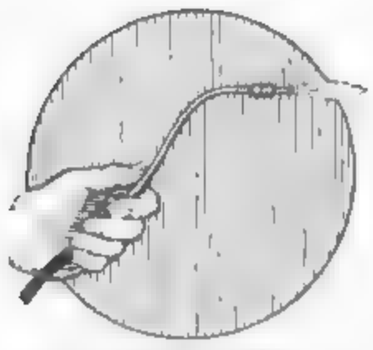
Dissolved Acetylene

(Ready-Made Carbide Gas)



Prest-O-Soldering Iron
Price $4.00 (Canada $5.00)

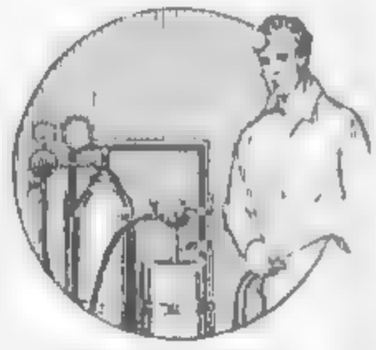
Your Prest-O-Lite has more uses, more value, than you realize



Prest-O-Torch, Style "A"
Price 75c (Canada 85c)

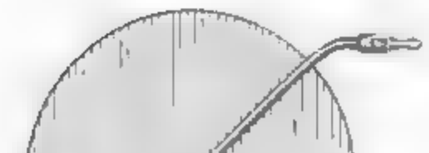
There are over two million Prest-O-Lites in service, a surprising number being used for commercial purposes — yet many people think of Prest-O-Lite only as an "automobile light."

Hundreds of thousands of factories, railroad shops, shipyards, mines, telegraph, telephone, gas, oil and construction companies, blacksmiths, garages, repair shops, dentists, jewelers, electricians and others are using Prest-O-Lite for welding, soldering, brazing, lead-burning or other purposes.



Oxy-Acetylene Welding Apparatus

If you have a Prest-O-Lite (gas tank), the appliances shown here point out a few of many ways to use it profitably.



Prest-O-Torch, Style "C"
Price $2.25 (Canada $2.75)

Acetylene Blow-Torches

Quicker, cheaper and better than gasoline for soldering, brazing and heating

For all classes of soldering, brazing and heating, usually handled by the ordinary gasoline blow-torch, there is a Prest-O-Lite acetylene blow-torch which instantly provides an intense heat in a concentrated flame that does the work easily, quickly and surely. Easily turned on and off as needed.

Prest-O-Torch, Style "A"

Will braze up to 3/16-in. steel rods. 75 cents (Canada, 85 cents)

Prest-O-Torch, Style "C"

Will braze up to 2-in. solid steel bars. $2.25 (Canada, $2.75).

Prest-O-Torch, Style "D"

For dentists and jewelers

Using acetylene with or without compressed air, produces two distinct kinds of flame—a non-carbonizing *brush* flame suitable for a wide range of soldering, brazing and heating operations, or a *needle* flame suitable for infusions and casting gold, etc. The user supplies air from foot bellows, small drum or compressor. Price $3.25 (Canada, $4.45). Special Style "D" Prest-O-Torch with air trigger for quick changes from brush to needle flame, price $4.25 (Canada, $5.75).

Lead-Burning Outfit, Type "L"

Oxy-acetylene lead burning is more efficient and more economical than any other process. Operates on two gases universally obtainable—Prest-O-Lite gas and compressed oxygen. Provides a gentle needle flame ideal for lead burning; automatic pressure regulators for acetylene and oxygen cylinders, two 6-ft. lengths of hose and necessary sundries. Price, $21.00 (Canada, $30.00)

Prest-O-Soldering Iron

An easily lighted acetylene heating flame inside a copper head, saves all the trouble and inconvenience of the troublesome gasoline blow-torch and charcoal brazier for soldering on light and medium "repeat" work or the occasional small job. Simply connect to a Prest-O-Lite, turn on the gas and light. Nothing to generate, nothing to overturn, portable and economical. Price, $4.00 (Canada, $5.00)

Oxy-Acetylene Welding Apparatus

This high-grade portable welding equipment provides necessary apparatus for handling the widest range of light or heavy welding in manufacturing construction and repair work. Uses Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene and Compressed Oxygen, in convenient cylinders, ready to use.

Welding apparatus consists of an equal pressure blow-pipe, automatic regulators and gauges for acetylene and oxygen cylinders and the necessary sundries. Price, $75.00 (Canada, $100.00). Truck for carrying acetylene and oxygen cylinders and special apparatus for metal cutting furnished at extra cost. Our Instruction Book enables any workman who understands metals to learn welding quickly.

Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene, the purest form of carbide gas for welding, is furnished in large special cylinders on acetylene service agreement.

Acetylene Bunsen Burner

The high flame temperature of acetylene gas makes it speedy in action, and by no means an expensive fuel for Bunsen burner use in laboratories. Nothing to clean out or get out of order. Price, $1.75 (Canada, $2.25); with vessel holder, $2.00 (Canada, $2.50).

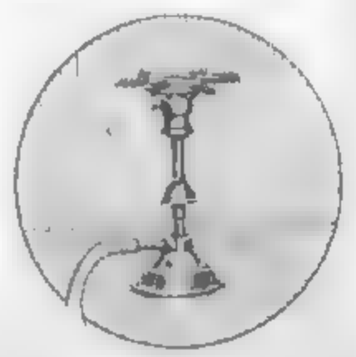
Prest-O-Lite Stem and Burner

A handy light for hundreds of purposes

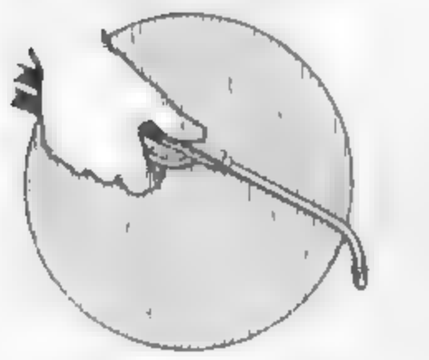
Attach to any Prest-O-Lite cylinder Turn on the gas and light it. Instantly you have a handy portable light which may be used for hundreds of indoor or outdoor lighting purposes. Specify whether motorcycle or automobile size Prest-O-Lite is to be used. Price, ready to connect to cylinder, 65 cents (Canada, 75 cents).

Portable Flare Lamp

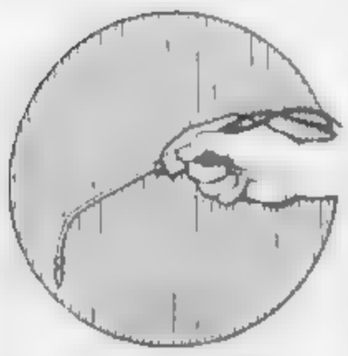
An economical light of high candle-power. May be used with a carrier for "MC" Prest-O-Lite and swung over the arm. Outfit stands 18 inches high, weighs 18 lbs. Price complete, with gas cylinder, $25.00 (Canada, $30.00). Ten-inch aluminum reflector and burner only, as shown, with arm for attaching to automobile style Prest-O-Lites. Price, $12.00 (Canada, $16.50)



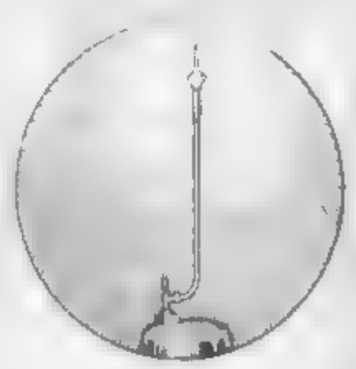
Acetylene Bunsen Burner
Price $2.00 (Canada $2.50)



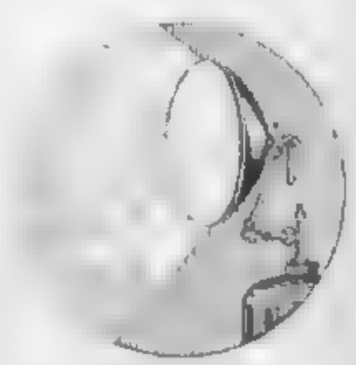
Prest-O-Torch, Style "D"
Price $3.25 (Canada $4.45)



Lead Burning Outfit
Type "L"



Stem and Burner
Price 65c (Canada 75c)



Portable Flare Lamp

Each of the pieces of apparatus shown has hundreds of profitable uses, described in full in special literature. Ask us for complete details on any use you may have in mind.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc., U. S. Main Office and Factory, 360 Speedway, Indianapolis, Ind.
Canadian Main Office and Factory, Dept. I, Merritton, Ontario

55 branches and charging plants in principal industrial centers

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE

Stewart Products

Checks Car Costs

The only way to cut down the cost of running your car is to know exactly what those costs are.

With the Stewart Speedometer you can accurately gauge your gasoline and oil consumption.

It helps you keep a record of your tire mileage—enables you to get equitable tire adjustments.

The Stewart Speedometer is doing this highly important service on over 2,000,000 cars. It is on 95% of all equipped cars built.

Look for it on the car you buy. If it isn't there ask why. Insist.

Stewart Speedometer $25

A Big Loud Note

The pokiest pedestrian doesn't linger long in front of a Stewart Warning Signal.

That big, loud, penetrating note guarantees the right of way.

It lets them know you're coming—helps get out of the way.

It means safety for you and safety for them. And it means that the car ahead or the car at the crossroads knows you are getting close.

Stewart Warning Signals make mighty good accident insurance.

No signals could be better built or more perfect in design, and no others are so generally used.

The Stewart dealer has them in stock. Now is the time to get yours.

Stewart Warning Signals $3.50 to $6

In Any Position It Delivers—

an even, positive flow of gas under all conditions.

Run your car on any grade or angle and the Stewart Vacuum System keeps your gas supply continually above the carburetor.

Over 70% of all car makers have already adopted it as standard equipment.

In nearly every instance it has replaced gravity and pressure feed systems.

Any car to be up to date must have the Stewart Vacuum System.

Less than 30% still use these old-fashioned troublesome systems.

The sweeping success of the Stewart Vacuum System will doubtless attract swarms of imitators as all Stewart Products always have and always will. Imitations always follow any great success.

But they will only be experiments—unrecognized and unused.

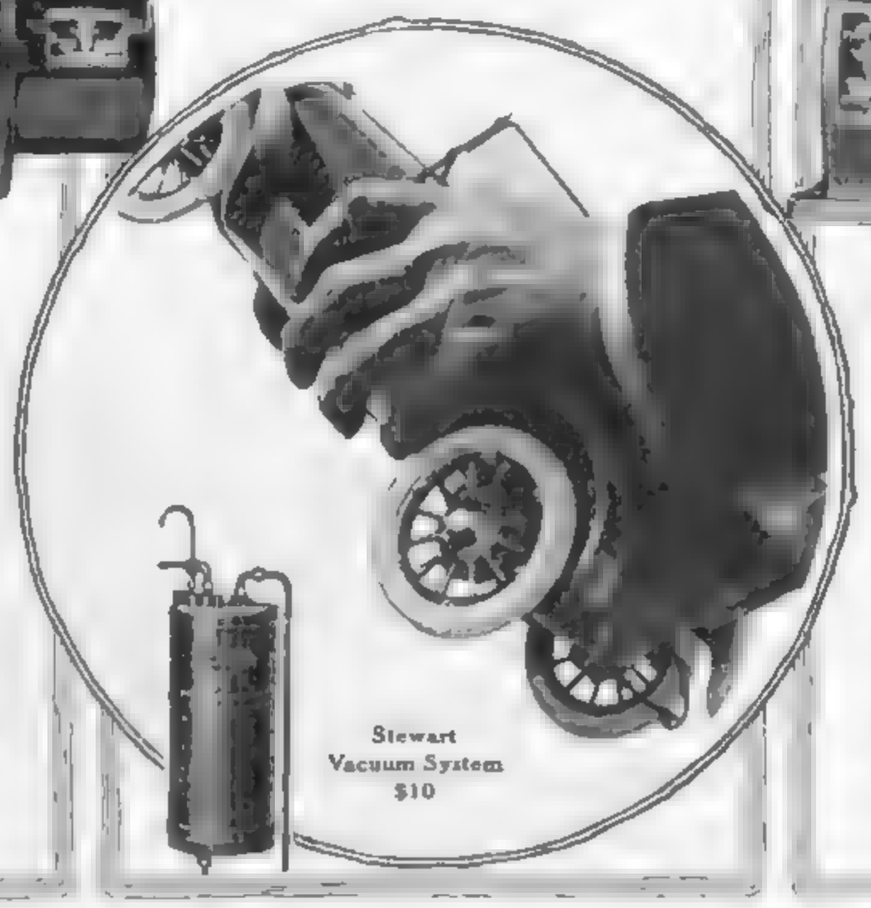
Insist upon having the Stewart Vacuum System on your new car.

Or, bring your old car up-to-date by installing it.

We have every reason to believe that within a very short time the Stewart Vacuum System will be on every make of car. Put it on yours now.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation

Chicago, U. S. A.



Stewart Vacuum System $10

You Need a Pump

You hate to pump tires.

It exhausts your patience, your vocabulary and your back.

So why not get a Stewart Tire Pump?

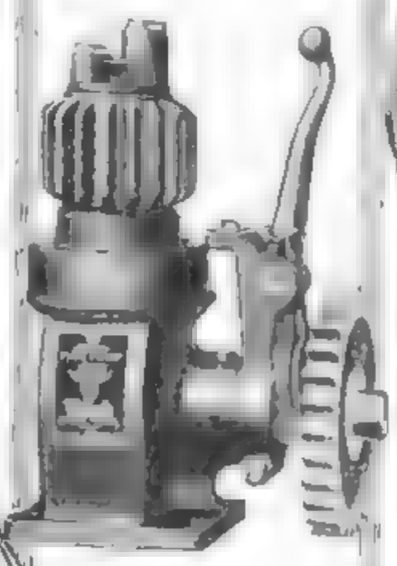
Then all you have to do is to sit around and smoke your cigar while your motor does the work.

We sell hundreds of Stewart Tire Pumps every day to motorists who prefer using horse power to hand power.

The Stewart Tire Pump only costs $12. And it quickly saves that in the extra mileage it gives your tires.

To say nothing of the way it saves your back and your temper!

Order your Stewart Tire Pump today.



Stewart Tire Pump $12

To Ford Owners

Every Ford should be equipped with a Stewart Speedometer.

It insures protection.

It warns you the instant you go too fast.

It saves you from the annoyance, the humiliation, the loss of time and money caused by arrest.

It enables you to check up on gas and oil consumption.

You can get the Stewart Speedometer for Fords for $10—or mounted in a handsome enameled instrument board, for $11.25.

There's a Stewart dealer in your town. Better get in touch with him today.

Stewart Speedometer for Fords $10

Be sure to look for Stewart Products on the car you buy. They are the best index of its quality.

Stewart Products are backed by a nation-wide chain of service stations perfectly equipped.

Remember—no car is better than its accessories. Insist upon having Stewart Products on yours.

Stewart Products are for sale by leading garages, accessory dealers and jobbers—everywhere.

(Continued from Page 82)

Laidy's eyes snapped like offended stars. They were darker than usual.

"I like it!"—perversely; and she drank a full glass.

As she drank she looked across the room. George followed her glance. A tall, lean, critical-appearing young man and two girls, who resembled him so much that one guessed they were his sisters, were standing there, idly watching the dancers. George half-remembered that once Tod had named the young man to him.

Afterward he decided that he need not grudge those yellow bills, even though they were nearly his last; for Laidy presently found that she couldn't quite keep her footing on the polished floor. She giggled rather foolishly, and then asked George to call her car and take her home.

A hundred feet of the crisp night air put her right again, and she was ashamed of herself and laughed nervously. But George was silent as they rode. He was thinking: A few more glasses and, if a fellow whom she liked happened to have the marriage license right in his pocket, before she could change her reckless mind ——

And there was only one reason why he did not immediately carry out this little plan. When he got back to his room on Dearborn Avenue and counted his money he found that it was lower than he had believed. He wanted to swear aloud. But it was too late, and the other roomers were asleep; so he swore under his breath, long and fluently. He was nearly out of money!

He wrote to his sister Amelia, who taught a country school and usually had sixty or seventy dollars saved. And then, while he was waiting for her reply, he impulsively told Laidy, one afternoon in her big, sleek gray car, that he loved her. No one would ever love her half so well, though he knew it was not likely that she could care for him —

"Though—could you?" he asked.

Laidy did not answer for a moment. There was a congestion of traffic at that corner, and her car was held up alongside a long, sleek emerald-hued motor. The tall, lean man with the two girls in it bowed carelessly to her. The girls did not.

George Williamson's eyes apparently did not take in this other car and its occupants; but, in Middleburg, Abe Searcer and Jud Pilson and several others would have said coldly that you never could tell what George Williamson knew and was planning. He repeated, eyes wistfully fixed on Laidy's small, pretty face:

"I love you, Laidy! No one else in the world would love you so well ——"

Laidy nodded coldly at the tall, lean young man in the other car. Then her eyes, blue as an old delft bowl, turned to George's face.

"Do you?" she asked plaintively. "I—I believe you do. And -and —"

"I couldn't tell you how much!" swore George yearningly

"Do you, really?" questioned Laidy gravely—almost gratefully.

But she was not looking at him then She was looking after the emerald-hued motor, which had taken advantage of an opening in the congestion to dart ahead

"Really I do!" said George earnestly, his heart beginning to beat with hope. Since she was not refusing him outright ——

"I—I believe you do," repeated Laidy gravely. "I—I believe you do!" Not a strong emphasis on the pronoun; but a faint, eloquent, wistful emphasis. And she was watching the emerald motor, now a block ahead.

"And—you?" queried George, afraid to say a word too much.

"I like you," she admitted soberly.

"Well enough ——"

"Yes, I I guess so; as long as—as you love me" plaintively

George Williamson's brown eyes for a fleeting second turned from Laidy's grave, wistful, lovely little face. They gazed ahead. Were they looking at the emerald car, now half hidden by a line of motors?

"Dear little Laidy!" he murmured. "I'll spend my life making you happy."

"Will you?"—gently.

"And I — Will you marry me soon?"

"Yes," sighed Laidy.

"I—I never dreamed that I'd come to this town and find—you!" he told her huskily.

"Am I worth finding?" queried Laidy. "I'm I'm glad someone thinks so"

"Are you?"

George Williamson drew a long, hard breath. Laidy slipped her hand into his.

That night, in his room on Dearborn Avenue, George Williamson pinched himself hard—on arms and legs. Then he got a large pin and stuck it far into a bare calf. No, he was not dreaming.

Before he went to bed he wrote again to Amelia, begging her to send him all the money she possibly could. He promised repayment, a hundredfold, within six months He added a postscript to Rose. They were the only ones of the family to whom it was worth his while to appeal.

Next day he hunted up Tod Slate, whom he had not troubled to hunt for several weeks past, and told him. Tod was skeptical.

"Joke?" he yawned. "Say, you can't pull small-town stuff here!" Daily contact with a city editor had made Tod distrustful.

"Come along this afternoon and I'll introduce you to my future mother-in-law," said George, nettled.

Tod went. His eyes popped. Then he rapidly set down his second cup of tea,

Another Advantage

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

SAVES EGGS

Use a small additional quantity of ROYAL in place of each egg omitted

The following recipes illustrate the rule, but the modification may be applied to nearly all baked foods, and will produce healthful and satisfactory home-made cakes at a considerable saving in cost.

Sponge Cake

1 cup sugar
½ cup water
3 eggs
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup cold water
teaspoon flavoring

The old method called for 6 eggs and no baking powder

DIRECTIONS:—Boil sugar and water until it spins a thread and add to the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating until the mixture is cold. Sift together three times, the flour, salt and baking powder, and add alternately to the white mixture with the yolks of eggs beaten stiff. Add ⅓ cup cold water and flavoring. Mix lightly and bake in moderate oven about one hour

Corn Bread

1¾ cups corn meal
¼ cup flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar (if desired)
2 tablespoons melted shortening
1½ cups sweet milk

The old method called for two eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Sift the dry ingredients into bowl; add milk and melted shortening, beat well, and pour into well greased pan or muffin tins and bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

Booklet of practical recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients mailed free on request. Address ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 104 Fulton St., New York.

Royal Baking Powder

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from Grapes, which has no substitute for making a baking powder of the highest quality

No Alum No Phosphate

Johns-Manville Speedometer for FORD cars $11.25

Complete with Instrument board

THIS board and speedometer combination is easily attached with a wrench and screw driver to any open Ford body. Get it from your dealer—all complete ready to apply.

The Speedometer—A special J-M Model. Centrifugal principle. Rugged and accurate always. Finished in black and nickel.

You can mount other accessories on the Board easily and readily—because it is wood—selected wood, finished in ebony black.

TO THE TRADE

You will appreciate the selling power of this instrument board and speedometer combination; it is easy to handle because it comes to you ready to install and your customer can attach it himself.

It will be sold strictly on a jobber-dealer basis. So that every recognized dealer will have the fairest possible chance at the big Ford Market now opening up—your jobber will supply you.

Patent Applied For

The Adjustable Bracket—a distinctive feature

No rigid or one-piece cowl board will fit all Ford bodies. The J-M adjustable bracket (Pat. applied for) provides for all these differences in open Ford models.

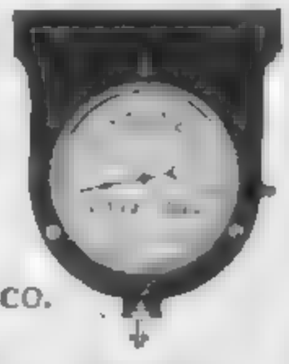
Slots are provided in each end of the wood board that permit the lengthening and shortening of the device to span the full width of the body.

The lower steel lugs on each end of the bracket are adjustable to attach to the bolts at the lower end of the windshield brace casting.

Don't fail to see it at your dealer's.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

Model 3000
Suitable for attachment next to the spark coil box—$10.00



Model 3006
Suitable for attachment to the windshield strap—$11.00

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
NEW YORK CITY
Branches in 55 Large Cities

dropping a piece of lemon on the Oriental-rugged floor, and rushed down to his editor with the news. George, watching him go, smiled happily. And Laidy, looking at George, smiled gently and not unhappily. And Laidy's mother, looking at Laidy, sighed with relief—as though she had been worried in the past—and asked George what he'd like for dinner.

Two days later George sighed with relief. Amelia's money order for ninety-two dollars arrived; also Rose's, for twenty-four. Now he had room rent, at least for a while. Good girls! He resolved to let them visit him and Laidy a week or two every year.

In the same mail came a letter from Hattie Doebling, inclosing her picture—a small one, watch size. George grinned over the stilted epistle, which hoped that he was doing well and would not forget his Middleburg friends. But he chuckled over the picture—though it was not unprepossessing.

Like many colorless people, Hattie photographed excellently. Her whitish-yellow hair—which suggested unsalted butter—came merely a soft blond on cardboard. Her bulging cheek bones did not show at pictured front view. But George saw Hattie only as she actually was—lank, melancholy-eyed Hattie, with her long bony arms—and in comparison with kinky-gold-haired Laidy, with her lovely blue eyes and her millions! Why, it was laughable! And George laughed.

During the weeks that followed it is no exaggeration to say that George Williamson literally walked on clouds. There were times when he felt dizzy at his good fortune. Mrs. Heidemann treated him like a long-looked-for and welcome son. Laidy was not demonstrative, but frequently her small hand slipped into his as though seeking protection and affection. Laidy's chauffeur touched a servile cap to him. Tod Slate gaped at him—simply gaped, as though he were a five-legged calf. Certain *thé-dansant* waiters hung about him fulsomely.

Laidy agreed to marry him soon. Winter was dragging along, and the lake was a cold place to live beside. Her mother had always had a desire to see the Grand Cañon, beyond which lies Pasadena. There was nothing unpleasant in all his world—except a temporary lack of funds. Ninety-two dollars added to twenty-four had to be handled dexterously to encompass several weeks' room rent, necessary food—he could not eat all three meals at the Heidemann home—minor expenses and—the minister's fee.

So, one night at the amber-electroliered tea room, where he had first beheld her, he asked Laidy to make that soon sooner. Why wait? He couldn't wait, he added tenderly.

"Why—very well," agreed Laidy indifferently. "I suppose there isn't much use in waiting."

Pleased? He certainly was pleased! It was because of the anomaly of human nature that, at the same time, he was irritated. He had an idea that it would have been more becoming in Laidy if she had shown more emotion when agreeing, instead of assenting in that maddeningly indifferent fashion. Soon or sooner? Why, she didn't seem to care! It touched his vanity—a vanity that had lately swollen somewhat.

Impulsively he wondered whether she would care if —— He yielded to the impulse. It would require only a minute or so between dances. And presently, while she was indifferently sipping a claret cocktail, he took the small picture of Hattie Doebling from the pocket of his coat, into which he had idly slipped it days before, and showed it to Laidy.

"The girl I used to have back home!"

"What!"

Laidy set her glass down hastily, and George smiled to himself. He guessed she did care, for her lovely blue eyes had darkened troubledly. And she took the picture quickly and stared down at the thin, melancholy face as though the sight troubled her.

"She—she has a sweet face."

"Um-m!" assented George in a careful voice.

He was amused. Certainly she cared! For the first time he saw dismay on Laidy's pretty face.

"And—and did you care for her until you met me?" asked Laidy.

"Yes," he said, suppressing a smile.

"Oh!" said Laidy, as though something hurt her. "Oh! I'm sorry! I didn't know! I never dreamed ——"

"I don't care for her now," comforted George. "Not at all!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" repeated Laidy disconsolately. Suddenly tears welled up in her blue eyes. "If I'd known ——"

"It's all past," urged George, half-wishing that he had kept still. "I don't ——"

"I—I can't marry you now," said Laidy dully. "I couldn't—I ——"

"What?" demanded George. "Why, Laidy, don't be foolish!"

"But I can't," she repeated; and now there was a small whimper in her voice, as well as tears in her eyes. She looked down at the picture. "No; I never could, George! I'm a wicked girl sometimes, and I do lots of things I shouldn't. I waste money that I ought to give to the poor, and often I'm impatient with my mother. And I've got a bad temper; and—and—sometimes I swear! But I couldn't take a man away from another woman who loved him!"

"Laidy!" cried George frantically. "I tell you ——"

"I can see by her sad eyes that she loves you," tremulously went on Laidy. "And—and I'd be unhappy all my life—I'd never forget her face. Oh, I wish you hadn't shown it to me!"

"My God! So do I!"

"I was so sure that everything was going to be nice and happy!" And by this time Laidy was wadding a small wet handkerchief into two drenched eyes. "I felt so comfortable, knowing that you liked me; you've been with me so much all these weeks! And you're so kind always—and I felt that I could always depend on you. And now it's all spoiled!"

"It's not spoiled! It's just the same! Let me tell you ——"

"No." Laidy looked down tearfully at the face of Hattie Doebling. "No, George." Though her voice was a mere whimper, and her pretty eyes, blue like certain old bowls cherished by our grandmothers, were wet and woeful, and her breath came like a small unhappy sob, her small, weak, red, handsome mouth was set in a tremulous but very straight and—honorable line. "I couldn't do anything like that, George. I—I'd always be thinking of her—of how I had robbed her. I—I couldn't forget her eyes! They'd haunt me; I can see in them ——"

What she saw in them George Williamson did not give her a chance to tell. And he was too excited to stop to reflect that perhaps Laidy couldn't see so much in another woman's wistful eyes if her own eyes had not been sharpened by something. He begged; he pleaded; he tried to explain; he swore by all that was sacred ——

"No; I know what dad would say if he was alive," said Laidy gently. "Dad told me once that he'd never done anything really to be ashamed of. He said it didn't pay."

And just then it happened that Laidy looked across the amber-electroliered room to where a tall, lean, critical-appearing young man was standing, idly watching. He did not come often to tea rooms—this man. In the past he had danced twice with Laidy Heidemann; but her kinky gold head had seemed to him a very frivolous head indeed, and her blue eyes had seemed a trifle shallow—like old low bowls.

Now their expression startled him, even across the room. Why, they were not shallow; they were deep—immeasurably deep, and of the most wonderful blue! As though jerked by an invisible cord, he crossed the room and asked her to dance with him.

And George had not given up hope of patching the matter up even an hour later when, sulkily trailing after Laidy, who was gentle and very kind and depressed, he heard Stanley Gibbard say earnestly: "I'll bring my sisters over."

Laidy's eyes were opalescent—and in all the earth there was nothing quite so blue, unless it was the big bowl of sky from which summer storm clouds have scurried.

Later Tod Slate hunted up George and reproached him: "What—and why did you spring that yarn? Say, you can't pull small-town stuff here!"

George did not explain. His money had given quite out; he was tired of clerking in the basement of a department store, and he was going home to visit the folks for a spell.

At the Middleburg depot Hattie Doebling met him. She was wearing her best dress—dark blue batiste, trimmed with white. Almost immediately she told him:

"George, one of ma's uncles died and left me nine hundred dollars! Ain't that grand?"

"Grand!" said George interestedly.

Prepared with Respect

DO you remember how you used to watch mother when she was preparing the favorite dish for the family? How *careful* she was! How *clean* everything had to be! How *good* everything must be before she would use it! How exact and precise she was—how watchful! No wonder people wove into their everyday talk the phrase "Like mother used to make."

You knew beforehand that whatever mother prepared would be good. And its goodness was increased for you because you knew that mother was thinking of you. She was thinking of your enjoyment, of your health, of your good living.

That is our principle in preparing all Wilson food products. That is why we say they are "prepared with *respect.*"

Wilson's Majestic Ham, for example, represents the most critical selection to begin with, and then the most expert preparation for your use.

We believe that when you are asked to buy and eat a product you are entitled to the knowledge that it has been handled, prepared and packed with the *respect* it would receive were it prepared in your own home.

CAREFULNESS, cleanliness, thoughtfulness, patience—these are *rules* with us. If you are one of those who think that the dominant idea in this big meat food institution is *volume*, that there is a constant rush to "get the goods on the market," you should change your opinion.

That is why every step in the curing and smoking is inspected and safe-guarded, so that when Wilson's Majestic label is finally placed on the package it will *guarantee* to you the cleanest, choicest kind of a product, with the "deliciously-different" old-time taste and unequalled cooking quality.

So exacting are our standards that an average of only *four out of ten* hams meet the Majestic requirements.

Wilson's Majestic Bacon, too, is really the *heart* of choicest pork sides.

Be *particular*, ask for Wilson's Majestic Hams, Bacon, Lard, Wilson's Certified Oleomargarine, Wilson's Clear Brook Eggs, and other high-grade food products.

Thos. E. Wilson

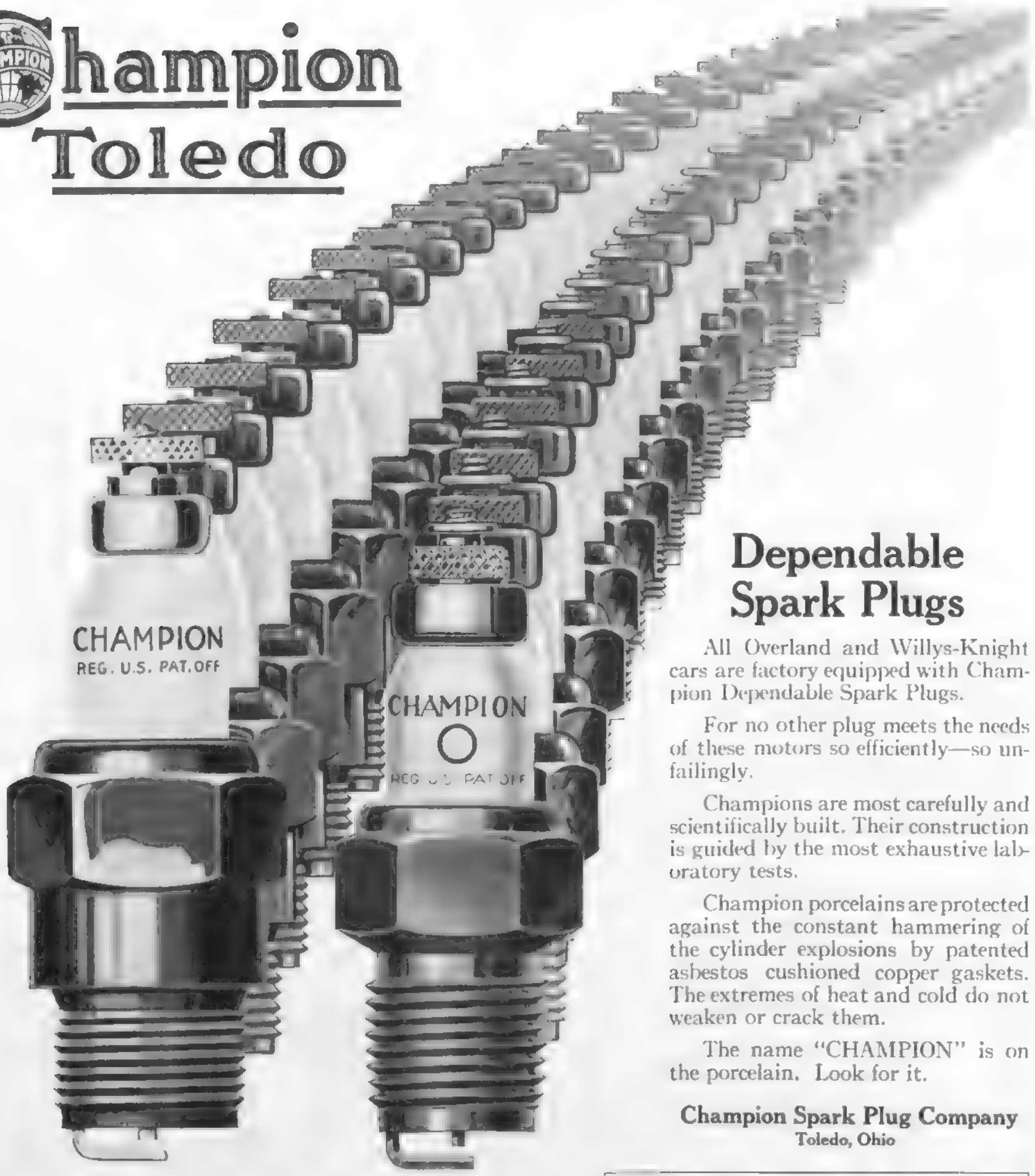
This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

CHICAGO NEW YORK KANSAS CITY OKLAHOMA CITY LOS ANGELES

Branch houses in all principal cities of the United States

The U. S. Government certifies to the purity and wholesomeness of Wilson and Co.'s products. Look for the Government Inspection mark.

Champion Toledo



Dependable Spark Plugs

All Overland and Willys-Knight cars are factory equipped with Champion Dependable Spark Plugs.

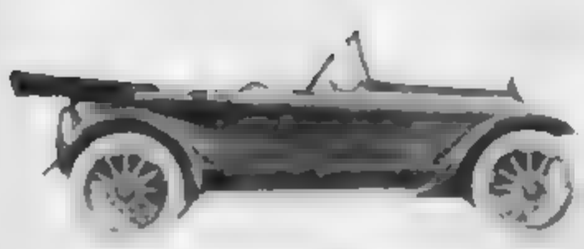
For no other plug meets the needs of these motors so efficiently—so unfailingly.

Champions are most carefully and scientifically built. Their construction is guided by the most exhaustive laboratory tests.

Champion porcelains are protected against the constant hammering of the cylinder explosions by patented asbestos cushioned copper gaskets. The extremes of heat and cold do not weaken or crack them.

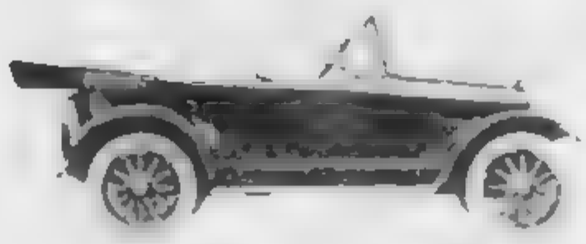
The name "CHAMPION" is on the porcelain. Look for it.

Champion Spark Plug Company
Toledo, Ohio



Willys-Knight Cars
are equipped with the Champion Heavy Stone Plug.

Price $1.25



Overland Cars
are equipped with the Champion special Overland "O" Plug.

Price $1.00

Clean Your Plugs This Easy Way

Patent Pending Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Fill the tube half full of gasoline—screw the plug into the bushing at the end—then shake.

Champion "Minute" Spark Plug Cleaner
In a minute or two you can clean a whole set
For sale by your jobber or dealer. If not write to us.

Price 75c

BRIGGLES "GOES WEST"

(Continued from Page 19)

"Really? I thought you'd stay in—in your new house!"

"I'm not saying that if the 'ouse was in France, I'd not open a horspital." Briggles waved his hands generously. "But seeing it's On-the-'Udson, I've no wish for it."

"Blister!" said Sheila suddenly.

"Miss, do you feel that tender toward me?" asked Briggles.

"Yes—because you are so splendid—oh, you won't let him get shot, will you promise me?" She took hold of his dumpy shoulders and gave him a jolly shake.

He felt strangely exhilarated, after the fashion of having demolished rum punch.

"Not if I dress 'im as a babe in arms," he promised.

"Somehow I know you're both coming back—to Mr. Stoker," she said. "I can't think of it's ending any other way. I know you'll bring him back and he'll start again—and you'll sell the house to him and—and have a glorious time of adventure for yourself!"

"I 'ope Mr. Stoker will remember 'im," remarked Briggles pensively, folding in bath slippers.

"Briggles, you packed his boxes when he went to school, didn't you?"

"I did," admitted Briggles grimly, "and when he went to jail!"

"Briggles!"

"I don't believe in a man's deceiving any hangel. I shan't let it 'appen in me own 'ouse! Miss Sheila, I did pack a box of decent wearing apparel for 'im. 'E went to a Bohemian ball masquerade and drank Japanese champagne, so 'e tried telling me afterward, and went tootling down the street at four A.M., clad in the garbage of a monk! I thought I should faint when they rang me up for bail. If 'is father 'ad seen 'im, Miss Sheila, 'e'd 'ave sent 'im west for sure!"

Sheila was tucking in a blue pincushion. She recognized it as one she gave Truesdale for a valentine joke. She did not answer.

"It mustn't prejudice you too much," urged Briggles; "it's more to put you on your guard, so to speak—always be ready with a little spare change—'e's apt to need it!"

Still she did not answer. Briggles dropped the case of brushes. She was crying!

"What 'ave I done?" he asked dramatically of Mr. Stoker. "I've set a hangel weeping!"

Mr. Stoker went after another on the flank, in mundane unconcern. Briggles put his hands on Sheila's shoulders to return the little shake.

"Miss Sheila, I'll bring him back to you—clad in the garbage of a gentleman." There was a quaver in his funny voice that rang true. "Listen!" He bent over until the lumpy, carroty-topped head and the red-gold braids almost touched each other. "I ain't going to charge no interest—for buying back the place. I don't want the 'ouse—now I come to think of it! What should I do? Sit in the parlor and talk to the walls—marry some tidy cook and 'ave 'er stray to the kitchen from force of 'abit! No, I want adventure, Miss Sheila. I want to wander about—to go west, as they say. What's more rousing than polishing off old Fritzie—and Mr. Truesdale's boots! Don't you 'elp a lot if you 'ave a gentleman's findings all laid out in style, so's he ain't homesick and can work a jolly deal stiffer? That's my idea. If 'e can't buy this place—why, damme, 'e can stay on as caretaker until I pop off. I've made a will 'as includes 'im most liberal! The 'ouse won't run away, and 'e won't be shot, and you won't run away, nor Mr. Stoker." Here Briggles invented a neat, cheering giggle.

Sheila sobbed in response.

"All at once it came to me that I did care," she said, "cared so much that nothing else mattered. I'm willing to be a crutch for him, I'm willing to marry a cripple."

"A cripple?" Briggles' eyes grew dark, dangerous looking. "Miss Sheila, if I may make so bold, Master Martin is nothing short of Adonis in the morning tub."

Sheila began to laugh and cry all in one.

"Yes, of course, I didn't mean just that—only, I know he's going to hate me when he sees the war nurses, women who care only for service; he'll see the difference and hate me. I know it—I know it—I know it!" she ended with a defiant little hysteria.

"Oh!" Briggles scratched his head perplexedly. "Seven year I kept the Intrepid Fox Tavern, Mr. Stoker, and never such trouble as this."

"Promise you'll never tell"—Sheila looked straight at him—"just promise me that, Briggles. I could never bear it if I thought you even hinted ——"

"Strike me pink if I ever make a peep!"

Sheila kissed him.

The alcove curtains parted abruptly. Truesdale was standing there.

"I'mimmenselyinterested," heremarked.

Briggles darted into an adjoining clothes room. But Mr. Stoker and Sheila held to their guns.

Truesdale put his arms round her with an air of ownership.

"You do care, don't you?" he asked. "And you know I do. I shan't think anything about war nurses; very likely I shan't see any. I shall do the best work I'm capable of, because I must have a worthy though brief record to offer my wife. I won't get shot, although I shall refuse to adopt an infant's frock, as Briggles suggested. I won't drink Japanese champagne or go tootling about, as he so kindly told you."

Here Truesdale raised his voice in the direction of the clothes room. "I'll work, Sheila, and buy my house again—and love you. May I?"

"What—what were you doing there?" She was startled out of sentiment. "Did you hear everything?"

"Even Briggles' kiss. I never would have got the truth from you or you from me, if Briggles hadn't tried his blessed, nervy, wonderful interfering. I came home unexpectedly, because of Mr. Stoker. I'd been looking all over Long Island to find a boarding kennel for him. I can't take him along; I'll be gone a year or longer, maybe. Just now I know I'll have hard work to stay a year, but I must. It takes a year for a shame inoculation to work off, Lady Handicap. And suddenly, because I couldn't think of the little beady-eyed whisker howling for me and getting like a shadow, I made up my mind to finish him. I thought while Briggles was packing I could get it by without his knowing. I'd just explain it to the old dog and let him go to sleep; then I'd know he was out of it! You and Mr. Stoker were hustling up the drive, I was behind you. I slipped in the back way, then you asked for Briggles. I ran up the backstairs and heard you talking. So I went down again and climbed the lattice, like a friendly burglar. I pushed the window open and came in here. I used to row with Briggles about the way he kept the curtains drawn—he ought to be made a Knight of the Carpet for it! I listened and heard you cry for me! Sheila, if you've done caressing Briggles, do you think you could be induced to ——"

She drew his dark head down to hers.

"Go west," she whispered, "but come back home!"

Briggles' wild tenor was ringing out so as to allow them all the leeway in the world, the one song in which he had trained himself not to behead the two *h*'s:

"The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.
For me the angels sing-a-ling-a-ling,
They've got the goods for me.
Oh, death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
Oh, grave, thy victores-ee?
The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me!"

Briggles waited in the motor, slightly flushed and excited, while Truesdale said good-by. There had been nine consecutive and constantly lengthening good-bys that Briggles knew of. This must, by force of the steamer's sailing, be the last. Briggles was not deceived by the previous nine, because Truesdale had not relinquished his ownership of Mr. Stoker. As long as the small square dog heeled him about, the finale was not yet over. For Sheila was to take charge of Mr. Stoker.

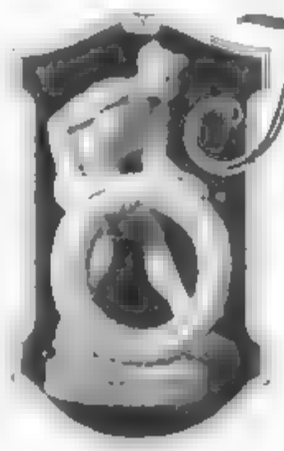
"I believe it's keeping 'er up remarkable," Briggles told Truesdale; "she's walked with a little 'op ever since we said Mr. Stoker would stop with 'er."

Truesdale, with a happy sadness—if such emotions may be blended—patted Mr. Stoker with envy. But just now Truesdale had led Mr. Stoker inside—Sheila said she could not go to the boat. The house which they jointly owned was boarded up and deserted—but only for a little, Truesdale had promised Sheila.

AJAX TIRES

GUARANTEED IN WRITING 5000 MILES

Now REGISTERED *to You*
As Bonds are Registered



AT one stroke Ajax takes tire service out of the realm of uncertainty and guesswork. It still more definitely fixes the responsibility of the *maker* and protects the *buyer*.

Every Ajax Tire is now REGISTERED at the home office, by serial number, in the individual tire-owner's name. Ajax is registered from the first motion of manufacture, through every step of selling—to the *last mile of bonded service*.

This even more positively *insures* the guarantee in writing—5000 miles—of which Ajax is the originator. While others are claiming Quality, we are *guaranteeing* it.

Ajax Tires always have differed, because of a different manufacturing *determination*. And because, building for long future, our standards of materials, our ideals of workmanship, our requirements of inspection always have been just a *little higher* than seemed necessary.

What is more, we know Ajax to be the most *economical* tire. Its 5000-mile guarantee represents an actual excess of 43% over the anticipated mileage of many standard makes—a proportionate saving per tire.

Ajax *alone* is registered. It is because of Ajax in-built quality, and because Ajax has valiantly upheld its guarantee through all these years that we *dare* inaugurate this registration plan. It crystallizes *our* highest ideals of Ajax service. Think what it means to *you!* Equip your car with Ajax Registered Tires.

Ask your Ajax dealer for a copy of "The Story of Ajax Tires," by Horace De Lisser, Chairman of the Board, Ajax Rubber Company, Inc. It tells an unusual business story with outstanding sidelights on Ajax ideals and principles.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, Inc.
1796–1798 Broadway NEW YORK
Branches in Leading Cities Factories: Trenton, N. J.

While Others Are Claiming Quality, We Are Guaranteeing It.

Ticker is the Square Point collar that will *not* wear out your shirt—on in a second—adjusts easily—fits perfectly. Like all
SLIDEWELL COLLARS
is made with the patented Tie-Protecting Shield and Graduated Uniform Tie-Space—exclusive features that save your Tie, Time and Temper.
Hall, Hartwell & Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.
15c Each
$1.75 per Dozen

BUCKSKIN Tires
From Factory To You
These are tires made to stand the hardest usage on every road, in every climate, under every condition. With every one of them you get a
4000-MILE GUARANTEE
Scores of Buckskin users have got as high as 10,000 miles; and our adjustments last [illegible]
Western Dist. Office 1438 S. Mich. Ave., Chicago
Lowest Prices in America

Copy This Sketch

Illustrators and cartoonists make $30 to $125 [illegible] YOU
The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
1434 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
Actual search free. Send sketch or model. [illegible]
GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 211 Barristar Bldg., Washington, D. C.

LAME PEOPLE
Henry S. Lotz, 313 Third Ave., N. Y. City

I Print MY OWN
[illegible] per $18. Rotary $60. Saves [illegible] others, big profit. All easy. Write factory for catalogue [illegible]
THE PRESS CO. D-17 MERIDEN, CONN.

STUDENTS AND TEACHERS for VACATION WORK write us
NORTH RIDGE SANITARY BRUSH CO.
DEPT. A 3, FREEPORT, ILL.

Briggles drew out a handkerchief and touched off each eye as Mr. Stoker disappeared. He felt it was expected of him. Besides, there never could be but one Mr. Stoker—it was no irreverence to say it—any more than there could ever be but one Truesdale or one Sheila Morgan. Besides, Mr. Stoker's uncle was in the royal kennels.

As Briggles sat there gazing at the dull autumn haze Truesdale came out, a little white and unnaturally jolly, but with a clear-visioned look in his eyes.

"I say, Brig, go on in; she wants to tell you good-by. No, I'll not go back—a bit thick, you know."

Reluctant but brave, Briggles dragged himself up the walk and into the drawing room. Must he confront Mr. Stoker again, pat him with mere friendly interest? Truly, it was a bit thick!

Sheila's family were wandering pensively about. Sheila, in a dull-silver gown, was holding Mr. Stoker in her lap. She held out her hand cordially. But she was not crying. There was the same clear-visioned look in her eyes that he had seen in Truesdale's. It braced Briggles wonderfully. Mr. Stoker, with wilting whiskers, gazed in silent pleading. Oh, for one of their old evenings

"Briggles, I want to thank you," she said; "you've done everything for us. And you'll bring him back"—just a tiny catch in her voice—"you know you promised ——"

"I'll bring him back," repeated Briggles as if he were taking vows.

"I wanted to see you again and tell you how I do thank you. It's going to be wonderful for him, isn't it—and—and he'll come back," she ended lamely. The repetition was starting a chain of romantic sentiment in Briggles' brain.

"Good-by, Miss Sheila." He reached over Mr. Stoker's square grizzled head and took her hand. Mr. Stoker was very quiet.

"Briggles, you'll write and tell me just how he is, won't you?"

"By every steamer."

"And you'll be really frank, won't you?"

"As frank as can be!" Briggles struck a military pose.

"Thank you! Isn't there anything I can do for you, Briggles?" she asked. "I'm keeping the little dog for him—it helps to do things. Isn't there something you'd like tended to while you are—west? Anything, Briggles!"

Briggles looked at Mr. Stoker with an indulgent eye.

No pastime was too lavish to make up for the parting.

"There is," he said, coughing apologetically, "if you'd like to keep the little dawg 'appy—I've an idea. It would oblige me, too. Some dreary day, just take the green icicle off your century plant and put 'im down in the middle of the 'all—and leave the rest to Mr. Stoker!"

TALES FROM A SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX

(Continued from Page 11)

war for that and still have money left. And naturally it has made quite a lot of fuss and fireworks in the papers—these people and politicians trying to find out who got away with it. But that doesn't interest me."

"Why not?" I asked, leaning over, waiting.

"Because it doesn't. In the first place, they won't find out, anyhow. They never do. But it doesn't interest me, anyway. What interests me is where they got it from."

"Where did they?" I asked, and thought again of the hugeness of it, and of the other folks besides us who had lost it.

"In there!" John Snaith answered, motioning with his thumb.

"In there!" I said after him.

"Let's look at it for a minute," he said to me. "Where would it come from? It wasn't lost in speculation—that's one sure thing. Nor by the kind of folks that speculate. It wasn't hardly sold upon the Stock Exchange"

"No"

"Money can't be lost there, anyhow, can it? On the Stock Exchange? All that it does is change owners."

"I suppose so."

"And it isn't likely that they'll find they've stolen the actual cars or tracks or engines—and carried them off home. Not up to a hundred and seventy-five million dollars, anyhow."

"Not much!" I said.

"No," said John Snaith reflectively. "There's just one place. There's where it comes from. There's where they got it from—out there!" And he pointed back again. "Those still, safe places—like that out there. There's where the great bulk of that hundred and seventy-five million dollars came from—from the little safe-deposit boxes of New England. All—the biggest share of it—from common, average folks, who would suffer most in losing it."

"The dirty robbers!" I said hotly, thinking of the men they said had done it. "Hanging would be too good for them."

"No; not that, either," said John Snaith slowly. "You can't blame them, exactly."

"Can't blame them!" I came back.

"Blame them—no," said he. "How can you? 'God made dogs to steal their living,' my grandmother used to say. You can't blame them. The trouble is with the folks who leave it round for them to steal!

"You can't blame them—these men who handle it. No. There's the place, and there're the people," he said again, jerking his head back toward the door, "who're to blame for losing it—for leaving it round where it could be taken."

"Leaving it round?" said I, and looked behind me.

There we sat, locked in—steel walls and bars and guards all round us. And through the doorway—the door was an inch or two ajar—I caught sight of a slice of the wall of the silent steel-lined safe-deposit room.

"Leaving it round—yes," John Snaith replied. "Out there! There's the easiest place in the world to lose money from.

"I mean it," he stated when I looked at him. "Certainly!" And I saw that he really did. "Figures prove it!" he said.

"Easiest place—out there!" I said to myself, watching him. "Leaving it round out there—to be stolen! What does he mean by that? What kind of a figure of speech is he using?"

For he still sat there, hard-faced and sober as ever. You could see with half an eye that he meant it seriously—whatever he intended to say—exactly.

"It's a queer thing to see," said John Snaith finally. "I wouldn't believe it myself—I wouldn't believe it could be done if I hadn't watched it for thirty years and seen how perfectly simple and natural it is—the way it happens. And always just about the same!

"First, one of them will come in here—very cautious and conservative, like your father was—and hire one of these steel pocketbooks of ours, out there in the wall. They aren't taking any chances about what they've got or where they put it. They'll hire a safe-deposit box and put in it just old conservative securities that everybody speaks well of—like this, for example," said John Snaith, drawing over that stock certificate which my father had. "Take this thing: Here was the original pattern—the stuff folks started lining safe-deposit boxes with round this part of the country when they first began to have them. Fine stuff! The old-reliable family safe-deposit-box stock in this section—handed down from one generation to another, like the family furniture. Something you could lay away and forget about. So they did—just that.

"What happens?" inquired John Snaith, fingering the certificate. "What did happen with this? For fifteen years—and more, to my knowledge—the whole world's been talking about this thing; first stage-whispering, then talking openly, and then yelling up and down the street. Everywhere—here, all round them in their own place! Every newspaper, every annual report—if they'd only stopped to read it! Every rusty engine wheezing up the grade in back of town yelled: 'Trouble! Trouble! Trouble!' Waked them up nights yelling it. Did they hear it? Did they read it?" asked the old man, pointing back of him again—"those fellows in back there? Could you get them to read it? Not a word! There's something sleepy in the air back there that won't let them, apparently.

"No. There it was, back in there—all safe and sound and protected—in those armored pocketbooks of theirs, where nobody could touch it. Where you could lay it aside and forget about it, and know that it was there safe—forever!

"Yes, there it was; and there it stays! The whole world's been crying it down and ringing the fire alarm over it for a dozen years, anyhow. And now, in the end, when all is said and done, who's got the stuff? Where is it? Right out there where it always was—in the hands of the safe, sound, conservative investor; in the same old family safe-deposit box!

"No," said John Snaith, "you can't make them hear. I don't believe it. I wonder sometimes what I ought to do about it to wake them up.

"I wish somebody'd come along and tell me. I've thought sometimes I'd go back in that room out there and put up an electric sign—the biggest I can get in there: 'Danger in here! Thieves! Robbers! Watch your pocketbook!'

"But that wouldn't do the slightest good—not the slightest! They'd read it and smile once, maybe; and then go off and forget it. And the same old thing would go right on in there."

I smiled to myself—my mind off my own trouble for the minute—thinking about a sign like that in that safe-deposit room; seeing how different the man was from what I took him for at first; watching his cigar, as it moved—the only thing about him, apparently, except his eyes—with his emotions. "He gestures with it, almost!" The thought came over me and I almost grinned openly.

"And yet," he said, his face as still and serious as ever, "it's all absolute God's facts—what I tell you; and anybody can find it out for themselves. There's more real money lost out of there than any other place I know."

He stopped a minute, staring at the stock certificate.

"A strange thing," he went on, "and stranger still when you think about the people that lose it! Good, sensible, industrious people, most of them—mentally 'way above the average. They wouldn't come in here with their money if they weren't. They'd be spending it or speculating with it—or losing it somehow.

"Safe, steady, sensible people, most of them—past their first crazy boyhood, anyhow. Salaried men or professional men—working for somebody else, as nine out of ten of us do nowadays in the city. They've found out that most of us have got to save something to start our children with, and pass out of life self-respecting. They've passed by their little speculations and buying gold bricks. They've learned not to back notes for first cousins and sons-in-law," he said; and he flicked my father's old note from his friend with his stiff forefinger. "They've made a little money and saved it. They invest it, and then bring it and lay it away in here—half of them—to lose it or have it taken away from them.

"I've watched it now for twice your lifetime," said John Snaith—"this investing by the average man. And I sometimes think it's about like it was in that old Pilgrim's Progress they made us read when we were boys—the farther on you go, the worse the devils get round you. Just when you think you're safe, then down you go.

"It's just that way, sometimes, I think, with those people," he said with another jerk of his head—"out there!"

"What happens to them? What gets into them?" I asked.

I had turned toward him, listening. I looked out past him at the slice of the wall of the still safe-deposit room.

"There's nothing mysterious about it," said John Snaith, his cigar twitching. "It's the same in all business and money matters—and always was. You'll see it wherever you go. The safer you think you are, the more danger you're in—always! The time when any man gets to thinking that he's absolutely safe in money business is just about the time he's lost.

"No," said the banker, sitting up a little; "I'm sorry for these people, always. You'd think they'd have more sense. But in the long run they fail and lose what they've got for just the same reason that everybody else does: because they've never yet learned the very first principle of investing money—in anything"

"What's that?" I asked quickly.

"I'll tell you," he said, directing his cigar and his eyes toward me. "I'll tell you, gratis. But you'll not remember it any more than your father did—or any of the

(Concluded on Page 93)

Why are sportsmen so keen on these Shotguns and Shells?

CONSIDER what Remington U M C Shotguns and Shot Shells are doing in a *practical* way for the sport of shooting.

Think of the Pump Gun—*the first hammerless solid breech repeating shotgun!*

And the Autoloading Shotgun, with its locked breech—also the first *hammerless* arm of its kind!

No sportsman needs to be told what such *practical betterments* mean to him—the hammerless feature: the solid breech, protecting his face: the simplicity, the easy operation, the *results,* so characteristic of Remington U M C Arms.

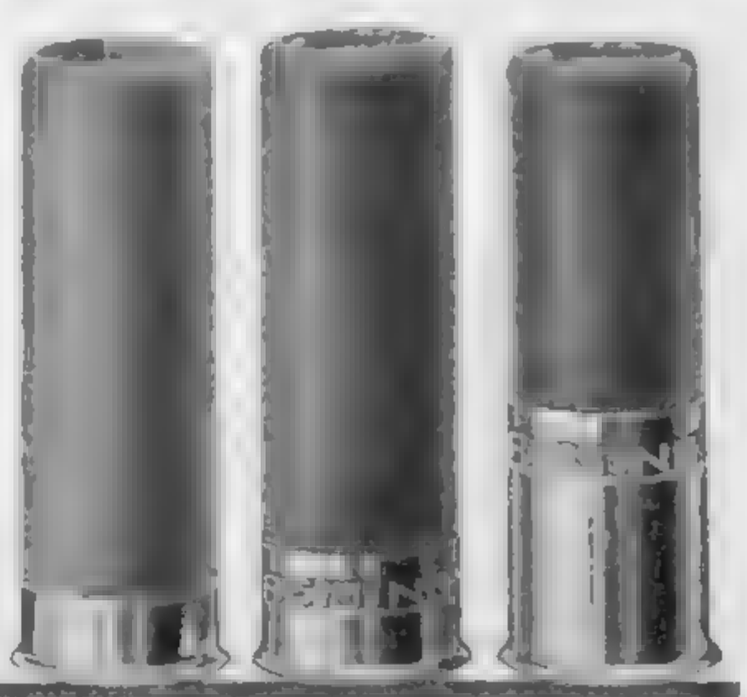
Consider the "Speed Shells" *(smokeless)*—the *Arrow* and *Nitro Club,* the first shells to make the *steel lining* practical! No side expansion, and all the drive of the powder kept back of the shot.

And the "New Club" *(black powder)*—for fifty years the "old reliable yellow shells"!

Your typical American sportsman is the keen man of affairs. His quick response to the *practical* in arms and ammunition is giving the lead to the dealer who displays the *Red Ball Mark of Remington U M C*—the sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.

THE REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World
WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK
REMINGTON UMC OF CANADA, Limited
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Remington UMC



ACME QUALITY
PAINTING
GUIDE
BOOK
ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR
DETROIT MICHIGAN
HAVE AN
ACME QUALITY SHELF
FOR the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors; woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel, for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; a quart of Acme Quality floor paint of the right color.
ACME QUALITY
The Sign of Paint Success

Let "Acme" Open the Door of Cheerfulness in Your Home

"Jim and I had really thought of moving. Every room seemed so dark and old and dreary. And now everything is bright *and cheery!* And it's all due to the Acme Quality Painting Guide and Acme Quality Paints!

Really, the ideas we got were simply wonderful. Just a little touch here and there—and it scarcely cost us *anything!*—and the whole house has been transformed!"

You, too, can possess this treasure-house of home-brightening ideas. In the "Acme Quality Painting Guide" and in our smaller book on "Home Decorating" you will find helpful, practical suggestions for every painting need. And, at your dealer's, you will find

ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES

for every painting purpose and for all kinds of surfaces. There is Acme Quality Enamel, a sparkling white for woodwork. There is Acme Quality No-Lustre for giving walls a smooth, flat, sanitary finish. There is Acme Quality Varno-Lac finish for floors and furniture. You'll find a specific Acme Quality Paint or Finish for your every need. And you'll know just which you want to use if you write for your *free* copies of "Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating." Both books are free on request. If your dealer cannot supply them, write us.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Michigan

Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Toledo, Nashville, Birmingham, Fort Worth, Dallas, Topeka, Lincoln, Salt Lake City, Spokane, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles

(Concluded from Page 90)

rest of them. Yet it's certainly simple enough."

"What is it?" I asked again.

"There's no such thing as a safe investment on earth," said John Snaith—"that's the first idea to go by in handling money, whatever it is you buy." He started putting back the papers into my father's box. "Whatever it is you buy," he said—"whether it's this," he said, handling the exploded mining stock, "or this." And he put away the safe old standard railroad stock—that was.

"Not one!" said I.

"Not one that you can go off and leave for a year or ten years—in there, and come back and find just exactly where you left it. How could you expect it?

"Look here," said John Snaith: "Suppose ten years ago you'd taken gold dollars and locked them up in one of these safes—and left them there. What would you have now when you opened it up?"

"The same gold dollars that were put in there, I suppose," I answered, wondering what he was after now.

"No, you wouldn't—not by any means! Not half—not much more than half what you put in there," stated John Snaith. "Not if you count what they'd be really worth now and then—what they'd buy for you. Not much more than half if you took account of value—what you'd get for them. And I suppose that's what money is for."

"I suppose so."

"That's a well-known fact—to anybody who looks under the surface. And it's about the same reason why your interest is so low now from your savings banks. Only, instead of buying gold dollars, they bought these low-interest-bearing bonds ten years ago—that's all.

"No. There's nothing sure and stationary about money, anyhow—that's certain! Why should you expect it?" asked John Snaith, regarding me. "Do you know of anything else you'd think you could run off and leave, for one year or ten years, and forget all about, and come back and find it exactly where it was—in the same condition?"

"No," I had to answer.

"No. There's just one thing on earth, as I figure it, that you can count on always—change! Change, change, change—always something new and different! And yet these folks in there go on always, year after year, as if money and investments were the only exceptions.

"Exceptions! The only difference I know of," said he, looking at me from under his eyebrows, "is that money is the slipperiest thing on earth, and the deadliest to you—when you've had it once and it gets away from you." He stopped and looked down, thinking.

"If you could only get that idea into their heads once," he roused himself to say—"if you could get the average man to see it in the first place—the rest would be simple enough. How much time do you suppose it would take the average man to know something about what he's got his money in—or can put it in? Not much more at the end of the year than he spends in brushing his teeth or his clothes.

"But you can't. That's out of the question," he said, and stopped again. "They won't do it."

He stopped a while, looking down; then drew my father's safe-deposit box toward him. He didn't speak for some little time; sat there studying it, motionless—his eyes on the box, his cigar still in the corner of his mouth.

"I hate to open them," he said abruptly. I looked up at him, surprised at the new tone in his voice. "I hate to open them. I always did. I hate to see what's in them. What they've done with what they've had—like your father. It isn't the money only I mean now. They pay so dear for it in every way.

"They pay so dear for it," he went on again after a few seconds. "They go away and leave it; leave it and forget it—except to think all the time they've got something back in here that's going to support them in their old age and start their children going. And then some day—when something happens; when it's too late—they wake up and come back in here, to this safe, still place, and open up their steel pocketbooks here and look in. And about all they've got there is a paper entitling them to go away and worry themselves to death, and leave their womenfolks to starve or keep a boarding house. They've paid the natural penalty for what they've been doing."

"It's a hard penalty," I said.

"I don't care so much about the young ones," John Snaith said harshly.

"Why not?"

"They ought to be able to take care of themselves. If they can't they aren't much good. It's the old ones that worry me—like your mother and your father."

"My father!" I said, thinking suddenly of what my mother said when she was so excited. "You don't believe that killed him, as my mother thought?"

"It didn't hold him back much, I expect, from dying—these last few months," said John Snaith, looking up at me, and looking down again at the brown metal box beneath his fingers.

I stopped, watching the thing myself, remembering, repentant, unable for the minute to say more—thinking of my father.

"You favor him a little, I think," said John Snaith, clearing his throat—"the way he looked when he was younger."

"You and my father knew each other quite well once, didn't you?" I asked him—glad to say something.

"I shouldn't be here now, young man," he said, looking up again, "if we hadn't. Yes, I did," he said; "I knew your father pretty well when we were younger. We went out in the first three-month regiments—in the same company together.

"Yes; I hate to open them," said John Snaith then—snapping down the cover of my father's safe-deposit box—"especially when I knew the men who owned them."

He stopped. He looked older in some way—his whole sturdy figure. His clothes sagged; his shoulders hunched down a little.

"But that's the way it is, anyhow," said John Snaith—"almost always. You go to open up a man's pocketbook and you find his life inside it."

His cigar tilted up again; he moved his feet.

"Let's go," he said abruptly, and got up and walked out with my father's box to the hole where it belonged, in the wall of the safe-deposit room.

We went on out, without talking, past the bars and the steel doors, and the high steel safe outside. The guard at the steel gate let us out and the gate clacked after us.

"Brace up, boy!" said John Snaith. "Keep a stiff upper lip. Don't let a little thing like this worry you. You young fellows aren't hurt so easy. You young folks jump up pretty quick when you've had a tumble. It's we old ones that can't get patched up again when we get smashed up once. But it's good for you—if you've got any stuff inside you."

He laid his dry square-fingered hand upon my shoulder. His cigar was back into the horizontal once more—straight out before him.

"You come round again and let me see you—say, three days from now. I may know of something somewhere by that time maybe you might like to do for your living," he said.

He turned and left me while I was thanking him.

I went out of his old bank—sore, repentant, worried; but older, more courageous in a way—a different thing from what I was when I went in, two hours before. I went out, trying to place myself, to sort out my emotions. I was confident, in a way. I even felt a little buoyant. I found that I could still smile, anyway.

As I passed out the door I put my hand in my pocket and touched again my three dollars and fifty-seven cents in cash.

"It'll be some time," I thought, and grinned—for the minute—"before I'm making mistakes in my own investing. But I've got my lesson, anyhow—that's something."

But then, when I stepped into the darkening street—out of there—my spirits did start falling. I started thinking of everything I had lost that day, and never should get back again probably—my education—everything!

"Heavens!" said Barbara Harris from our old family carriage at the curbstone. "I thought you never were coming! Get in here."

"I didn't think ——" I started to say, not daring to meet her eye—remembering how changed it all was between us.

"Get in here!" said Barbara.

I suppose I should never have proposed to her—not for years after that, anyway—if we hadn't both been so excited about the thing—the change in everything that day! Nor would she have accepted me. She always says so, anyway.

Improve your looks

It Pays!

In business or society, your personal appearance is a precious asset. Cultivate it!

Let Pompeian MASSAGE Cream cleanse your pores of unseen grime, rejuvenate your skin, bring healthy glow to your cheeks. Simply rub in, rub out. 50c, 75c, $1 everywhere.

Pompeian NIGHT Cream

Dry, tender, chapped skins are soothed and softened by this popular, snow-white cream. Women apply it nightly to the face and hands. Men use it after a close shave. Motorists' tubes, 25c. Jars: 35c, 75c, at the stores.

Pompeian HAIR Massage

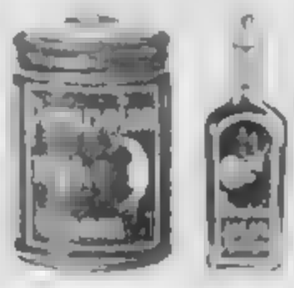
does remove Dandruff. Pleasant to use, too. A liquid, not a cream. Both men and women say "it works wonders." Applications and bottles at the better barber shops. Bottles at the stores, 25c, 50c and $1.

Mary Pickford

Art Panel and trial jar of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream sent for 10c. Panel in beautiful colors. Size 28 by 7¾ inches. Clip the coupon now.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Cut off coupon



(Stamps accepted, dime preferred)

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for a 1917 Mary Pickford Art Panel and a Pompeian MASSAGE Cream [illegible]

Name

Address

City State

The evidence

REPORT OF MEDICAL EXAMINER
AL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

pulse normal? What is the rate?
Abnormal pulse—rate 88.
Applicant smokes strong cigars continually.

Six months later—

REPORT OF MEDICAL EXAMINER
AL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

pulse normal? What is the rate?
Normal pulse—rate 72. Applicant says he "now smokes mild cigars"

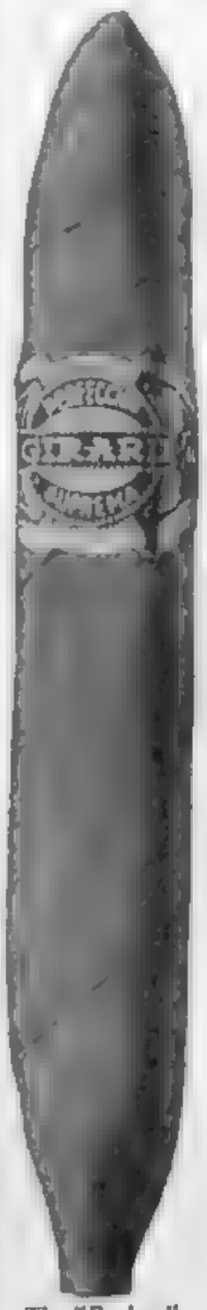
Switched to Girards!

The sensible thing for every man to do—switch to Girards.

Why tamper with your health, why gamble with your efficiency, when you can switch to Girards?

Rich aroma—full flavor—real Havana—Girard brings 'em all! All the satisfaction and all the pleasure of smoking, yes! But never a comeback on your health or your efficiency.

No speeding pulse, no shaky hand, no foggy wits, no thumping heart, no ragged nerves—no, not on your life. Not from Girards!



The "Broker" actual size 10c

The Girard Cigar

Never gets on your nerves

A remarkable cigar, this. You can smoke more and feel better. Every puff's a pleasure and you can puff-puff all you want and never feel a flicker.

Thousands of smokers the country over are Girard "regulars." It's "the national cigar." Girard dealers are everywhere. Any of them will tell you that the Girard represents the high-tide of smoke value. If your own dealer doesn't handle Girards he can get them for you with little trouble and no financial risk.

14 sizes 10c and up

Thirty minutes of solace in every Girard. Draw on the supply today.

Dealers—a word with you

If you are not handling the Girard let us prove to you that there is a *big business for you* in this unusual cigar. Write for our "Dealers' Safety-first Proposition." Write today.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf

Established 1871 Philadelphia

BRINGING OUT BARBARA

(Continued from Page 23)

froufrou hair, brought down over their ears, to sharply pointed, shiny finger nails; from coy glances to fixed smiles, displaying regular teeth or dimples or pretty lips, whichever they happened to be endowed with—extremely disconcerting to me, since I had not acquired it. Their talk was of the races, the polo—that I had missed—and current "shows."

One boy had been to the Broadway Follies seventeen times, as he took pains to tell me twice, being a simple soul in spite of his coattails, hair plastered back from his forehead, and the gardenia in his buttonhole. When I went home I saw him driving himself off in a huge red automobile, with a nice-looking man in a gray ulster—probably a tutor—at his side. What could a tutor teach a boy brought up like that?

The hot, dusty days in town; the hurry of dressing; the heavy food, which I bolted out of sheer nervousness; the strain of meeting new people—disturbed my nights and made me toss about for hours. I invariably woke with a dull feeling in my temples, and was only too glad to have my breakfast brought to me in bed. Provided the hour at which I rang for it was late enough, I could thus be reasonably sure of a good cup of coffee. I got to depend upon this more and more, and took it blacker and blacker. Exercise was not included in the plan of campaign and I felt the lack of it sharply.

One day we came out from town early, as mother was going to Mrs. Barton Winslow's for tea.

"I think I'll take you with me," she said as we turned in at the driveway.

"In this gown?" I protested, having on only my second best. "Do you think I look well enough?"

Mother smiled approval.

"You wouldn't have thought of that a week ago," she commended. "You're learning. It won't matter here. Mrs. Winslow has a gift of making everyone feel at home."

This time she spoke the truth.

Mrs. Winslow was a very charming woman, graceful in appearance and in speech. I lost my heart to her on the spot.

"Come and meet my daughter," she invited; and, holding me by the hand, she led me over to the tea table.

With a man seated on each side and two standing against the wall behind, Ruth Alvord was pouring the tea. She had a certain sort of good looks, but not a trace of her mother's breeding. How had she missed it? I wondered. It was my first encounter with the effect produced by the total detachment of interests among people of our sort.

In humbler circumstances a daughter begins to drink in her mother's ideas with her mother's milk. We, poor things, miss even this, being generally bottle-fed; and by the time we are eighteen separation is complete, especially if some relative—a father, perhaps, as in this case—before making his exit from the stage, is considerate enough to insure us independence of every good influence by providing us with a fortune in our own right.

The interruption of my advent caused Miss Alvord obvious annoyance; and, upon her mother's introduction, she gave me an impertinent stare. Mrs. Winslow had not time to observe this. Almost before the seated swains had sprung to their feet she had turned to receive other guests.

"Woo, how do you do?" the daughter drawled in a high, thin voice, artificially pitched. "Tea? No? Oh! Sit down again, Monty. You too, Jim."

As I hastily withdrew I saw her smile at Monty in a fashion I found later to be much in vogue among young women down here; it is done by drawing the upper lip back over the teeth.

Looking about for mother I espied two very slim girls, with cups in their hands, standing in the embrasure of a French window. They were talking with a man whose back was toward the room. I knew that back. It was John Randall's.

As I recognized it the blood receded from my heart and then came pumping back again. Presently that overtaxed organ began pounding joyously. Who would ever have thought of coming upon John Randall in a Long Island drawing-room?

It was my lucky star that had caused this untoward phenomenon; thrust him under my eyes; willed me to find him again in the only way I should have been willing to find him—out in the open, in plain sight of anybody who was interested enough to look.

I could hardly walk properly as I hastened toward him; my steps wanted to break into the most idiotic little skips, just as my face had already broken into radiant smiles.

"Hello!" I cried breathlessly.

The girls looked up in surprise; he turned—and did not smile at me. He merely bowed with a slight flush. The repulse of that look was like a blow in the face. It staggered me.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss West," he said stiffly. "I'm down here just for a few days to start—er—a—to start a portrait of Mrs. Winslow. I made the preliminary sketch this morning."

"Oh!" I said, more stiffly than he. "How very nice! I wish you success."

With that I wheeled abruptly and walked away. Behind me I could hear the girls resume their giggling; could picture the silly things undulating up to him again, their cups shaking to the shaking of their shoulders.

Why didn't he shove them aside and come running after me to tell me it wasn't true, as I thought, that he had taken offense at my letter? That he had merely been so surprised at seeing me his mind hadn't worked? I should have accepted any excuse, no matter how lame.

But he didn't come. He didn't come because it was true. He had let that letter spoil it all. He was a sapless creature—a poor thing without imagination enough to read mother between the lines. Why, I had never for one moment thought of his attributing that letter to me! Any fool could see that it was her letter; she jumped right out at you from the paper.

I had thought him so peculiarly endowed with fine and delicate perceptions; and now I found him literal to the last degree. It was infuriating of him to step down from the pedestal upon which I had placed him and mingle with the throng, sharing its qualities of littleness—suspicion, egotism, false pride. Tears of vexation rose to my eyes, so that the whole room became a blur and I could not see where I was going.

Of course I promptly collided with somebody, winked away the tears in short order, looked up to ascertain who it was to whom I was murmuring an apology—and found myself face to face with Allan Denning. I expected some bantering retort; but, to my surprise, his eyes were looking straight into mine with an expression of anxious solicitude.

Curious that I had not noticed before how supremely blue they were—as blue as the shadows on snow when the sun is shining! His ruddy cheeks glowed with a suggestion of the open country; they made me forget the dense atmosphere of this tea party and think of frosty mornings; of sleigh bells; of crackling camp fires. I could imagine him walking through the autumn woods, gun in hand, or casting his flies over the still pools of trout streams. Why didn't he realize that that—not this—was his natural element?

"Something's the matter!" he said, leaning quite close.

"No!" I protested. "Nothing's the matter—nothing at all. I'm just hot, that's all—hot and bored."

He smiled irrelevantly and took out his handkerchief.

"Look!" he said, indicating the lace on my dress.

I looked: and there, amid its folds, hung a telltale tear.

"Caught!" I admitted, as he brushed it away with the irresistible tenderness of a very big thing for a very little one.

"Now come out of this," he ordered, "and tell me all about it!"

It was pleasant to obey. As I passed mother I saw her looking at me, paused just long enough to read in that look acquiescence—commendation even—and went on. I was so tired and it was so easy to follow the line of least resistance. To be approved of by mother was a new sensation. And now to be taken care of, to be soothed—that was new too.

"Out with it!" Allan Denning commanded when we were seated on the terrace in two light-green iron chairs, with a cool

(Continued on Page 97)

Why This Roof Has National Preference

All over this country—on the fashionable boulevards and on the cross-road corners—you'll now find homes roofed with Neponset Twin Shingles. They became nationally popular—for they are a tried and proven success.

If you are planning to build or repair, you should know more about Neponset Twin Shingles; *why* they are the nation's preference, and *why* they have earned the title of "The Roofing Development of the Twentieth Century." Read carefully the condensed paragraphs below.

Looks The colors, form, size and slate surface of Neponset Twin Shingles make as handsome a roof as it is possible to lay. They have the look of slate laid in substantial oozing large slabs. Their soft green and red colors harmonize with any surroundings of architectural plan. You can be sure of eye-satisfaction.

Fire-resistance On a Neponset Twin Shingle roof sparks and flying embers burn out harmless. Most conflagrations spread from roof to roof. These Shingles are a very great protection. They are approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

(Patent applied for)

Wear Tough felt saturated with the best waterproofing material known (everlasting asphalt) then coated and recoated with crushed rock and asphalt, pressed and rewound into one solid rock coat. Such materials in our famous Paroid Roofing are still giving good service on roofs laid 18 years ago when Paroid was new.

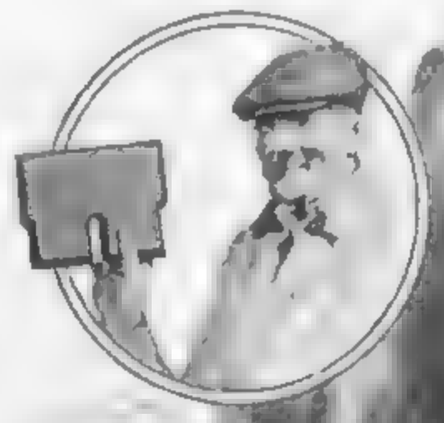
Cost Notwithstanding their great beauty and durability, Neponset Twin Shingles belong in the class of economical roofings. Their uniform shape and design with only one kind of fastening, because two courses are really laid at a time, and also their thickness and hard surface, make them the most economical roofing to buy and lay.

Five layers, six processes build up Neponset Twin Shingles into one thick, solid, inseparable mass, impervious to rain, sun, frost—undecaying and not affected by sparks or embers. Always remember "five layers, six processes."

There are three types of Neponset Shingles, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

For factories, warehouses, barns, etc., similar material is furnished in rolls. It is Neponset PAROID Roofing—a roofing that for service has been unchallenged for 18 years. There are three types of Neponset Roofing, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

See the Neponset Dealer in your town. He can supply you with just the product you need—made and guaranteed by us.



Send for FREE Booklet, "Repairing and Building"

It tells about Neponset Twin Shingles and the other Neponset Building Products—

NEPONSET Built-up Roof for Industrial plants.

NEPONSET Waterproof Building Papers.

NEPONSET Wall Board for cottages, attics and ceilings in place of laths and plaster.

Lumber and Hardware Dealers Sell Neponset Products

BIRD & SON, 264 Neponset Street, East Walpole, Mass.

Established 1795

New York Chicago Washington

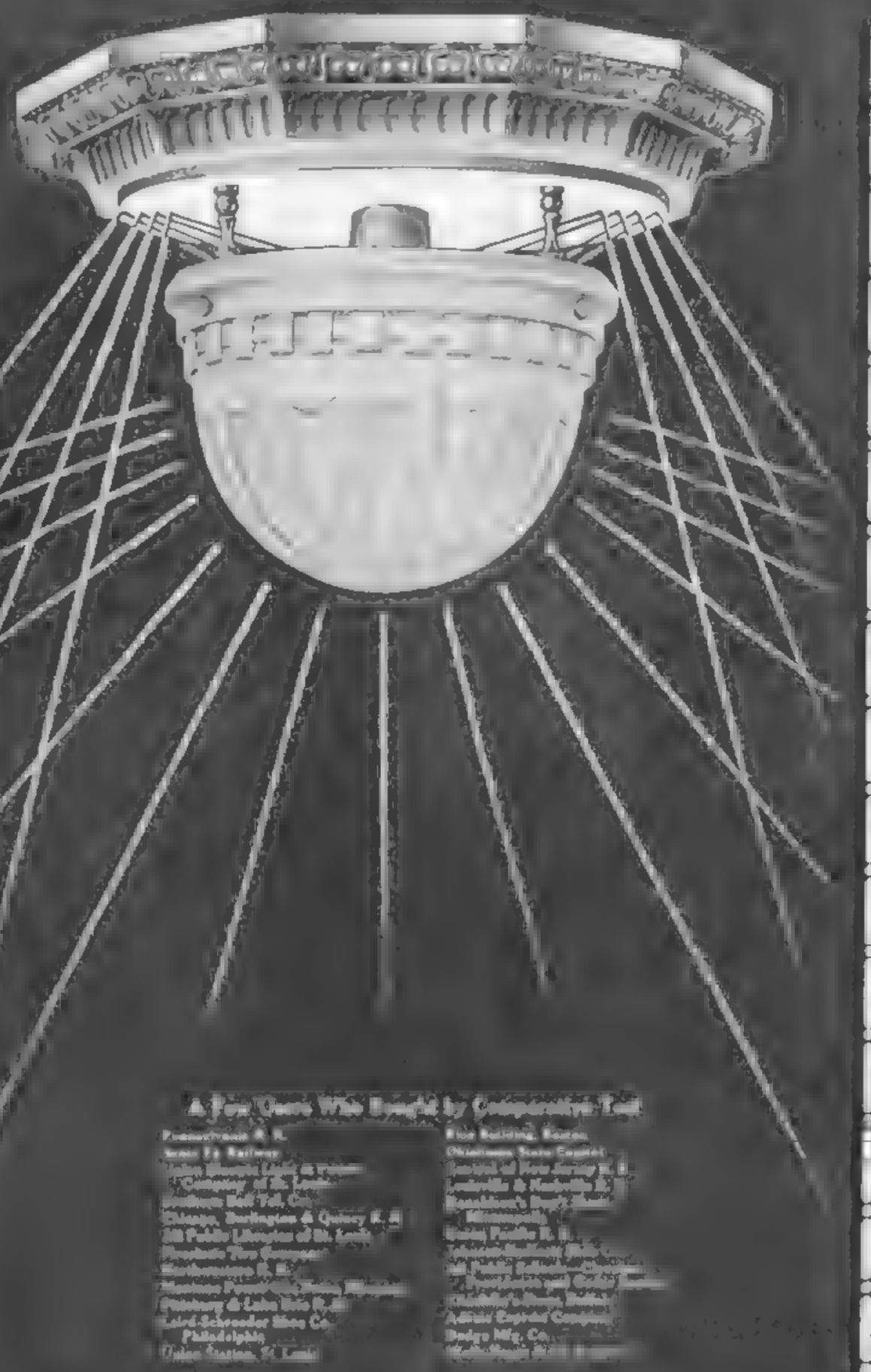
Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ontario

Manufacturers of Neponset Linoleum, Carpet Lining and Waterproof Papers

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

Look for this trade mark

Adopted wherever a comparative test is made



IT is significant of Brascolite efficiency that among the largest users of Brascolites are those concerns that maintain big engineering departments in connection with their own business and those others whose fixture investments were so big and whose lighting demands were so exacting that they bought only after comparative tests. Not content with claims, they simply turned the whole matter of illumination over to their engineers, saying: "Here are Brascolite claims. Can this fixture live up to its promises?"

Better illumination — lower current expense — a pure, white light, best suited to the eye — no glare — lower cost of maintenance — lamps last longer — bulbs blacken less readily.

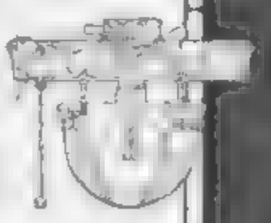
These engineers—engineers, mind you, not people who buy sight unseen or merely by appearances and promises, but men who think in figures and efficiency and judge by results based on scientific test—these engineers put the Brascolite through its scientific paces—measured its efficiency. They made it compete with all other known fixtures and systems.

When this is done, Brascolites go in

When any user buys his fixtures by the efficiency test and for the purpose of getting maximum results at a minimum cost, Brascolites are bound to win. The other test comes in use.

We give herewith a few of the Brascolite users who bought after test and who have found since installation that the system lives up to all promises and bears out all tests. From the nature of these big businesses you can judge what competent and exacting engineers Brascolite had to satisfy in the first test and what service needs it has had to satisfy since installation. No wonder over 305,000 Brascolites are now in use.

Look at the cross-section and you'll see why it is always satisfactory. Note the simple, substantial construction. So designed that there is small opportunity for collection of dust. And here note the hooks, making cleaning the work of but a moment. Designed further to give proper ventilation, which prevents the lamp from overheating. It is this overheating that burns out lamps so quickly. Also, in the very beginning of the lamp's life, overheating blackens the bulb. A blackened bulb means a big drop in efficiency



Ask any fixture dealer — write us for portfolio, containing photographic reproductions of many kinds of installations, explaining the Brascolite principle and illustrating the infinite variety of designs.

LUMINOUS UNIT CO. St. Louis, U. S. A.

NEW YORK, 30 Church St SAN FRANCISCO, 639 Market St
CHICAGO, 19 S. Fifth Av. PHILADELPHIA, 1020 Land Title Bldg
BOSTON, Old South Bldg.
Canadian Distributers: Northern Electric Co. Ltd.

BRASCOLITE

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

(Continued from Page 94)

vista of green lawn in front, and the movement and color of the "tea" delightfully distant, behind the long, open windows.

"That Alvord girl," I said, "was snippy to me; and then—a friend of mine disappointed me. That's all that happened. Honest, it is!"

"It's enough!" he returned quickly, and his eyes flashed. "That you," he added in a low tone, "should be subjected to the rudeness of a girl like that!"

His scorn of Miss Alvord was the subtlest flattery to myself. I sat silent, drinking it in.

"What about the friend?" he resumed presently.

I shrank back.

"Don't ask me about that," I answered, my face suffused. "I'd rather not talk about that."

"I beg your pardon," he said at once. "You spoke of it first, you know. What have you been doing with yourself all these days?"

At his making it so easy for me to keep my own counsel my gratitude went out to him afresh.

"Thousands of things!" I replied. "Horrid things! Things I hate—shopping, lunching, going to teas, dining out, having people in. When I used to read about it in the Social Notes it sounded so gay. But now that I'm living it, it doesn't seem gay a bit."

"It isn't gay," he replied. "Putting certain people in juxtaposition doesn't constitute gayety. The only people who are gay down here are the ones that go about together because they want to, not because they have anything to gain by it."

"Where are those?" I asked hopefully. "Why haven't I met them?"

"Because they're busy with one another," he affirmed. "You won't meet them, except by accident."

"I shouldn't think it would be necessary to live in big houses on Long Island to have that sort of fun," I commented.

"It isn't," he answered. "The same sort is obtainable in Lowell, Massachusetts. All you need is a gang of kindred spirits."

"Who are the kindred spirits here?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "there are the Spencers, and the Glendennings, and the Winty Athertons, and the Boltons, and "

"I don't see any of their entertainments mentioned in the papers," I interrupted.

"They don't give any," he enlightened me. "People give functions only when they have something to get by doing it. What's the use of being bothered if the world is your oyster to begin with?"

"It's a relief," I said thoughtfully, "to learn that there's anybody here, however narrow and selfish, who doesn't plot and scheme."

"The plotting and scheming," he returned, "is all done by those who are not in the inner circle, but who wish to appear to be in it."

"Thank you," I said with lurking mischief in my eyes. "You've placed my family for me in Who's Who on Long Island."

"Turn over the page and you'll find my name," he replied with an answering gleam. "I'm a plotter and schemer too. I tap the inner circle at some points; but I'm not satisfied with that."

At that moment mother, appearing in the window, beckoned, smiled and waved a blithe parasol.

"May I come and see you to-morrow?" asked Allan Denning as we got up, holding my hand a moment longer than was necessary.

"Do!" I cried. "Where are you staying?"

A shade of embarrassment flickered across the self-satisfaction of his demeanor.

"I'm staying here," he replied.

"Staying here?" I repeated. "And yet you spoke so contemptuously of the Alvord girl! You were not sincere in what you said to me. You like her. You wouldn't be here if you didn't."

He paused before he answered.

"I despise her," he then said deliberately. "I stay here because—because," he ended bitterly, "that's the kind of thing we plotters and schemers do. If I'd come in contact—years ago—with a few girls like you I'd have been out of that class long ago. Won't you help me to get out of it now?"

Once more his flattery went to my head. I was confident that I could even now revolutionize his standards, having been so charmingly invited to place my finger in the pie. Returning the pressure of his fingers I whispered eagerly "I'll try."

He came the next day, and the next. On the fourth day he moved over from Mrs. Winslow's house to ours, bag and baggage—motor, valet, golf clubs, tennis rackets and such countless other necessaries as form the equipment of the professional week-ender.

He went back to town on Monday, and upon the Friday following, mother and father having accepted an invitation to Hyde Park for over Sunday, I was left, for the first time since my arrival, free to breathe.

I was going to spend my Saturday in sketching in oils or in picking field flowers; I hadn't decided which. My intention was to motor as far from civilization as I could, be dropped somewhere, and left until called for. The weather was discouraging to my enterprise, being densely foggy; but I set out, nevertheless.

At noon I found a heavenly turn in a road, with a high, crumbly wall made of brick; and, having sent the car away, I scaled the wall and began to sketch from the top of it a deserted farmhouse, surrounded by three trees.

A faint yellow thing like an orange was coming through the fog. Every instant it grew brighter, until it began to blaze gloriously and became the sun. Segments of mist, transfigured, floated about, filaments of unbelievable delicacy. Finally they melted and the whole world was crystal clear.

The colors were so much more beautiful than any I could mix that I sat, paintbrush in hand, on my perch, ears attuned to the stillness. Suddenly it was broken by a too familiar sound—the roar of a motor driven at top speed.

Closer and closer came the car, swerving perilously as it rounded the corner, its wheel in the nonchalant hold of a gray-coated young man.

Bang! A terrific report. A front tire had blown out. The machine gave a drunken lurch, jumped the road and landed in a ditch, just grazing the wall directly under me.

The young man, somewhat dazed by the jar, was amusingly unaware of my presence.

"Whew!" I said. "What a disturbance! No harm done, I guess. What are you doing in this unpopulated place, Mr. Denning?"

Speechless with surprise, he looked up. My appearance evidently did not lessen his amazement. Left to myself, I had assembled my costume to suit my own fancy. I had on a linen hat, purchased from a caddy, and a dress of lustrous dark-blue crêpe de Chine, trimmed with lace. It was open at the throat—and upon the part exposed the fierce rays of the sun had burnt an angry purple V. I had exaltation in my eye, and in my hand a paintbrush. Denning vaulted from his machine.

"Why, Miss West!" he cried, face upturned. "What are you doing on top of that wall? You—ow!"

"What's tha matter?" I queried.

"You're dripping paint on me," he grumbled, rubbing his eye. "Green paint!" he amplified aggrievedly.

"I'm sorry!" I apologized absently. "I'm afraid I'll have to call a halt on this picture. I can't seem to get anywhere with it. Yet you'd think anyone could make a picture of a nice old farmhouse, surrounded by three trees."

"There's not enough action in it to keep your attention," he laughed. "Now why don't you paint me? Young man at the wheel, hair blowing, and all that sort of thing—eh, what?"

To his evident amusement he felt my downward glance at him freeze into a fixed stare. So might a wild cat stare out of a tree at the prey that it had stalked.

"I will," I said solemnly. "You shall pose for me. What luck that I've got another canvas stretched!"

I clapped my hands. I had to drop the brush, of course, to do it. He picked up my property, cleaned it with leaves, and gave it back politely by the handle.

"I've got to get back to luncheon at the Glendennings'," he demurred. "I must get to work and put on a tire. Besides, you can't paint really, can you?"

I tossed my head.

"I'll show you whether I can or not," I muttered. "You're too late now to lunch with the inner circle. You have no choice. There's some chocolate in my bag. We'll eat that later. As for the car, I'll help you get it out." I gave a pull at my skirt with my free hand, preparatory to jumping down.

"This is an afternoon dress," I explained. "I wore it to Mrs. Winslow's tea that day. But I thought, as mother was away,

Three miles of Concrete on the Lincoln Highway, in Elkhart, Indiana. Built by the Northern Construction Company, of Elkhart, Indiana, under the supervision of Albert Reith, County Supervisor.

Durable Roads Are Obtainable—the Motorist Should Act

Motor clubs and associations everywhere are joining the movement for good roads. The motorist knows better than anyone else how serious is the road problem of today. Next to the farmer, he is the most vitally concerned. It is motor car traffic which is tearing our highways to pieces, making them unfit for travel and piling up maintenance costs which no community can afford. *These are very likely to be recovered by the community in higher taxes.* The only remedy is the quick and systematic building of permanent highways.

> The three million motor car owners in this country are a power if they all pull together and urge, each in his own community, a sufficient mileage of permanent roads. They are property owners and tax payers, entitled to be heard.

The point is to be definite about it, to settle upon a system of permanent roads in county or state, and then raise enough money by a bond issue to build the most enduring type.

For the following reasons, this should be concrete:

1. Concrete makes a hard, even road surface, unaffected by weather.

2. It is easy to build in any locality; the materials are nearly always to be found in the immediate neighborhood.

3. The concrete surface is just right for motor car traction. It is even without being slippery. The gritty surface gives tires the grip needed.

4. Concrete is safe and comfortable to drive on. Every motorist knows how it feels to swing upon a clean, even stretch of it, after jolting over ruts, holes and mud.

5. Its universal use in great engineering works is evidence of its solidity and strength.

6. The upkeep is negligible.

7. It costs less to build than any other permanent road.

WHY BUILD ROADS NOT DESIGNED FOR MOTOR CAR TRAVEL JUST BECAUSE THEY COST LESS TO CONSTRUCT? This is a question for the motorist to answer by organized, definite action.

It takes a lifetime to build a system of permanent roads by laying scattered stretches with current road funds. You want your roads good while you are still alive to enjoy them.

Road officials are glad to build permanent roads of concrete, if the tax payers want them. Bring the matter to their attention in your community, after acquainting yourself with the facts. Write for Bulletin No. 136.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Offices at

ATLANTA, Hurt Building
CHICAGO, 111 West Washington St.
DALLAS, Southwestern Life Bldg.
DENVER, Ideal Building
INDIANAPOLIS, Merchants Bank Building
KANSAS CITY, Commerce Building
NEW YORK, 101 Park Avenue
PARKERSBURG, Union Trust Building
PITTSBURGH, Farmers Bank Building
SALT LAKE CITY, Kearns Building
SAN FRANCISCO, Rialto Building
SEATTLE, Northern Bank & Trust Bldg.

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

Tramp, tramp, tramp

Up and down stone stairways; tramp, tramp, tramp across cobbled streets and cement walks; tramp, tramp, tramp along brick and granolithic sidewalks.

Even *stone* wears away under the feet of marching millions—shoe-leather *cannot* stand it. Leather is not solid enough, not tough enough, not flexible enough.

Leather is an animal product—dependent upon the tanning process for its resistance to decay.

When you have worn through the outer, tanned layer, you expose the soft, spongy interior to the direct friction of brick and stone.

Rinex Soles

are not leather, not rubber; but a *new* composition, specially made for shoe-soles. They are *not* built in layers, but are uniformly tough all the way through. They wear down evenly and slowly. They are more flexible than leather, yet tougher.

Ask for Rinex Soles by name the next pair of shoes you buy. Look for the name on the soles. Have your old shoes resoled with Rinex, too. In black, white and tan, for everybody—everywhere.

United States Rubber Company

Sole and Heel Dept., 1790 Broadway, New York

60 High Street, Boston

I might as well use it to paint in. Bloomers would be better," I ended, giving the skirt a kick.

"Oh, it would be delicious to wear bloomers! Here goes!"

I jumped.

Down in the ditch, knees braced, foreheads throbbing, our four arms shoved with all their ferocious strength. The ditch was not deep and at the sixth attempt the car consented to move.

"Whew!" I exclaimed when it was squarely on the road again, looking for a handkerchief, not finding it, and using a corner of my skirt to mop my face. "Now get in and let me have a look at you."

Head on one side, I made a careful scrutiny.

"Don't sit up so straight," I ordered. "Slump as though you had no backbone. There, that's better. You can't have backbone and ease both. How heavenly that your coat is gray! It brings out the wonderful blue of your eyes. Gray car too! Gray figure, gray machine—one a part of the other. Of course I can only give your general effect on this small canvas if I want to get the car in. But it's an effect that's worth giving."

I spoke dreamily with caressing inflections. From his quizzical expression I knew I had been saying foolish, extravagant things. When the painting impulse was on me I never could curb my speech. It was a very intoxication.

"Push your hair farther back from your forehead," I commanded. "I want to get all the strength of it; all the dignity."

"White," I continued my soliloquy, for that was what it was. So far as he personally was concerned, he might just as well not have been there at all. "With blue veinings," I went on. "What a pity I've got to leave those delicate veinings out and just catch an impression of you with a dab of paint."

"Am I slumped enough?" he asked, to divert me.

But I was not to be diverted.

"Never mind that just now," I admonished. "I'm not thinking of anything at this moment but your head. I want to get the outline—that broken line of your hair. It's radiant, with the sun on it, all tossed up into little gold-brown waves. Some curly hair's effeminate, but yours is too crisp for that; too decided. It's heavenly hair to paint."

Five hours later I was laying on the finishing strokes. The sun was low in the west, yet my model had not relinquished his pose. There had been intervals, of course, intervals of stalk chewing and chocolate munching; but these had been, on the whole, of brief duration.

"It's finished!" I cried suddenly. "Don't look yet."

"Now may I?" he asked after an interval.

"No," I prohibited sharply. "Yes—no—wait! Oh, I'm afraid to have you look!"

He looked, of course.

"By George!" he said quickly. "You can paint! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I don't tell anybody," I said. "I care—so awfully. You don't honestly think it's a good sketch?"

My bravado had deserted me and I hung on his scrutiny.

"It's corking!" he cried. "Just look at the action in it! Why, that's a regular fellow; and he's on the move too! You must get some painter to give you an opinion on this. How about asking that Randall chap?"

"Oh, no," I protested hastily. "Not Mr. Randall. I wouldn't have him see it for the world! I don't think I have talent. I only do it to express something that's bottled up inside. Aren't you going to put on your tire?"

"Yes," he said. "And then may I take you home?"

"I'd love that!" I cried gratefully. "Our second chauffeur is coming for me in the car; he's on his way now. We'll have to wait until he gets here; then we'll send him back. Meantime I'll help you with the tire; I've put them on lots of times. It's the least I can do after spoiling your whole afternoon."

"You haven't spoiled it," he answered in a significant tone.

While we were working over the tire, backs bent like the backs of friendly cats, he tried again to stir me to the personal note. But I was far too excited over my achievement.

When the car had arrived, and we were preceding it into the sunset, he said, eyes front:

"I mustn't forget to express my gratitude for the—um-m—extremely complimentary things you've been saying to me this afternoon."

"I haven't!" I contradicted in indignation, adding anxiously: "What things do you mean?"

"About my veined, strong forehead," he replied tersely; "my wonderful, blue eyes; my crisp ——"

My laughter stopped him.

"I always rattle on like that when I'm painting," I explained. "I've done it since I was a small child. It's idiotic, isn't it? But it doesn't mean anything at all. It's a sort of hypnotic state I get into. When I come to I don't even remember what I've said."

"The question is," he demanded, "who gets the sketch?"

"May I keep it?" I asked.

"If you want it," he said as we turned in at our gate.

"Will you come in?" I asked.

"Not to-day," he answered. "But if you'll let me I'll come to-morrow afternoon."

He came on Sunday, and on Monday he sent a token—rather, a token multiplied by twelve. The roses arrived in a striped box of tremendous proportions; but, even so, it had been necessary to cut away one end to allow the powerful, thorny stalks to protrude. Seen through glazed paper, the bright color was tempered to an exquisite delicacy of hue. Pillowed upon this loveliness lay a small white envelope, neatly addressed. No one had ever sent me flowers before.

I drew away the paper and peered into the box fearfully, as though gazing at an infant that slept. Then I read the card and arranged the roses in a vase. I had not thought I was interested in him. How we had frivoled—only yesterday! But now I was in another mood.

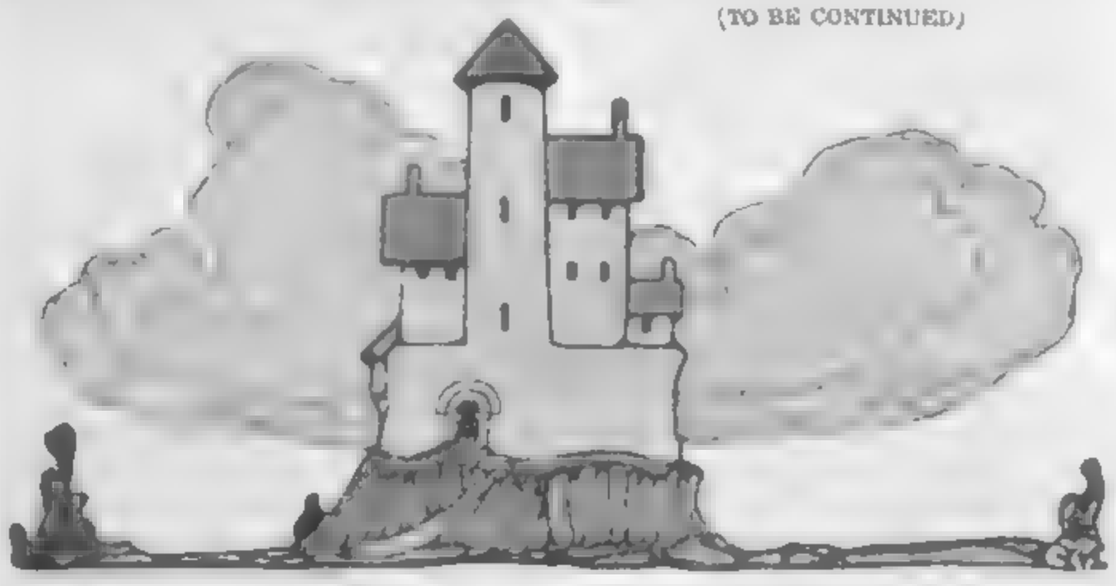
For long moments I remained hovering over the table where the bold beauties stood, drinking in their fragrance with nostrils, lips and eyes.

Suddenly I was in a mysterious garden, dew-besparkled, laden with myriad sweet odors, filled with vivid flowers on swaying stalks, the opalescent wings of insects and the seductive song of birds. In the midst of this garden I walked with one other. I panted with the bliss of it. I was swaying with the stalks.

Something hard pricked my palm. In a trice the garden had vanished. I lifted my hand and found that I had been crushing in it the envelope which held the card. There were some red marks on the flesh.

"I believe I'm falling in love!" I said with a weak little laugh. "How convenient! I'm falling in love with someone inside the walls!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



AS ENDURING
as the
MARBLE *of the* SCULPTOR

THE tragedy of the interpretive artist has always been the ephemeral nature of his art. Jenny Lind, Paganini, Ole Bull, Rubinstein, Liszt—as interpretive artists these are mere names to us now. Only the legend of their triumphs survives.

But for the pianist at least, a new era has dawned. The Ampico Reproducing Piano enables the premier pianists of this generation to play not merely for the audiences of their day but for the music lovers of all time. The master-roll which the artist makes for the Ampico is as enduring a record of his art as the marble of the sculptor.

These artists themselves have been the first to recognize the significance of this invention and are eager to record their best interpretations for the Ampico. Even more impressive is the willingness of premier artists such as Godowsky, Ornstein, Brockway and Volavy, to appear in the joint "comparison concerts" which are being staged in every important musical center in the country. At these demonstrations the Ampico encores the artist's interpretations, reproducing touch, tone color, phrasing—exactly as if the artist himself were seated at the piano.

The Ampico may be had in the world's oldest and best pianos: the Knabe (1837), Haines Bros. (1853), Marshall and Wendell (1836) and the renowned Chickering (1823). Let us send you our catalogue and tell you more about the Ampico.

AMERICAN PIANO COMPANY, *437 FIFTH AVENUE*
NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Another Wagner Achievement!

The Wagner Company has added still another contribution to the development of applied electricity.

The Directed Draft Motor

The motor that cools and cleans itself

With but one means of entrance and one of escape, a strong draft of air is forced by motion fan through *directed* channels. This perfectly cools the motor, and at the same time blows out the dust and dirt.

Not only is the cooling system far in advance of all others, but because of it the motor is able to take care of itself in dust or dirt laden air.

This Directed Draft Motor has been in successful use for several years, but announcement of it has been deferred until the improvement could be incorporated in all types of Wagner Motors.

Deliveries of these Directed Draft Motors are now being made as rapidly as the unusual demand will permit.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

Factory Branches and Service Stations: Pittsburgh, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco

The Directed Draft Motor at work in a wood working plant. Note the cleanliness of interior of the motors.

CABBAGES AND OTHER LUXURIES

(Continued from Page 16)

He is trying to play the rôle of shock absorber and relieve the consumer's nerves of the jolt incident to the greatest combination of crop shortages ever known in this country or the world, and export demand unprecedented in the history of this country, and a home consumption of foodstuffs never before equaled.

"That is a man's job, and no mistake! It approaches dangerously near philanthropy instead of business. Holding the bag for a combination of this sort is what I would call heroic sport—only it isn't inspired by heroism, but by fear instead. There are cases—and this is one—where the most courageous thing a man can do is to pass the buck—and pass it quick. In these days you can spot a good retail merchant every time on one test: If he has passed the raise of price on to the consumer he's a merchant; if he is selling a lot of goods at retail for less than he can buy them at wholesale, then he is simply a storekeeper. You will find a dozen who are doing the latter to one who has had the grit to hand the irresistible advance right straight across the counter.

"Of course the theory upon which these storekeepers are proceeding is that, in some mysterious way, keeping back a piece of bad news for a little while is going to soften the jolt when it does come. These storekeepers seem to have hypnotized themselves into believing that the longer they keep their bad news from their customers, the more it is going to shrink; and that perhaps it will finally shrivel and disappear into thin air.

"Instead of shriveling, it is going to swell. In short, the storekeeper cannot shove off the evil day by any such childish and shortsighted tactics. The longer he delays handing the swollen price list on to his customers, the harder the jolt will be to them when it comes. And come it surely will; for there is a big list of food articles in popular demand that the retail grocer must buy at current market prices in order to carry over to the next crop, for which he must pay prices decidedly in advance of those at which he is now passing these articles into the hands of his customers—simply because he was fortunate enough to place quite a heavy order at the old low price before the scarcity of the supply developed.

"Of course some of these retailers think that by so doing they are making a masterly appeal to the gratitude and appreciation of the consumer. This would be all right if human nature were ideal instead of just what it is. The man who bases his bogy on the ideal instead of on a score that is practically obtainable under average conditions is bound to have a rough awakening. This is precisely what is coming to the retail grocers who are banking heavily on the gratitude of consumers for having spared them a normal price advance due to natural and irresistible causes, from which there is no escape."

Profits Sharply Cut

"The cold truth is that the personal gratitude isn't going to enter into the mind of the consumer—to any appreciable extent at least. The essence of the whole thing is that it is much easier on the consumer to receive a gradual advance than to get a jump of a hundred or two hundred per cent, for example, all at one shot.

"There are many food items in the luxury list, as well as among the necessities, that are immensely higher now than when these storekeepers placed their future orders; and that, by the same token, are going to keep right on jumping until a new crop comes in or the European war stops. The longer the retailer delays in passing the price increase on these goods to his customers, the more shattering will be the shock to them and to him when it comes.

"There is a day of reckoning ahead for every retailer who does not have the grit to maintain a normal and reasonable margin of profit and hand the price advance to his customers.

"As I see it, a very large share of the retail grocers are doing business to-day on a margin of net profit not far from one-half of what they get in a normal year. This sacrifice of legitimate profit on the order of commercial timidity is one of the greatest business blunders that could possibly be made. At the same time it is almost inadvertent. There are precious few retail grocers in this country whose profit margins have not been depressed at least to the extent of twenty per cent. Probably the average consumer will be inclined to take this statement with a grain of salt; but the fact is that it needs no discount whatever. No one understands better than the traveling salesman that the average retail grocer does not make a large profit, even under the most favorable circumstances. With few exceptions, his profits are not only smaller than his customers suppose but smaller than he himself believes them to be.

"The consumer who holds the idea that this is the richest harvest-time that his retail grocer has ever seen is entitled to another guess. Instead, it is a time of peculiar anxiety and strain for very many of them. This is a period so far out of ordinary human experience that we have few precedents which will serve as dependable guideposts. For this reason a whole lot of business mistakes are being made; and one of the most common and conspicuous is failure of the retail grocer to pass price advances on to the consumer promptly and courageously.

"If the present high prices were the result of manipulation, rather than of natural causes that must be as apparent to anyone who will look into them as darkness or daylight, then the determination of the retail grocers to serve as shock absorbers might have been of some use; but under the actual conditions that prevail to-day this effort of the retailer to hold the bag is a piece of pitiful folly."

Not Greedy, but Competitive

This may be rather strong meat for some retailers to swallow, for very few men enjoy being told that their business methods are decidedly poor; and, of course, it must be remembered that this expression is from the viewpoint of one whose interest is in the prosperity of the retail grocer rather than in the economies of the consumer. However, it must be admitted that the views of this traveling salesman are sustained and corroborated by both wholesalers and retailers; in fact, not one retail grocer with whom I have talked has made any denial of the fact that he is operating on a much narrower average margin of profit on turnover than ever before.

As a general rule, these retail grocers have been unable to speak with any great degree of certainty as to the percentage their profit margin has been cut; but the lowest guess has been fifteen per cent and the highest fifty. In one instance a successful retailer in a small country town started out with the statement that his margins were fifteen per cent under normal; then, as he took up one item after another and compared his present profit on them with that which they yielded in 1913–14, his estimate of profit shrinkage continued to increase until it finally stood at sixty per cent. He concluded with the statement that if all the members of his family were not working in the store he would come mighty near doing business for fun instead of profit.

A very able and observant grocery jobber in the East, whose trade is confined to a rather small territory—a circumstance calculated to give him an uncommonly intimate acquaintance with his customers—declares that about forty years of continuous experience in the trade has convinced him the average retail grocer "is not a greedy individual at all; but he is acutely competitive." This expert also expresses the opinion, under the protection of a promise that his name should not be disclosed, that the average retail grocer is considerably short of being a good business man, of understanding the fundamental principles of good business practice, and of having the courage and firmness to put into practice, in a sustained and systematic way, those principles which he does understand.

In the opinion of this seasoned observer the statement that a very large proportion of retail grocers are "competition crazy" is by no means putting the situation too harshly. As he sees it, the average retail grocer's idea of merchandising is price cutting; and that the ability to take a fall out of a competitor and prevent him from realizing a profit is almost, if not entirely, as sweet and satisfying to him as making a profit himself.

This jobber places emphasis on the fact that this "competitive attitude" of the retailer with regard to competition goes a long way in accounting for his failure, in the

BRUNSWICK
HOME BILLIARD TABLES

"Baby Grand" Brunswick—favorite home table with complete Playing Outfit *free* and patented Interchangeable Cushions for all 33 Carom and Pocket Billiard games.

The Family Playground
Is the Billiard Table
And a Few Cents a Day Will Buy It

CAROM and Pocket Billiards are today the reigning sport in American homes. Parents now praise billiards for its magic charm in making *home* the favorite haunt of boys and girls. One father writes us, "We've a full house all the time!"

Install a Brunswick—there's a size to fit your home. Some styles can be folded away in any spare space between games.

When the day's work is over and the mind craves relaxation, renew the vigor of youth at Carom or Pocket Billiards. In these rollicking contests of wit and skill, meet with your guests and young folks, *man to man!*

Low Prices—Balls, Etc., FREE

Get a Brunswick at once—then pay while you play. This is a plan that any home can afford. There are no heavy after-costs. Complete high class Playing Equipment is included *FREE*—Balls, Cues, Markers, Rack, Cue-Clamps, Tips, Chalk, expert book of 33 games.

Beautiful Woods—Scientific Accuracy

Fast Monarch rubber cushions, scientific accuracy, life, speed and action make Brunswick tables the choice of experts.

Beautiful oak and mahogany woods and masterful cabinet work make them an adornment worthy of the finest home.

Accept This Trial Offer

First see these tables in our handsome color-book and catalog, "Billiards—The Home Magnet." It tells how we let you try any Brunswick for 30 days in your home.

Get this interesting book at once. *It's Free!* Write or mail the coupon today.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. 49 R, 623–633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

DEALERS: Many stores in large and small cities are expanding their business through the sale of Brunswick "Quick Demountable" Tables. Write us for our agency proposition.

SEND YOUR ADDRESS TODAY FOR CATALOG

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. 49 R, 623–633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Without obligation, I should like to receive a free copy of your color-catalog
"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

*Name*_____
*Address*_____

MACHINE BOOKKEEPING
Always know exactly what each customer owes. Mistakes can't exist. We post and balance in less time than by hand. Neater. No tedious footings. Night work ended. Extra help unnecessary

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

The [illegible] Baker-Vawter equipment with their bookkeeping machines are reaping results such as the above.

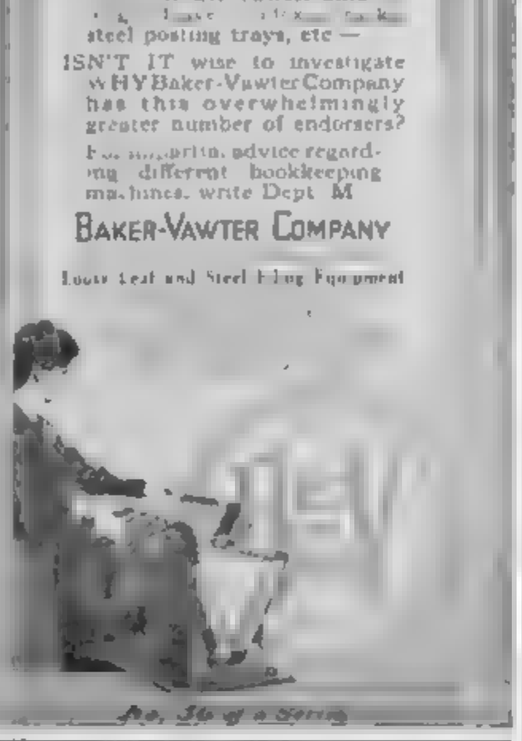
When THE BIG MAJORITY of machine bookkeeping users [illegible] Baker-Vawter binders [illegible] steel posting trays, etc —

ISN'T IT wise to investigate WHY Baker-Vawter Company has this overwhelmingly greater number of endorsers?

For [illegible] advice regarding different bookkeeping machines, write Dept M

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Loose Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment



No. 36 of a Series

LITTLE FARM COMPLETE
For $350.00

[illegible] acres with neat bungalow, poultry [illegible] pair of pigs, flock of chickens and set of implements for $350 on easy terms. Larger farms $15 per acre up. All [illegible]

F. H. LaBAUME, Agrl. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 444 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

VENUS PENCILS
17 Black Degrees and 2 Copying
FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Our California Bungalow Plans
Suitable for any climate. Best arrangements possible.
3 Books 75c

Books 50c each
3 for 75c

Los Angeles Investment Co., Builders, 761 Broadway, Los Angeles, California

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOK ABOUT PATENTS
MUNN & CO.
620 Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK
625 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

HIGH-VALUE PATENTS
—the ONLY kind Wanted and BOUGHT by Manufacturers. Send for postage for new book of Extraordinary Interest to Inventors.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, 59 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

present situation, to maintain consistently a reasonable margin of profit and pass the advance in prices promptly across the counter to his customers.

"It works out in this way," explains the wholesaler: "We sold Maine corn to our customers for one dollar and twelve and a half cents a dozen. The corn packers with whom we contracted delivered about forty-five per cent to us; but, as we sold very conservatively, we were able to deliver one hundred per cent to those who had bought from us. Meantime the wholesale price had risen to one dollar and sixty and a half cents a dozen.

"A personal business matter took me into a little town near New York where I had an old customer who had bought from us for years. Of course I stopped to glance at this man's show window, and I was not greatly surprised to see that he was making a drive on Maine corn at fifteen cents a can. Now when you can find a retailer who can do business for less than sixteen per cent you have found an uncommonly intelligent, careful and businesslike merchant; and this observation applies to normal times, not to periods like the present, when almost every item of expense, with the possible exception of interest, is greatly expanded.

"This storekeeper had been able to secure from me only a very limited quantity of this corn, and I have good reason to believe he bought his whole supply from us. When I saw that he was parting with it at a price of about fifteen cents a can I stepped inside and asked him, in a casual sort of way, whether he didn't think he was heading for trouble a little later on, so far as canned corn was concerned. His reply was that he thought his competitor across the street, who hadn't a can of corn bought at the old price left on his shelves, was the one who was having the trouble.

"'I am going to show him,' was his comment, 'that he's got real competition.' This merchant actually thought he was doing a very bright and businesslike thing. His own stock of corn will last him only a little while, and then he will have to pay somewhere from a dollar and sixty cents to two dollars a dozen; for the price is moving up right straight along while we sleep. No retail grocer can get along without a little canned corn and keep his trade satisfied. That means that this storekeeper will have to buy at the current market price, which will be something above thirteen cents, and probably a good way above. To the market price he must add freight, cartage and all his store expenses.

"What is he going to do when conditions force him to go out and get more canned corn? The chances are that he will sell the stuff at a direct loss. Possibly, however, he will pass it along even-handed, without a profit. Certainly he is going to be up against a stiff proposition if he attempts to make his customers take the stuff at a price that will give him a profit over the new cost."

Buying by Habit

"This is a very moderate example of what is happening in thousands of retail grocery stores throughout the country. I know that great quantities of tomatoes have been delivered to families at ten and eleven cents a can when the wholesale price for that quality was a dollar and forty cents a dozen. This isn't good merchandising; it is decidedly bad business—but it is being done in connection with a wide range of articles in almost every community, on the mistaken notion that somehow it is good competitive tactics.

"This consideration and the timidity that the average retailer naturally feels toward his trade—especially at a time when everybody is complaining about high food prices—are to my notion the main reasons why the storekeeper has attempted to absorb the increase in price on many of the items he handles, instead of handing it along to the consumer. Of course there are still many articles in his stock on which he makes a normal profit. Most of these, however, are luxuries.

"To my notion, it would be a poor piece of business for the consumer if the retail grocer was not permitted to make something approaching a living profit. No community can afford to have any class of its business done for nothing. Only straight-out philanthropy should be conducted on that basis."

But to return to the problem of luxuries: A traveling salesman who represented one of the biggest wholesale grocers in America for more than fifteen years makes this shrewd observation:

"We are all creatures of habit when it comes to buying for our tables. Because we have been accustomed to think that certain articles of food are absolute necessities, and must make the main part of our diet, when we strike a time like the present, with those familiar fundamentals at unbelievable prices, the situation looks decidedly dark; and we are inclined to feel that there is no way of escape open by which the family food budget may be kept anywhere within reason. In this predicament it doesn't occur to the average family provider to scan the list of luxuries, or semi-luxuries, to see whether good substitutes may not be found for the necessities that have reached almost prohibitive prices.

"You have already, in a previous article, alluded to rice as a cheap and satisfactory substitute for potatoes. You made no mistake there. Rolled oats, which can be bought in bulk from almost any retail grocer in the country, are entitled to rank right along with rice. There has been very little increase in the price of this article since the beginning of the European war, and the retail price is now about five cents a pound here in the Middle West. The food value of this article is high."

Cheap, Delicious Fruits

"Another item in the luxury list that is being altogether too generally overlooked by the consumer who is trying to cut down the cost of his food without inflicting a hardship on his family is dried fruit. Take dried peaches, for example. California had a splendid peach crop, and fancy peeled dried peaches that will make your mouth water on sight are now selling for eighteen cents at retail. I have never known them to sell for less than twenty cents. Apricots, equally delicious, are now selling at eighteen and a half cents a pound, which is perhaps just a shade under the average for the last five years.

"Now consider the prune. The crop now being consumed is exceptionally large and fine, and there is hardly an item of food in the whole list that is more wholesome or delicious than prunes. In the days when the prune made its boarding-house reputation it was not the scrupulously prepared delicacy that it is to-day. Then it was long on grit and short on friends. But the prune packers have learned a lot of things since then, and one of them is that proper handling has lifted their product into the class of real table luxuries.

"The consequence is that prunes now come to us in fine shape and make one of the richest and most delicious dishes a careful hostess can set before a guest. When you can go into a retail store and buy really fancy prunes at a cost of anywhere from ten to twenty cents a pound, depending upon their size, and do not do so, you are neglecting one of the best and most reasonable articles of food obtainable, and one that is as cheap now as before the war—or at least practically as cheap. Their present price is just about an average price.

"Commercially speaking, the dried apple is not a favorite; but the fact remains that one might do worse than buy an occasional pound or two of evaporated apples, prepared in the strictly sanitary modern way. But I wish to place the emphasis of my argument on the whole family of dried fruits—prunes, peaches, apricots, apples and raisins. Compared with most other food items that we are accustomed to consider table necessities, they are high in food value and low in price.

"When Nature gave us an abundant crop of prunes, peaches and apricots in 1916, she certainly did the consumer a friendly turn. These semi-luxuries are entirely capable of doing splendid substitute service for meat and vegetables that have moved up to the head of the class, so far as prices are concerned.

"It is also interesting to note that these dried fruits do altogether better teamwork with rice as the main vegetable than with potatoes.

"There is still another family of substitutes for the old-line necessities that have now been promoted to the luxury class through shortage of supply, unprecedented export demands and increased home consumption, by reason of the wageworkers' expanded pay envelope. I refer to fruit butters and jams. If the real food merits of this little group of luxuries were fully appreciated by the general public the sale of these goods would be immensely increased. They are rich, delicious and wholesome; and, because of abundant crops of the fruits from which they are made, their prices are on the old level."

Not the least in the list of valuable foods that have suddenly leaped to positions of social and financial eminence must be mentioned cheese—plain cheese, of the old-fashioned Cheddar type, which once languished in its wire-screened prison upon the counter of the retailer, waiting for laborers and school children to take it at about ten cents a pound. To-day the rating of this product of the cheese press is from thirty to thirty-eight cents a pound, according to the locality and the store in which it is bought. Evidently somebody has made a most effective raid upon Uncle Sam's cheese cupboard to send its price up more than three hundred per cent!

There is no difficulty in locating the marauder. One of the keenest observers of the American cheese market made this remark to me in the closing days of 1916:

"Since May first our cheese exports to Europe have been at least one hundred and fifty thousand boxes, of an average weight of fifty pounds. That means seven million five hundred thousand pounds. In the last two years we have sent to the fighting nations across the water more than half a million of these boxes. The fact is, the boys in the trenches want cheese, and lots of it. They like it, and it is a very rich and nourishing food.

"In addition to this it is a very convenient food to serve in the trenches. If the war continues the prices of American cheese are bound to go still higher, for the simple reason that we are burning our cheese candle at both ends. Our receipts this year are lighter than last, and the amount in warehouses is also a great deal less than at this time last year.

"For many years past the demand for milk in the big centers of population has been exerting a steady and increasing pressure against cheese production—pushing it back from zone to zone, until its manufacture is now mainly confined to territories too remote from large cities to be profitably tapped for whole milk, and to certain localities peculiarly adapted to the production of the finest grades of American cheese. Of course milk for family consumption always has first call from available territory and commands the top price."

Good Cheese Everywhere

"The tremendous increase in the consumption of ice cream has made an amazing levy upon the milk supply. It is said that the American public consumes more milk in ice cream than in butter and cheese together. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement, but it seems very plausible. Again, the export demand for condensed, evaporated and powdered milk for army use is immense and practically insatiable.

"What is the result of all this? Some milk canners out in the Middle West are paying two dollars and sixty-five cents a hundred pounds for milk, and cannot get the quantity they desire, even at that price. I know of a farmer near Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, who receives two dollars and ten cents a hundred pounds for milk the year round; and he does not have to haul it either.

"There is still another important element to be considered. This is the increased domestic consumption of cheese. To-day it is impossible to sell the miserable stuff that was once put out under the name of cheese.

"The cheese factories, the dealers, the wholesale grocers and the retail grocers were compelled to realize this, and the result was an immense and almost universal improvement in the quality of the product.

"Every agricultural college in the dairying states has for years been turning out scientifically trained cheese makers. Consequently it is unheard-of to go into an average grocery store to-day and buy a piece of American cheese that is not delicious and wholesome to anyone who likes cheese at all. This has greatly stimulated the consumption of American cheese.

"Then, too, the big increase in the wageworker's budget since the war began has made it possible for him to indulge his taste for good things to eat to a degree not before possible.

"In view of all these elements, the wonder is that American cheese is not now much higher in price."

Among the luxuries that now look down from lofty altitudes upon the consumer's dollar are imported cheeses of every sort

(Concluded on Page 105)

Dutch Boy Products

Are You Always Sure of Your Solder?

Dutch Boy solders never vary. From the No. 111 (the finest you can buy) to the No. 888, wiping grade, they are always uniform.

There's a Dutch Boy solder for every purpose. Let us tell you which particular variety is equal to the solder you now use or which will give you equal or better satisfaction for less money. Buy that solder by number. It never varies a hair's breadth in its composition. Good results with it now insure good results always.

We believe a trial of Dutch Boy solder will also show you a distinct money-saving.

When Is Babbitt Metal Not Babbitt?

True Babbitt metal is an alloy of tin and other metals, invented by Isaac Babbitt many years ago—just that one formula, nothing else. But the factory world has come to refer to all bearing metals as "babbitts"—especially the high-grade ones—although technically incorrect. There are some bearing metals which are higher grade even than the original "babbitt."

What grade of bearing metal ("babbitt") do you use? Have you tried Dutch Boy Phoenix metal? It is the strongest, toughest, surest bearing metal that can be made. If you want to be sure of the quality of your bearings for rapid, heavy work, Dutch Boy Phoenix is the metal to use.

Dutch Boy bearing metals are made in all grades—for all kinds of work. It is probable that you can buy, for less money than you are now paying, a Dutch Boy bearing metal equal to the metal you are using; or probably you can buy a better metal for the same price—if you look for the Dutch Boy on the ingot.

Whether you buy babbitt, solder or paint materials, the Dutch Boy is an absolute assurance of uniformity, reliability and maximum value per dollar.

Get Metal Facts No. 142

giving valuable information about solder and bearing metals.

What Has Lead To Do With Paint?

Nearly all paints contain some white lead. The more white lead, the better the paint. Pure white lead (thinned with pure linseed oil) is the best paint of all. It will not scale nor crack. It affords true weather-proof protection for your house, barn, fence or other property.

White lead is corroded metallic lead—nothing else. Any adulteration, any mixing in of other pigments, lessens its painting value.

Dutch Boy White Lead is pure white lead ground to a convenient paste form in pure linseed oil. Thinned with a further quantity of linseed oil, it becomes paint, pure and simple, and can be colored to any shade or tint.

Skilled painters will tell you a Dutch Boy White Lead job looks best and lasts longest. That's paint economy.

For Handsome Inside Decoration

On the inside walls of your home or office, use Dutch Boy White Lead thinned with a good flatting oil. It will give a soft, rich, velvety effect without any painty gloss, and will insure durability and *washability* that can be obtained in no other way.

Dutch Boy Linseed Oil

Only the purest linseed oil will give proper painting results. So, for your protection, we market linseed oil under the Dutch Boy trade mark, thus making it possible for you to get linseed oil that you know is pure.

Paint Protection for Metal

For protection against rust, paint with Dutch Boy Red Lead—pure red lead ground to paste form in linseed oil. It is as unequalled for metal painting as Dutch Boy White Lead is for other painting.

Get Paint Facts No. 142

before you have any more painting done. With this data you will have information for doing or directing your painting knowingly—whether painting woodwork or iron, inside or out-of-doors. It is a code of tactics in your fight against destructive time and weather. It is helping armies of property holders. Let it help you, too.

National Lead Company

New York Boston Cincinnati San Francisco
Cleveland Buffalo Chicago St. Louis

(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)

Particular Men Prefer Everwear

The hosiery having *all* desirable qualities demanded by men and women of discriminating taste is EVERWEAR. A certain distinction and individuality is typical of Everwear because of its beauty of appearance, style and smooth conformation to foot and ankle.

Unusual durability is assured in Everwear Hosiery by reason of our painstaking selection of materials, and the Everwear process of knitting.

No other hosiery, at any price, can offer more in satisfaction, comfort and appearance. A trial invariably leads to the regular purchase of this universally preferred hosiery.

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Made in medium and light weights; in black, white and all popular shades; in pure thread silk, lisle and cotton.

Buy It By The Box

The better stores will be glad to serve you. If your haberdasher or department store does not sell Everwear, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Everwear Hosiery Co., Milwaukee

Everwear TRADE MARK Hosiery

(Concluded from Page 102)

and kind. Roquefort—that aristocrat of the whole cheese race, with a family line that runs back to Bible times—is now from seventy-five to ninety cents a pound, at retail, for the real imported article. This racy luxury was available for the American table at about forty-five cents before the era of war prices. This is not because the caves of Roquefort have been made to shelter soldiers instead of cheese—they are still undisturbed and the flocks of sheep are milked in peace on the slopes of the famous French mountain—but because of the high cost of steamer space, the consistent effort of the French Government to discourage luxuries, and the acute European demand for everything in the form of food.

The same causes account for the extreme price of every kind of imported cheese. If the American insists upon having these delicacies he must pay a price for them in these warring days that will yield a heavy toll to the country from which they are imported.

The fighting nation that spares a cheesemaker or a shepherd from the trenches or the munitions shop must make the sacrifice bring in a generous toll.

This is the principle that governs the production of every luxury we import from any country engaged in the great conflict; and it applies in a measure to all other European countries and the luxuries they send us when the fighters are knocking so insistently upon their shop doors.

We are taking Roquefort at eighty-five cents; Stilton, from the English dairies, at one dollar; Italian Gorgonzola at eighty cents; and Swiss at eighty-five cents.

"A year ago," said the manager of a large and fashionable retail grocery in Chicago, "I became convinced that imported luxuries were going up fast; so I went to the New York importers and bought liberally. In the purchase were many things demanded only by the fancy trade, like truffles, pâté de foie gras, cockscombs, and the finest sardines. I was very fortunate in getting hold of a lot of this line of goods that had just been unloaded from an incoming steamer.

"These articles came right along through to Chicago in good time; but when they arrived the market price on them had advanced almost twenty-five per cent. I know, because I checked up the advance carefully. Some of the items in that shipment are now almost unobtainable. Take the imported peeled and boneless sardines, for example. War conditions did not permit them to be packed in 1916, and as soon as the small stocks are exhausted they will be extinct, so far as the American table is concerned."

No Time to Hunt Truffles

"You can hardly place too much stress on the fact that the warring countries have determined, from stern economic necessity, to drive out the production of luxuries. They have too much imperative work to be done there now, and too many unproductive mouths to feed, to expend productive energy on anything save necessities. Consequently they tax the luxury coming and going, over there. They assess the making, the exporting and the buying of luxuries to an extent that would make anybody but an American throw up his hands and quit.

"If the present pace keeps up there will be quite a distinguished little list of extra-fancy imported luxuries that will be missing from our midst; and the tables of the rich will mourn their absence."

The tasty truffle is likely to be conspicuous by its absence, for example. This strange growth, which does not disclose its presence by branch or leaf, is located underground by trained hogs and dogs. Truffle hunting and canning take time and work; and the French peasant of the district that yields this odd delicacy is too busy burrowing in trenches at the Front to chase this aromatic trifle for American epicures.

The peeled and boned sardine has already sung its swan song, and it seems highly probable that the fluted cockscomb from France is about to crow its last on the American table—at least until the bloody business of war is over and France can again resume her normal occupation of tickling the palates of the world's gourmets. These epicurean specialties will, no doubt, have plenty of company on the list of the missing.

Among the costly table luxuries already passed into memory must be mentioned the corncob decorated with pearl-like kernels and bottled in Germany in its infancy, and relished by Americans whose tastes are apparently inspired by import labels. Many fancy imported pickles, which have always been distinguished in price if not in flavor, will join the select circle of foodstuffs that will not play the American circuit in 1917.

Every now and then the firm hand of military necessity shuts off the supply of some titbit and makes us remember that even an unlimited purse cannot always get us what we demand. A good example of this is the olive-oil situation. Italy and France have, so the wholesale grocers say, levied upon one-half of the olive oil made in those countries. Rumor says it has been discovered that the heavier grades of this oil make ideal lubricant for flying machines and for arms.

However, all we know or need to know is that military necessity has levied upon one-half of the available oil in those countries, thus making the salad-eating American look with increased respect upon his bottle of imported olive oil and regard it as a genuine luxury. The cost of glass has greatly increased everywhere; and labor is, of course, unprecedentedly scarce in the olive-pressing countries.

The Rifts in the Clouds

In addition to the levy, the Italian and French Governments have placed a high export duty on olive oil. All these influences make it fairly certain that olive oil from across the water will be higher than at present. An expert in this line declares that prices for this popular delicacy will probably soar to rather sensational heights—at least so far as the finest French and Italian oils are concerned.

Green olives, which come largely from Spain, are a little more luxurious than usual; but not much more so. They must, of course, carry the extreme cost of ocean travel under submarine conditions, otherwise their price would probably be normal. California contributes our supply of ripe olives, and the advance in this luxury, which is rapidly growing in popularity, is about enough to cover the increase in the cost of glass, labels and labor.

Of course all kinds of spices have advanced, at least enough to keep in fashion. But if the advance were a hundred per cent it would hardly be felt by the average American family, for the reason that the quantity consumed is so small.

There are several distinct rifts in the clouds, which should not pass unnoted by the troubled eye of the perplexed family provider. One of the most important items on the family budget has been untouched by the great groundswell of prices. Though it is a luxury in the sense that it can be cut from the family menu without subtracting anything from the net of household nourishment, at the same time it is so prized in millions of homes that it is regarded as being quite as much a necessary as meat or potatoes—of course I refer to coffee, which is possibly even a trifle cheaper than normal.

Berlin, the great central coffee market of the world, is closed to commerce, and the great coffee-growing country of the world is, in consequence of this condition, shipping its coffee to the United States. Coffee is one of those apparently perverse and contrary articles of commerce, so far as this country is concerned, which is cheap now when nearly everything else is dear, but which may bound to the top of the list as soon as peace is declared. What a call for coffee will come from Berlin and the whole coffee-loving German nation the instant war ends!

Tea is another cherished luxury that is little if any higher than in ordinary years. To a large extent tea is now sold in small packages, suitable for family consumption. This is better than bulk handling for both the merchant and the consumer, as it saves much waste and helps the tea to retain its strength and aroma for the cup.

There is some consolation in the reflection that, when it comes to real foods necessary to the nourishment of man, the United States could get along very nicely without any contribution from Europe.

Because Uncle Sam has so many greedy customers from out-of-town his prices are admittedly a little high, at the moment, to his own folks. But if they would learn to throw over a few artificial and highly cultivated tastes for fancy European knickknacks which are poor eating when compared with things that are plentiful at home, they would go a long way toward beating that persistent bugaboo—the H. C. of L.

for Automobile Starting-Lighting Systems

Submarines of five great nations are propelled under water by Gould Storage Batteries. The safety of their crews depends absolutely on the unfailing performance of the batteries.

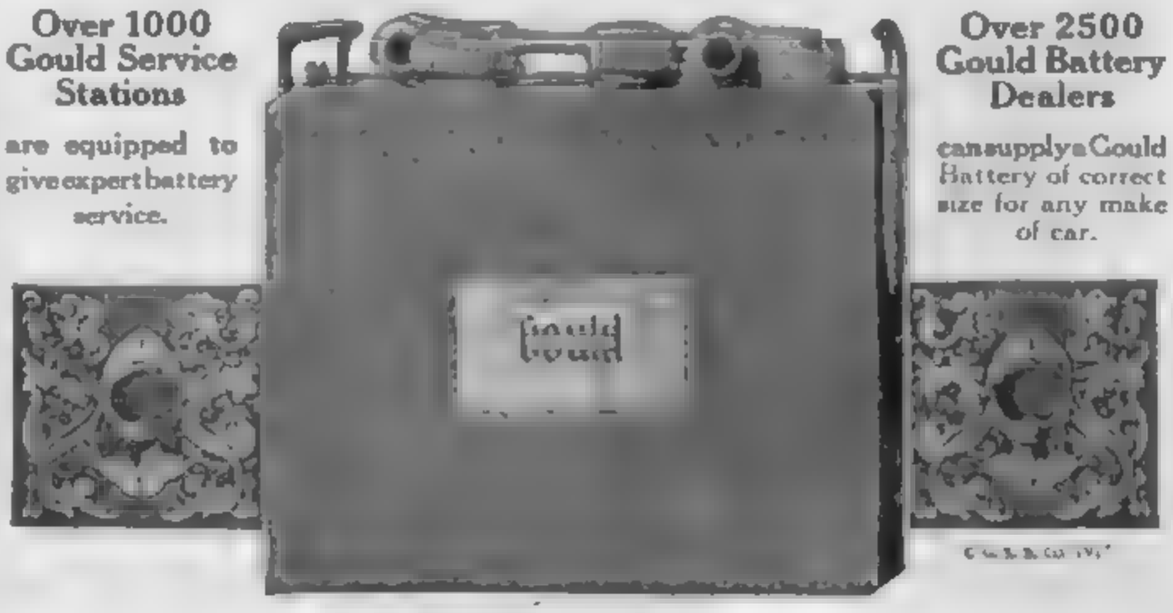
You can equip your car with a Gould Starting-Lighting Battery of the same rugged quality. It puts a power back of your starting system that you can rely on. With ordinary care, a Gould Battery gives lasting, loyal service, and to insure that care, over 1000 Gould Service Stations are ready and equipped to render competent battery service.

In choosing a battery, disregard "talking-points" based on minor details of construction. The important factor is in the quality of the plates. For nearly ten years Gould Super-Hard Plates have been unapproached for sustained capacity and stubborn resistance to wear. The result is a battery of **in-built quality** that gives maximum service on the car while requiring the least care.

Gould Super-Hard Plates are also used in batteries for
STREET CARS RAILWAY SIGNALS HOUSE LIGHTING
MOTOR BOATS TRAIN LIGHTING POWER PLANTS

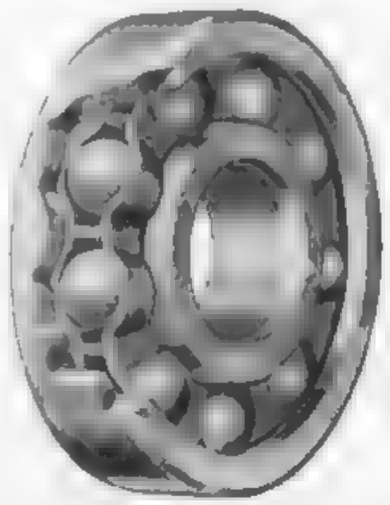
Gould Storage Battery Co.
General Offices, 30 East Forty-Second Street, New York City
Plant, Depew, N.Y.

Over 1000 Gould Service Stations
are equipped to give expert battery service.



Over 2500 Gould Battery Dealers
can supply a Gould Battery of correct size for any make of car.

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



New Departure Single Row

Made in dimensions internationally standardized Interchangeable with bearings of the same type of whatever manufacture.

In the motorwheel hubs, transmission, differential, in the electrical equipment,—wherever friction must be conquered,—there is a guaranteed New Departure Ball Bearing of design and strength to meet the need.

Friction, with its resulting noise, wear and rapid depreciation of rotating parts, is no longer present in the modern motor car.

That New Departure Ball Bearings have played a prominent part in the accomplishment of this result is a fact beyond dispute.

Their use in a large majority of the American Made Models of today has inevitably become a matter of national pride and congratulation.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO.

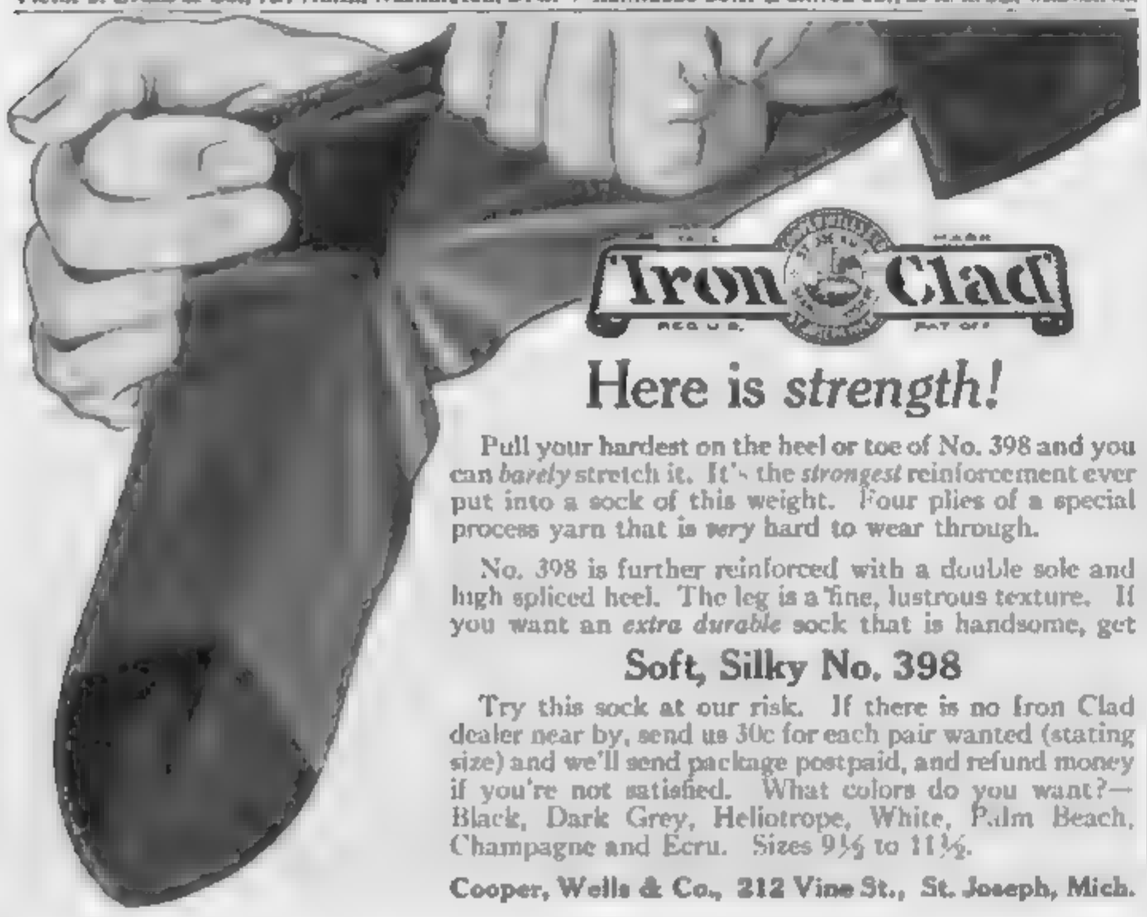
Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.

Control Patent Licensee

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

KENNEBEC CANOES

give more real pleasure at less cost than most anything else in the world. Send for our free 1917 canoe book. KENNEBEC BOAT & CANOE CO., 26 R. R. Sq., Waterville, Me.



Here is *strength!*

Pull your hardest on the heel or toe of No. 398 and you can *barely* stretch it. It's the *strongest* reinforcement ever put into a sock of this weight. Four plies of a special process yarn that is *very* hard to wear through.

No. 398 is further reinforced with a double sole and high spliced heel. The leg is a fine, lustrous texture. If you want an *extra durable* sock that is handsome, get

Soft, Silky No. 398

Try this sock at our risk. If there is no Iron Clad dealer near by, send us 50c for each pair wanted (stating size) and we'll send package postpaid, and refund money if you're not satisfied. What colors do you want?—Black, Dark Grey, Heliotrope, White, Palm Beach, Champagne and Ecru. Sizes 9½ to 11½.

Cooper, Wells & Co., 212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

SPY STORIES

(Concluded from Page 25)

Carlsbad, and once, during the festival, at Nice. You do not have the excuse of a Frenchwoman for what you have undertaken to do, and you ought to receive no consideration from us. But I am not a Prussian."

He moved a little nearer to her in the thin fog:

"I shall trust you to say nothing of this night's adventure and to go at once to America."

Then he turned abruptly and marched away in the fog with his men.

For a long time in the darkness she could hear the shoes of the soldiers striking the metal of the road in the military goose step. An hour later her brother took her up and carried her back into the French lines. But she persistently refused to tell him anything, returned to Paris, and took the next transatlantic liner to New York.

One wishes to believe every detail of this story; to believe that the iron wings of the war furies have not beaten into pieces everything fine and noble.

When the German invasion began to flow toward Paris, France summoned everything to her defense. Even the Foreign Legion was brought up from Africa.

A great deal of imaginary romance has been written about this legion. At any rate, it is the only division of the French Army into which unknown adventurers may enter. It does unquestionably contain a number of extraordinary persons: broken men, drifted in from the four corners of the earth. They are of all nationalities.

It happened, at a certain period of the war, that a portion of this legion occupied an advance trench in an active sector. At this point the advance trenches of the two armies were only a short distance apart. It was at one of the periods when the French Army was taking the initiative. The officers observed that, though they were able to surprise the enemy in their raids along other parts of the line, at this point every advance seemed to be adequately anticipated.

They were convinced that some signal was given from their advance trenches.

They set about a searching surveillance. Finally they discovered that one of the private soldiers of the Foreign Legion, when he was alone on guard at a certain point along the trench, would put his hand up, with the palm toward the German lines.

They watched and finally seized him in the act.

Whereupon they discovered that he was signaling to the enemy by the simple device of making a letter, with the charcoal of a burnt stick, on the palm of his hand. He would extend his hand above the trench so that the letter could be read with a field glass from the German lines. See Figure V.

It was easy to spell out a message by this simple method.

The Meaning of Marie's Letter

The French authorities interested themselves to investigate this device. They presently discovered that it had been known a long time in the French Army. Marie Henri Beyle knew it in the time of Napoleon, and made use of it in the Chartreuse of Parma.

The soldier using it to signal the German lines was not a person of any conspicuous intelligence. The authorities were never able to determine whether he had hit upon the device by accident or had heard of it somewhere. It may be presumed that not a great deal of time was taken to inquire of him about it.

The censorship system of Europe too often proves a cumbersome device. It catches only the harmless indiscretions of the people. It fails utterly to prevent the secret communications of foreign agents.

Secret ciphers have developed. The ancient methods have been wholly abandoned. No foreign spy endeavoring to send information out of a belligerent country would think of using any of the old-fashioned codes.

The first requisite of the modern secret cipher is that it shall have no appearance of being a cipher.

On its face it must be a harmless communication. It must resemble the thousands of letters, telegrams, and the like, that are constantly passing out of the country in the course of human affairs. If there is anything in the secret communication to distinguish it from the common run of communications of the same character, it is an unsuccessful cipher and cannot be used.

A recent cipher message that the German spies in Paris sent out of France into Switzerland is a good illustration. It was a letter from a little modiste to her sister, a governess in the family of a notary in Lausanne:

Dear Lizette: Our brothers, fighting for France, are well. I have prayed the good God a million times to keep them safe; all men are in His hand. There is heavy snow now, but the winter is advancing toward spring—how we long for it! Uncle Jules, at Soissons, is dead.

I embrace you. MARIE.

Here is a letter precisely like a thousand letters written every day in France. There is nothing to distinguish it in the flood of similar personal communications everywhere going through the post office. There is nothing in it for the censor to blot out, and no reason why he should give it a moment's consideration.

Nevertheless, it carried a message of appalling import into Switzerland, to the German authorities.

The message is read by means of a stencil. This stencil is a metal plate having openings cut at certain places. When the metal plate is put down over the letter certain words only of the letter are to be seen, the other portions being covered by the plate. Figure VI shows the letter as sent. Figure VII shows the same letter covered by the stencil. Whereupon the following message appears:

A million men are advancing toward Soissons.

Safe and Easy Ciphers

The spies using this cipher have each a duplicate stencil. They agree that the letter shall be written on a sheet of paper of a determined size. It is not even necessary to have a metal stencil. It may be made of paper, or anything. It is more likely that the German spies in Paris have no actual stencil at all. It is much safer to merely memorize the dimensions of the stencil, so that one may cut it out of a piece of paper when one happens to need it.

The authorities are on the lookout for metal stencils. It is certain that only the memorized dimensions are relied upon by the German agents.

The authorities used to believe that they could discover a stencil cipher because the important words would be crowded or the composition of the letter would have a strained and arbitrary construction. But such clews are wholly useless for the purpose of detecting a modern stencil cipher. Almost anybody could write the cipher message into a commonplace letter without disturbing the ease or naturalness of the composition. And after the letter has once been written to fit the stencil it is a simple matter to rewrite it so there is no difference in the appearance of the words.

It is certain that the ingenuity of the secret agents in the present war exceeds anything that has ever been hitherto imagined.

Every device used in the great struggle has been developed and amazingly perfected. We cannot, of course, verify any spy story that comes to us. No Secret Service gives out any authentic case. We must take what drifts over, for the values of ingenuity and adventure it intrinsically contains, as we take a structure in creative fiction.

But we may depend upon it that if this flotsam seems wonderful the recorded cases must be amazing beyond belief.

UNION PACIFIC

ONCE there was no Union Pacific. Beyond the Mississippi was a trackless waste—known only to buffaloes and Indians.

Then came the shifting overland trail.

Pioneers followed it toward the sunset, a long and tedious journey by prairie schooner—often dangerous.

Cumbersome freighters took a snail's pace. The Government spent $1,000,000 a year to transport supplies to a few Coast military posts.

Then brave men, encouraged by Lincoln, built the Union Pacific.

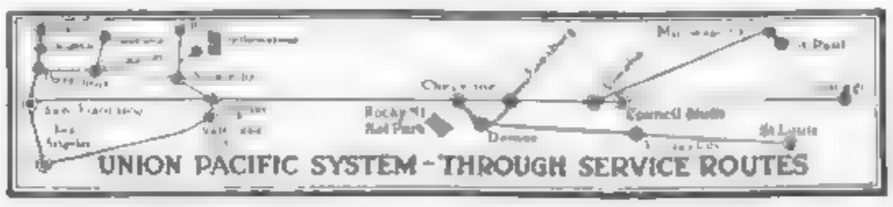
The "giant's task," as General Sherman called it, was completed in 1869. To commemorate this great deed a golden spike was driven. It has since become a symbol of civilization and prosperity.

The Union Pacific is truly a national institution—a worthy monument to early Americans.

Today, over a boulevard of steel, speed splendid passenger trains. And an almost endless procession of freight trains.

Safety, Speed and Service have taken the place of savages, slowness and stages.

Now, over this scenic highway, it is a fast, pleasant journey from Chicago to the Coast. And a joyous, unforgetable adventure into the *once* "Wild West."



For information write to Gerrit Fort, Passenger Traffic Manager, Union Pacific System, Chicago

This is all you have to do

There is no Razor like the AutoStrop Razor and no offer like this offer to you

AutoStrop Safety Razor

The Razor

The AutoStrop Razor has advantages which will be instantly appreciated by every razor user.

Instead of a blade that grows duller with every shave, the AutoStrop Razor blade grows sharper. Instead of continuous blade buying, the AutoStrop Razor effects a wonderful blade saving.

Instead of the trouble of taking apart after using, the AutoStrop Razor is cleaned and dried without removing a single part—not even the blade.

Yet it is as safe, as simple and as durable as any razor made.

The Offer

Any man would gladly buy a safety razor with these practical, desirable advantages. Are they real? Do they exist in the AutoStrop Razor? We know they do, but we prefer to let you prove them to your own satisfaction. Go to any razor dealer and *borrow* an AutoStrop Razor. He will require no payment whatever. Take the razor home and use it for thirty days. If you like the razor keep it and pay the dealer its price, $5.00. Otherwise return it.

If your dealer cannot accommodate you, write direct to us.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Avenue, New York

This offer is also good in Canada. 83 Duke Street, *Toronto*

THE GUNMAN

(Continued from Page 14)

father's house to the limousine. The driver followed, started the engine and took his place at the wheel. A careful scrutiny of the street showed nothing that would interfere with their plans. The signal was given, the door opened again; then Sicilian Sam leisurely walked down the steps and entered the car. Thirty seconds later and the lawless three had turned the nearest corner. Paul was in a fair way to be married.

Or was he?

IV

AS HAS been stated, Sam had quickly seen that Paul was a spineless opportunist who could be led by the nose. He had given him all the uglier and more dangerous part of the program. He had offered to sell him out to Monaca. He had all but openly sneered at him.

He had gone much farther than that: he had definitely arranged for an abduction of his own. His idea was that if he had possession of the girl he could play off Monaca against Paul for a substantial ransom. Paul need never suspect his hand in the matter; he himself would not appear. To Monaca he would enact the rôle of rescuer. If Monaca offered more money than Paul back Vita would go to her father; if Paul offered more, back she would go to him. Perhaps he could even collect from both, through the use of carefully chosen agents. In that case Monaca would get her. He was a Sicilian and the more to be feared. The first thing to be done, however, was to collect the remainder of his original fee.

Paul led the way into the bedroom, where he propped Vita, still wrapped in blankets, against the pillows on the bed. She watched him with eyes which showed anger rather than distress. Or so he felt. Sam remained near the door.

"There she is," said Sam. "How about my money?"

"Small thanks to you!"

"Didn't I do all I agreed to do?"

"You stood round and looked on, if that's what you mean. However ——"

Paul had already made the money into a roll. This he now drew without further protest from his pocket, counting it over bill by bill upon the bed.

"I paid you two hundred last night. This hundred and fifty makes up the money coming to you. You didn't earn it, but that was my fault."

"Sure it was your fault."

Sam gathered up the bills and thrust them into his pocket. Had Paul learned his lesson even now he might have noticed that his late assistant's eyes were restlessly roaming over the geography of the rooms even while accepting his fee. He might have noticed also that he seemed in haste to leave, and that he slipped back the catch upon the outside door as he passed through.

Paul now turned to Vita.

"Let me make you more comfortable."

He loosened the handkerchief from over her mouth.

"This is your new home. As soon as you become reasonable we will go to a judge and be married. Until then I shall stand guard over you."

"Unloosen my hands," said Vita.

"Not yet."

"And my ankles. The bindings hurt me."

"If you'll promise not to take advantage of me I'll remove all the bindings."

"Are you afraid?"

He was more afraid than she dreamed, but not of what she thought.

"I'll untie them, and then if you're not good I'll put them back on again. Perhaps even worse. Nansen says that when the Eskimos capture their wives they sometimes keep them at home by scratching the soles of their feet until they are so sore they can't walk on them."

He removed the bonds as he spoke. A firmer man would not have done so. Vita rubbed her wrists without saying more.

"Do you think you can be good?" he asked.

"I hate you!"

"Naturally. But you'll have to get used to me."

He stood looking down at her, a great tenderness in his eyes.

"I'm sorry I had to treat you so, Vita. But what could I do? Now that I have you here I want you to listen to me. I love you. I am going to marry you. This is your home. Everything in this flat is yours. It's all new and all paid for. If there's anything you don't like you can change it. If there's anything else you want you can buy it."

Vita made no reply. He walked round the bed to the clothes closet and threw open the door.

"I bought some clothes for you also. See! This dress, and this dress, and this one, and these others. If you don't like them you can take them back and exchange them. You'll find more clothes in the dresser. They'll all fit you, but anything you don't like you can return. These other things, too, I bought. I hope you'll like them. I bought them for you because I love you and want to make you happy."

He allowed the door to stand partly open.

"If you'd like to dress, you may. I will leave you alone if you'll promise to be good and not try to raise an alarm or smash things. You'll find soap and towels in the bathroom, and running water. If you'll not promise I'll have to remain near you."

She did not reply, and Paul returned to the front of the bed. As far as he could see her eyes were no softer than they had been. What he had done seemed not to interest her.

"Suit yourself, Vita."

As he stood looking down at her, wondering what to do or say next, he suddenly became aware of a change in her expression. She seemed to be looking out past him at something—not into space now, but at something material. He wondered idly what had caught her fancy, and was about to turn his head and see when the explanation arrived.

"Now smile!" said a voice behind him.

Sam's man Friday had not wasted any time in carrying out his master's instructions. He had entered from behind through the dining room, and now stood in the doorway with Sam's pistol in his hand. His name was Finley; during his odd moments he was a prize fighter and wrestler. He also acted as janitor in the Larrabee Hotel. Although no weakling, Paul was no match for him physically.

"Quick! Stick 'em up!"

Paul put up his hands as ordered.

"Stand that way while I fish for your gun."

The big janitor advanced until his weapon pressed against Paul's body. Reaching into his pocket he removed Paul's pistol, which he then placed in his own pocket for safe keeping.

"You're only an amateur gunman. Thanks." He glanced at the girl propped up on the bed. "I've come to rescue you," he explained. "Feet free? I see the softy's untied the wrist handkerchief. Throw something round you and get into the car downstairs while I take care of this girl-grabber."

His mind for the moment was upon Vita, and he missed the flush that came into Paul's face. Even had he seen it he would not have understood it. The flush was a flush of shame—his easy trustfulness again! For Paul had remembered an important fact. If this man came from Monaca, how did he know that there were any handkerchiefs to be taken off? Monaca, standing round the corner in his parlor with his face to the wall, couldn't possibly have seen him leave with Vita. Besides, Vita was wrapped in blankets. The only one besides himself to know of the bindings was Sam.

An amateur gunman? He had been a simpleton, an idiot, spineless, easy, blind, a trusting, weak-minded fool.

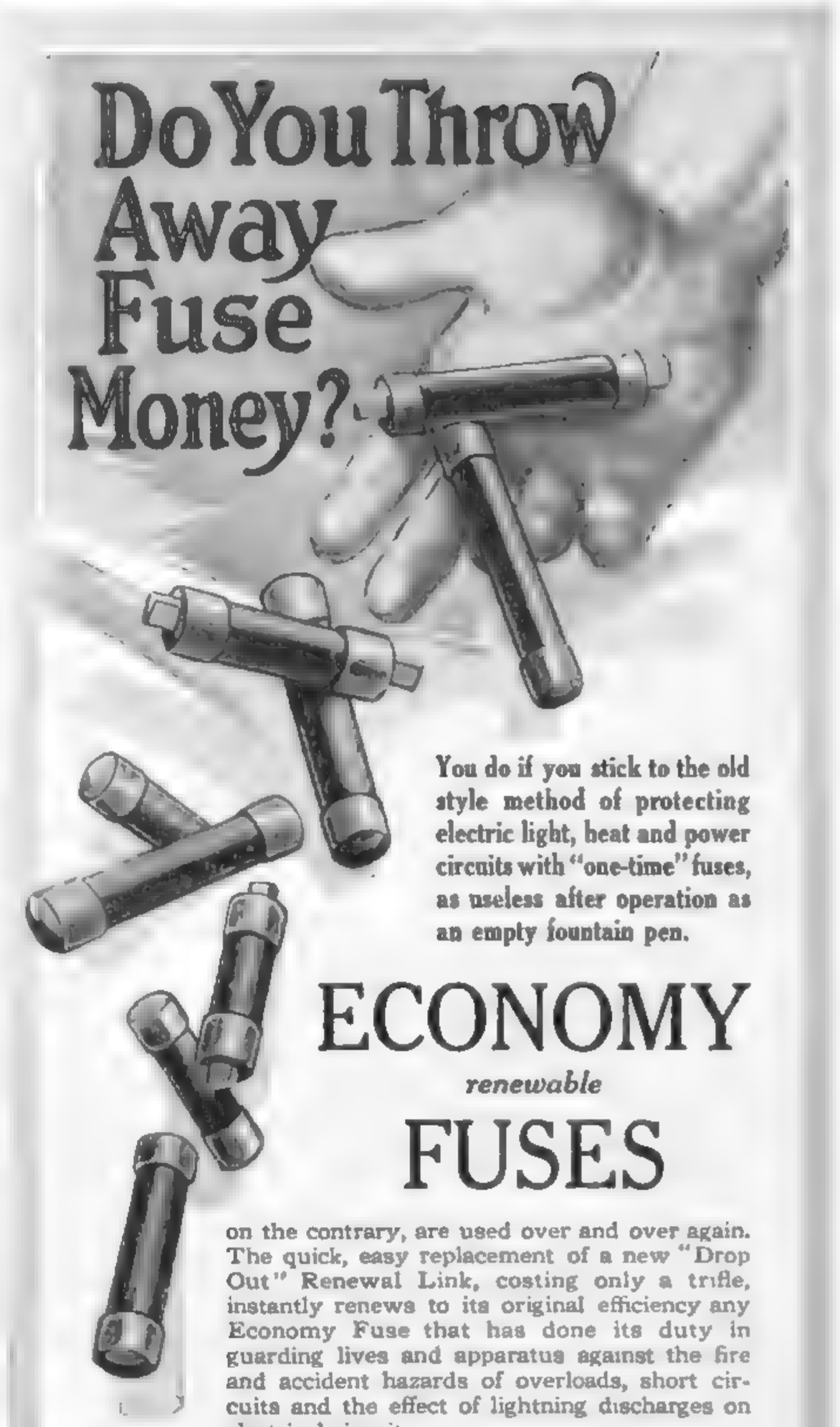
Janitor Finley felt that he had an interested audience in Vita and began following up his advantage.

"Did you think you was a guide-book brigand in Sicily, like you read about? Didn't you know this is Chicago? Didn't anybody tell you?"

In one of Paul's early conversations with Sam he had spoken of having read about Sicilian abductions. Sam's man unquestionably!

"Before you go, Vita," observed Paul evenly, "better make sure you are warmly wrapped."

The thing happened with unbelievable swiftness. Only an idiot would have attempted it; only a man who despised his opponent as a worm would have permitted it. One moment Paul was standing with hands high, disarmed and covered by the

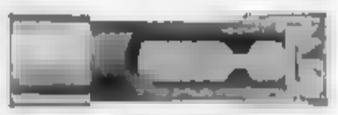


You do if you stick to the old style method of protecting electric light, heat and power circuits with "one-time" fuses, as useless after operation as an empty fountain pen.

ECONOMY
renewable
FUSES

on the contrary, are used over and over again. The quick, easy replacement of a new "Drop Out" Renewal Link, costing only a trifle, instantly renews to its original efficiency any Economy Fuse that has done its duty in guarding lives and apparatus against the fire and accident hazards of overloads, short circuits and the effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits.

Economy Fuse users cut yearly fuse bills 80% and enjoy protection under all conditions of service.



This is a sectional view of an Economy ferrule type renewable fuse. They are made in all commercial capacities (both ferrule and knife blade types) from 3 to 1000 amperes in both 250 and 600 volts.

"Drop Out" Renewal Links are accurately rated, inexpensive, and their use renews an Economy Fuse over and over again. A quantity always on hand represents only a small investment.

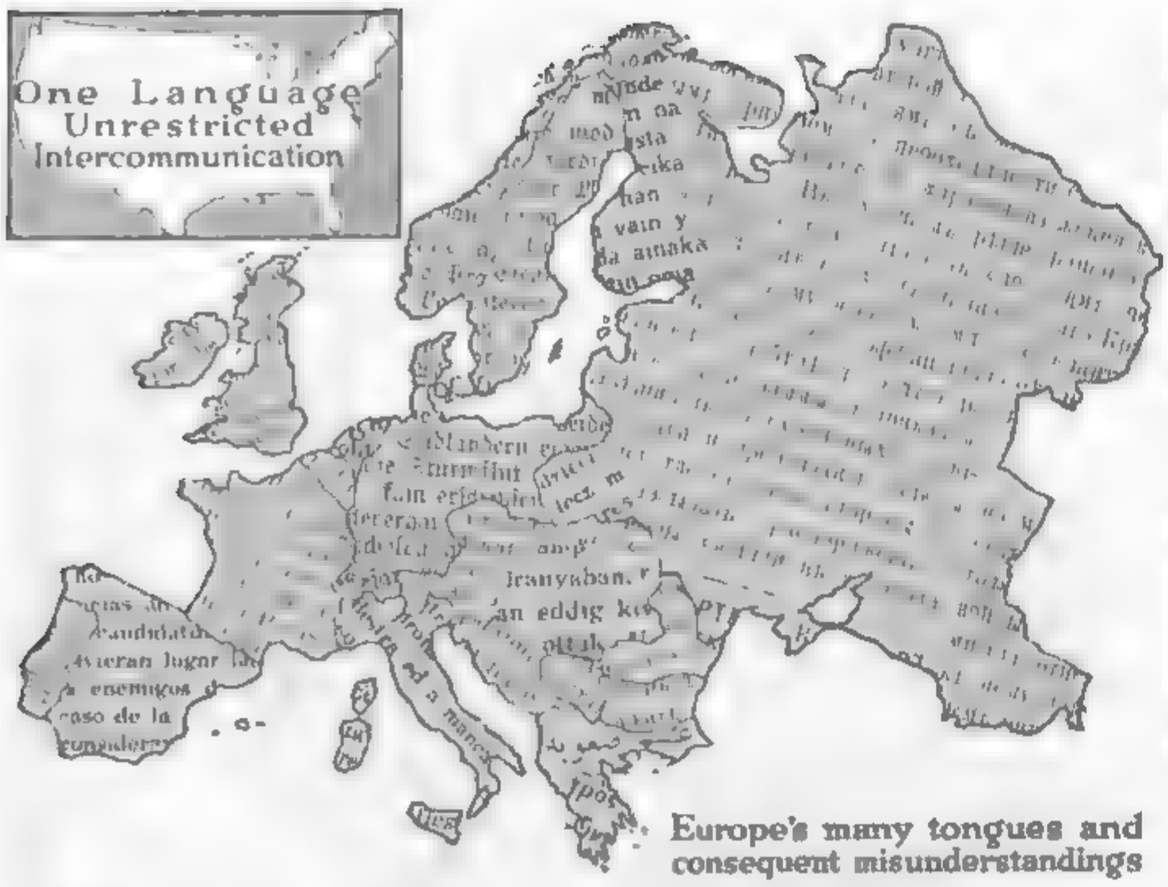
Whether you use a fuse or thousands of fuses a year, it will pay you to take advantage of this sample offer:

Send ten cents in stamps for one 3 to 30 ampere, 250 volt, ferrule type, Economy renewable Fuse, with two "Drop Out" Links. (Retail price, one fuse only, 35 cents, in Canada 40 cents.)

Send for the sample today. Ask for Bulletin S.

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
Kinzie and Orleans Sts. CHICAGO
Also made in Canada at Montreal

Economy Renewable Fuses have been carefully investigated by the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards.



Europe's many tongues and consequent misunderstandings

The Fruits of Understanding

Throughout the vast area of this country prevails a common tongue. The whole of Europe hardly exceeds our territory, yet Europe has more than a score of nationalities and many different languages.

In the United States the telephone, as exemplified by Bell System, renders a matchless service in its mastery of distance and in encouraging the use of a universal language. This accomplishment is in spite of the great influx of population from every country in the world.

In Europe the independent countries, separated by barriers of language, and lacking efficient telephone service, suffer from inadequate facilities for intercommunication.

We now talk from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific, and eliminate more than three thousand miles. In Europe, contending with a babel of voices and unrelated telephone systems, a bare quarter of that distance has been bridged with difficulty.

The ideal of the Bell System has been day by day to extend its service in the interest of all telephone users. Its efforts have resulted in providing the facilities to unite cities and rural districts in true American democracy.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

To-day it's a battle of wits—and *brains* win. Muscle and brawn don't count so much as they used to. The great question now is "What do you know?" It draws the line between failure and success, between a poor job and a good one.

What do you know? Have you special ability? Could you "make good" in a *big* job right now?

For 25 years the International Correspondence Schools have been training men for better work and bigger salaries. They can train YOU, no matter where you live, what hours you work, or [illegible] Mark and mail the coupon and *find out*—it won't obligate you in the least.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 3974, Scranton, Pa.
Explain fully about *your* Course in the subject marked X

☐ Civil Engineering	☐ ADVERTISING	☐ CHEMISTRY
[illegible]	Salesmanship	Illustrating
[illegible]	[illegible] Law	Lettering
Mining "	Bookkeeping	Poultry
Mechanical "	Stenography	French
Mechanical Drafting	Civil Service	German
Architectural Drafting	By Mail Service	☐ Italian
☐ ARCHITECTURE	☐ AUTOMOBILES	☐ SPANISH

Name _____

Address

The King's Dish to the Queen's Taste —for Everybody
A tempting, satisfying luncheon or supper — a crowning touch to the formal dinner — an indigestible aid to the hostess who takes pride in
Purity Cross
Creamed Chicken à la King
Only 25c and 50c at All Fine Grocers'
PURITY CROSS, Inc.
Model Kitchen
Route 2 B
Orange, N. J.

janitor's pistol. The next the pistol had gone flying across the floor and the two men were at grapples.

The loss of the pistol did not much matter. The contest was never in doubt. The janitor soon had Paul helpless on the floor, the captured pistol in his coat pocket aiding in the argument by force. As for the object of the struggle, the abducted girl, during the first ten seconds of the fight she had leaped to her feet, thrown her blanket about her and fled.

If this were the story of a cave man—that mythical creature who with his superior strength, as Georgina Spindleshanks believes, carried off his woman and married her—nothing would have happened as it did.

Vita, propped against her pillows, saw the big janitor creep into view, saw him disarm her captor, saw Paul strike down the pistol and grapple with him. Her first impulse was to slip out through the door. She believed that the newcomer had been sent by her father; she could escape from the flat, run downstairs to the waiting car, and be back in her room at home in time to dress for breakfast, as far as she knew. Her father would probably have Paul arrested. Eventually she would marry the real-estate man, the son of a landowner.

But somehow the real-estate man had become distasteful to her. Paul must have loved her a great deal to run such risks for her. And he was eager to please her. The dresses in the clothes closet—she had never owned anything anywhere near so pretty. And the flat—she could see that it was modern and very nicely furnished. All for her, he had told her! He must have been saving his money for years.

Vita, who had already been doing her thinking, draped her blanket over her shoulders and fled into the vestibule. Here she noisily opened the outer door and as noisily closed it again. But she did not pass through it.

Instead she stole softly into the dining room and thence into the kitchen, where she cowered against the near wall behind the end of the table. Here she was hidden from the door. A little later she understood from his words that the janitor was victorious. Later still she heard him order Paul to precede him down the stairs—apparently to guard against a last-minute attack from behind. She gathered from what was said that both men had heard her open and close the outer door, and that neither doubted she had seized the opportunity to flee.

Upon hearing them go out she gave them time to reach the street; then she crept back to the door. The latchkey was missing; she remembered seeing Paul thrust it into his pocket. But she softly slipped the spring latch, after which she returned to the bedroom, locking its door with its key. The door leading into the dining room she also locked. Then she proceeded to investigate further.

As Paul had said, the bathroom was supplied with soap, towels and running water. She took her time about bathing. She had noticed a pretty crêpe kimono in the clothes closet. This she now found and donned. Then she began looking through the drawers of the dresser to see what Paul had considered that she would need. She quickly decided that he had had help—nothing had been overlooked. He had even undertaken to select shoes for her, three pairs, and each of a different size, so that she would be that much more likely to be fitted. The wrong sizes could be exchanged. Selecting the articles she wished to wear she laid them out, returning the remainder to their place in the dresser. She also looked over the gowns and dresses in the clothes closet for something she could wear in the kitchen. Seemingly there were no such humble garments.

Strange she had not noticed it before! Among all his purchases he had not included any working clothes. He had not thought of his wife as wearing them. What a man! She smiled at the oversight, but there were tears in her eyes to mingle with the smiles. However, she would not have worn working clothes this morning even if she had had them. Selecting a shirt-waist suit, she proceeded to dress.

As he had predicted, the clothing fitted her. Not a garment was wrong. And nothing was missing. When she came to do up her hair she found an ivory comb and brush ready to her hand, and hairpins. When she came to care for her teeth a tube of paste and toothbrush awaited her. A dainty manicure set helped her with her pretty fingers. After all these thoughtful provisions for her comfort, the powder-puff did not seem at all a thing to laugh at. Quite the contrary. She used it almost reverently, as she had used the other articles.

She now went to the kitchen, lighted the blue-flame stove and put on the teakettle. She then took down the few dishes she would need, and when the water was hot enough washed them. After that she set the table in the dining room. She also fried some ham and eggs, which she placed upon a platter and thrust into the oven to keep warm. When she had carried her preparations as far as she could she returned to the bedroom, where she stood in the front window watching the street for the return of Paul.

She had a long wait—it was nearly eight o'clock before he came into sight up the street. He was not walking briskly, but looked tired and discouraged. She at once ran back to the kitchen. Here she quickly made the coffee, carried the platter of ham and eggs to the table, and then the hot toast. The cereal was already served. Ordinarily she would have waited before serving the meat course, but she wished Paul to see the table completely set.

He found her in the kitchen, where she was trying to look nonchalant and matter-of-fact.

"I don't understand ——"

"Breakfast is ready," said Vita.

But she could not carry it off. Almost before she had spoken the words she broke down. The tears in her eyes, nearer the surface than she thought, quickly became tears on her cheeks. The next she knew the amateur gunman had somehow found her and she was pressed in his arms with her face buried in his coat.

They were married immediately after breakfast, so as to forestall a possible counterstroke on the part of old Monaca. A little later Vita got herself forgiven. Later still—that is to say, on Sunday—Monaca and his wife called to see the new flat. And on Monday Paul went back to work. He accepted his wage envelope for the preceding week without protest, although a deduction of two days' pay had been made with no allowance for the usual half-holiday on Saturday. He went about his business as before—good-natured, slow to take offense, imposed upon continually by Keiser. He did not mention his marriage. No one in the shop, Keiser least of all, would have suspected that he had ever held a loaded pistol in his hand. As for his abducting a girl at the point of such a pistol from her home in the heart of Chicago—marriage by capture—the action was quite unthinkable. He did not have the backbone.

Which is additional proof that Simplicissimus was wrong and that everyone cannot distinguish between substance and shadow.

Vita's opinion of the matter was different.

"I like him because he's so strong," she would have said. "And so stubborn. And so brave. And because he knows what he wants." And she would have added: "But I love him because he came and took me."

The question remains, however: Why did she love him, really?

That Scent of Purity Means Your Security

Pure Soap—All Soap

PEET'S CRYSTAL WHITE is made of pure vegetable oils, and has the most wonderful cleaning properties.

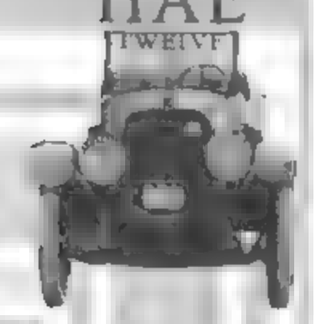
It is best for clothes—best for hands—best for economy—because a cake of Crystal White costs no more than ordinary soap, and lasts very much longer; prove it for yourself.

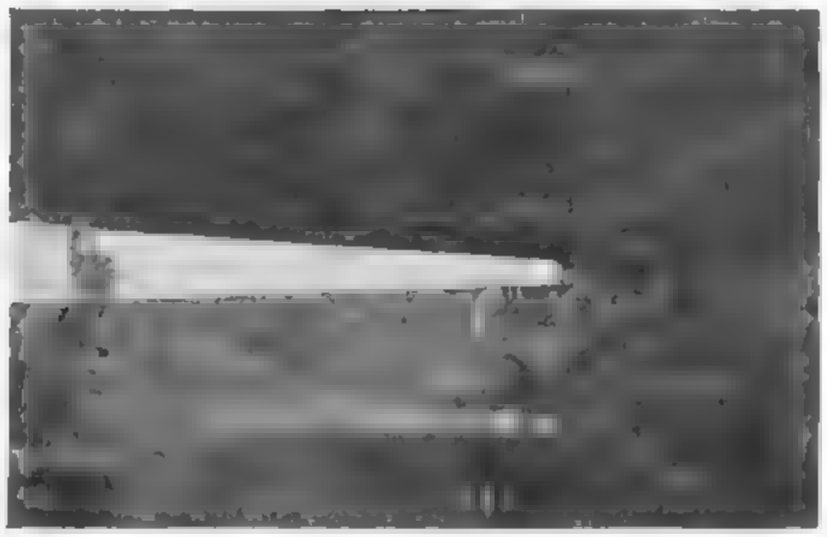
Ask your dealer for it; if he can't supply you, send us five cents for a full sized cake of this wonderful White Laundry Soap.

More than three million families have adopted Crystal White as the household soap. They never go back to the old kind.

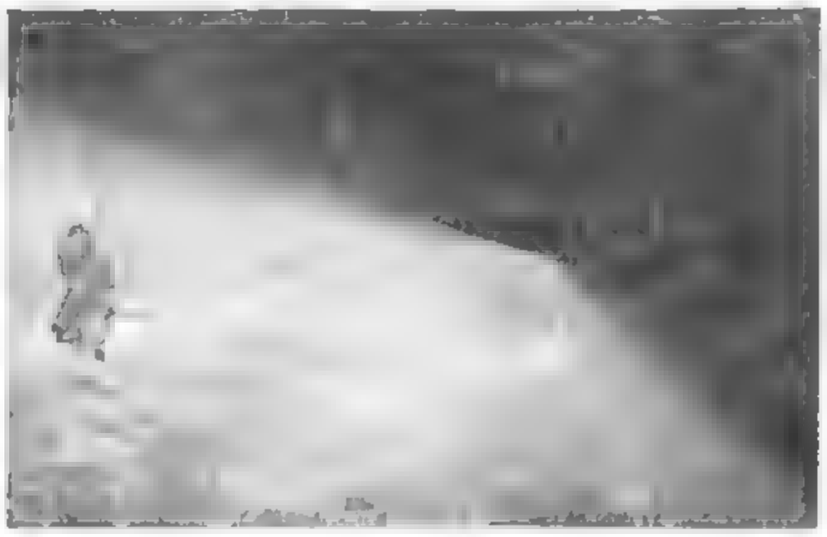
Peet Bros. Mfg. Co.

Kansas City. San Francisco.

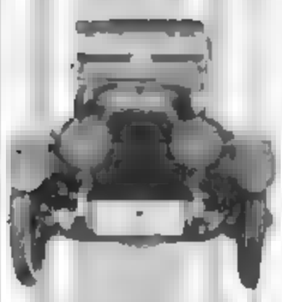




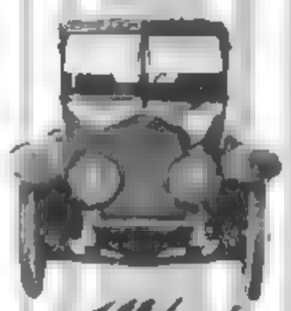
Without Warner-Lenz on a Dark, Sleeting Night



With Warner-Lenz You See The Way



DANIELS
EIGHT



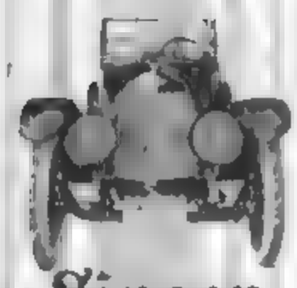
White

Turn Night Into Day— Make Driving Safe and Pleasant

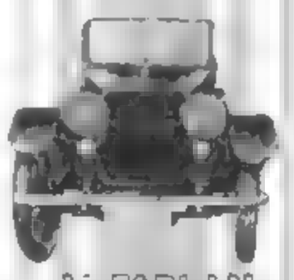
Now that over 350,000 drivers know and appreciate Warner-Lenz—now that fourteen discerning automobile manufacturers have adopted them as standard equipment—now that lawmakers and police officials everywhere approve Warner-Lenz—what further proof—what greater evidence—we ask you—is necessary?

You know the danger of night driving with the old-time glare. You know how hopeless dimmers are. You know the laws that are against those makeshift lights.

Why resist Warner-Lenz longer? Why put off that satisfaction that is sure to come?



Singer



McFARLAN
SIX

Blinding Glares Ended

Most night driving troubles come from improper lighting.

Warner-Lenz—now that they are becoming universal—end all blinding glares forever. For this new scientific light breaks up the beams. It diffuses the light. You can look straight into a Warner-Lenz and not blink. Yet your light is not reduced. Warner-Lenz do not dim.

As you drive behind Warner-Lenz, each lamp throws out a penetrating spray of nearly 180 degrees. The visual angle of the eyes is similar to the luminous angle of Warner-Lenz. The greatest intensity is in front, of course.

But here is the great feature—Warner-Lenz light the sides as well, beyond the curb or roadside, just as your eyes give a circular vision, even when looking straight ahead. So sidewise dangers are disclosed

Turns are lighted up plainly—and *while* you turn.

Not A Dimmer

Once you equip your car with Warner-Lenz, you discard dimmers, and other contraptions. Your lamps cannot blind nor confuse others.

Warner-Lenz removes dangers both to yourself and the other fellow.

Treacherous country roads, railway crossings, fallen trees and other menaces are unfolded as by daylight—before you reach them.

Night driving everywhere becomes a real pleasure. Strain is relieved. Protection is certain.

After once driving behind Warner-Lenz you'll never return to the glaring shaft or weak dimmer.

Why Resist?

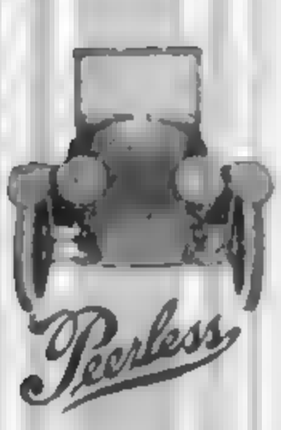
Experts unite in saying that Warner-Lenz are the final solution.

Then why not equip your car with Warner-Lenz? If they were not as advertised, do you think 350,000 drivers would keep them? Or would our list of manufacturers keep growing? Would they spend this extra money if Warner-Lenz were not superior?

This great invention carries the personal guarantee of A. P. Warner, inventor of the Warner Speedometer. All motorists know his contributions to the automobile world.

Your nearest accessory dealer can put a pair of Warner-Lenz on your car in a minute. Whatever your car, there's a size to fit. Remember, these are lenses, not lamps.

Or if you cannot find Warner-Lenz nearby, we will see that you are supplied



Peerless

Pathfinder

PRICE OF WARNER-LENZ—Per Pair

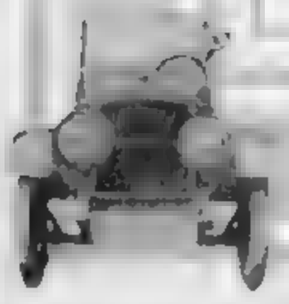
Diameter in inches	Diameter in inches	Diameter in inches
5 to 9, inclusive, $3 50	9¼ to 10, inclusive, $4.00	10¾ to 12, inclusive, $5.00

West of Rockies, 25c per pair extra

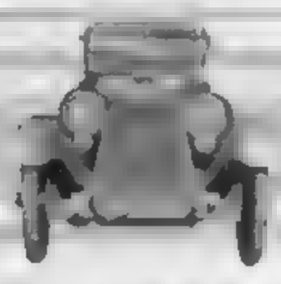
THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY
918 So. Michigan Av., Chicago

WARNER-LENZ

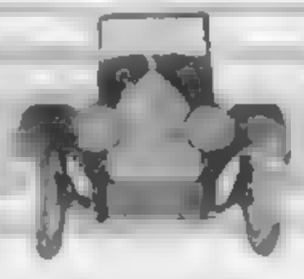
Warner-Lens are now standard equipment on fourteen cars of class as pictured on this page.



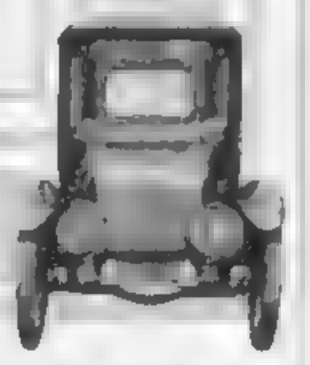
DOBLE
STEAM CAR



FAGEOL



FIAT



OHIO
ELECTRIC

OUR ARMY OVERSEAS

(Continued from Page 28)

of his education in England. Though an American by nationality and sentiment, the boy felt it his duty to fight for England. At the age of nineteen he enlisted as a private and was assigned to a motor-machine-gun company. Within six months he had a commission. At last accounts he was a captain, and he had been invalided home for an illness that a few months away from the trenches will cure. He has become an expert in motor machine guns. We probably have no officer who ever fought a motor machine gun in action; few of our officers have ever studied the theory of the thing.

All modern warfare includes trench fighting at some stage of the game; there is where technical knowledge of grenades comes in handy. But all modern warfare begins with open fighting; and there the machine gun mounted on an automobile is most deadly. The superiority of the Germans in use and number of these weapons had much to do with their swift advance toward Paris in the first rush of the war. This young man could instruct us in an important matter on which we are probably quite ignorant

A young American got a commission early in the war and entered the Royal Artillery. His eyes were injured by shell shock. The sight was unimpared, but, in the opinion of a Medical Board, the steady concussions of the Front might have blinded him. He was assigned, therefore, to the charge of an anti-aircraft battery at a point where the Germans have made constant raids. He, too, has become an expert in his specialty.

Probably no one in our army has ever fired a gun at a moving aëroplane. We may have had a little practice against kites; but the difference between shooting a cannon at kites and at aëroplanes is the difference between shooting a rifle at a fixed target and at a flying bird. Moreover, there is a complex system for getting the range against an aëroplane. Of that system our army scholars may know something in theory; they certainly do not know it in practice.

At least dozens of Americans, and perhaps scores, hold commissions in the British Royal Artillery. English officers have often remarked in my presence on the cleverness of Americans with artillery; it suits the mechanical genius of our people. So long ago as the second battle of Ypres they told me that some of the sharpest and most reliable young artillery officers they had were citizens of the United States. The number has increased since that time.

I know personally four or five of these men. One of them, a captain, has been assigned to the work of picking off isolated bodies of the enemy. This requires the most accurate handling of artillery. One of my acquaintances is commanding heavy guns with the Saloniki Expedition; the rest were in the Somme attack.

Difficulties of Curtain Fire

Napoleon has been described as a "Corsican adventurer who discovered that a cannon would kill a man"; he made artillery the ruling arm in warfare. Germany might be described as a Teutonic adventurer who learned that a shell would kill more men than a bullet. The great massing of heavy artillery, with which the enemy advanced on France, has brought about the unparalleled situation by which whole nations, the women with the men, have been mobilized to make ammunition for the ever-increasing number of guns.

Artillery technic has improved and changed. Indirect fire, invented by the French, who are the most expert artillerymen in the world, was studied and adopted by the American Army before the war; but now it has been brought to a perfection of which no one then dreamed. Curtain fire is all new; and it seems vital to a modern battle, whether fought in the open or against locked trenches. The British used it in the Somme advance, and the Germans in pushing back the Rumanians.

It consists, as most of my readers probably know, in employing all or most of your guns in drawing a line of exploding shells so thick and heavy that no one can cross it alive, before the enemy who is charging you, or between the enemy whom you are charging and possible reënforcements. As many as a thousand guns may be used in one burst of curtain fire. They are of all calibers and emplaced at varying distances from the objective; yet, when they go off, and continue to go off as fast as men can work them, each must be ranged accurately on its part of the objective line.

Moreover, curtain fire is often an emergency call. The commanding officer has no time to make preparations. The rocket signal goes up: "Stand by for curtain fire!" And almost immediately there follows the signal: "Fire!" All this requires the most expert teamwork; the most exact knowledge concerning the fine points.

As an officer of the regular army has remarked: "We haven't enough guns to make even a bead portière." But when, after the first muddle, we begin to turn out the guns we shall need to learn how to use them. Probably the staff and artillery officers of the army have studied curtain fire theoretically; nevertheless, there is hardly an artillery officer in the army who could not go to school, with advantage, to our subalterns in the British Artillery.

Again, aëroplane direction of artillery fire was unknown before the war. Now it is universal and vitally necessary. Our young artillery officers have been training a little with our new flying corps, I believe—learning to judge from the air the distance between exploding bombs and given objectives. Still, this is a very different thing from making the observation in actual battle, with the enemy exploding shrapnel about you and the shells falling on complicated military works.

Men of the Foreign Legion

Young French artillery observation officers, trained with the aviators at the flying schools, have told me that their education was only begun when they went to the Front. Here, again, our American officers with the British forces could give the best of our West Pointers cards and spades.

We have heard a great deal of the American flying squadrilla at the French Front, largely because it exists as a body, has the American name attached to it, and is supported from America. The American aviators with the British Army are scattered all through the flying corps, and have, therefore, lost their identity as Americans. Yet we have probably more airmen with the British than with the French.

The Scotch are as nothing for canniness to the French. Those admirable people love the stranger who has volunteered for France; but they take good care that the direction of things shall remain in French hands. So the Foreign Legion is mainly officered by native Frenchmen; and the legionary, whether Spaniard, Czech, South American, North American, or what not, must show exceptional valor and ability to get a commission.

Up to the time of my last information only two American legionaries had achieved bars on their coat sleeves. The one of these whom I know has been a lieutenant in our cavalry. When the war broke out he enlisted as a private in the Foreign Legion. His valor won him not only the regular military decorations but also the Legion of Honor, a ribbon usually given for civilian services to the state, but quite unusual as a military decoration.

However, the Foreign Legion includes scores of young Americans, privates or noncommissioned officers, who would have risen from the ranks under a more open system of promotion. Alan Seeger, that young poet who died for France last year, was exactly the kind of man who would have made a good American officer. These men are all far advanced in modern military education as compared with any but the most expert officers of our regular army.

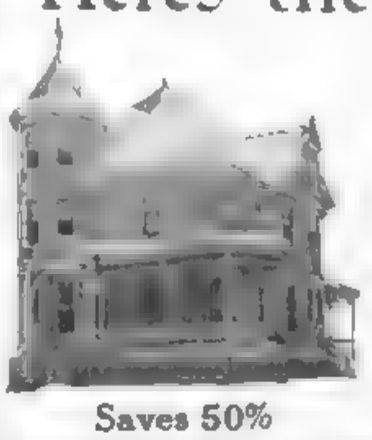
While I am on this subject I must mention, also, the three or four hundred young Americans who have been running ambulances at the French Front. For intelligence and education they are a superb set of men—the very best kind of officer material. Being Americans, they are driven by our national intellectual curiosity to inquire into everything. Unconsciously they have been studying modern military technic, and studying it with that admirable army to whose conception of discipline we shall have to come if we are to make our army a success.

Up to last autumn, when I left France, thirty-eight men had received their brevets

Coal Bills Cut ½ to ⅔

Guaranteed With The Williamson Underfeed

Here's the Evidence to Prove It



Saves 50%

"For the past four years I have been using a Williamson UNDERFEED. The longer I use it the better I like it. I am heating ten [illegible] a heater of the ordinary type."

Signed) Newton Ellis,
310 W. Elm St., Canton, Ill.

Saves One-Half

"My house is a nine-room house and the [illegible] Albert Mano

Saves $47

"I take great pleasure in being able to advise that with the UNDERFEED our coal [illegible] enough to recommend the UNDERFEED [illegible] the house is warm.

Signed) R. B. Zeller,
7140 Lunt Ave., Chicago, Ill.

EVERYWHERE from Maine to California UNDERFEED furnaces and boilers are being installed as rapidly as our factories can turn them out. The number grows daily. And back of every one is a guarantee of coal bills reduced ½ to ⅔. Just figure the millions of dollars saved to users the UNDERFEED way—*guaranteed, mind you!*

Back of that guarantee stands a million dollar concern. No matter where you live, or what dealer sells you an UNDERFEED, this guarantee is always good, provided the apparatus is properly installed and operated.

Read the letters shown to the left—picked at random from thousands just like them—letters telling of more and better heat, and of coal bills cut ½ to ⅔—guaranteed with the UNDERFEED!

In Buildings Large and Small

For Warm Air, Hot Water, Steam or Vapor

Forget how large or how small your building may be. Remember the UNDERFEED guarantee. The UNDERFEED saves, first, by burning the cheaper grades of coal as effectively as others burn the costlier grades. That's a first great saving you're always sure of!

Then, again, the UNDERFEED burns coal on the "candle" principle. Fuel is always below the hot, clean, effective fire, which is never smothered or chilled by new coal being dumped on. The fire never has to fight its way up against fresh coal. Smoke, soot or gas—valuable heat elements—are transformed into clean, effective heat as they *pass up through* the fire!

WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED Furnaces Boilers

Cut Coal Bills ½ to ⅔ Guaranteed

Cut of Coal showing how the UNDERFEED burns coal on the "candle" principle. Coal fed from below. Hot, clean fire always on top.

And the same great guaranteed saving can be yours, whether you heat with warm air, hot water, steam, or vapor. It's all the same to the UNDERFEED. No stooping. No grubbing. No partly burned coals. Everything burned to a clean white ash!

Big Money-Saving Book Free

"From Overfed to UNDERFEED" pictures and fully describes the unique, scientific UNDERFEED principle. Shows how easily operated by a boy of twelve. You will find this free book mighty interesting. What is more you will find it really, downright money-saving—guaranteed with the UNDERFEED. The coupon brings it without cost or obligation. Send the coupon NOW.

The Williamson Heater Co.
321 Fifth Avenue **Cincinnati, Ohio**

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO., 321 Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ½ to ⅔ with a Williamson UNDERFEED.

Warm Air _____ Steam or Hot Water
(Mark X after System interested in)

Name _____

Address _____

My Heating Contractor's Name is _____

HEATING CONTRACTORS: Let us tell you about the Williamson UNDERFEED and our proposition. Both are winners.

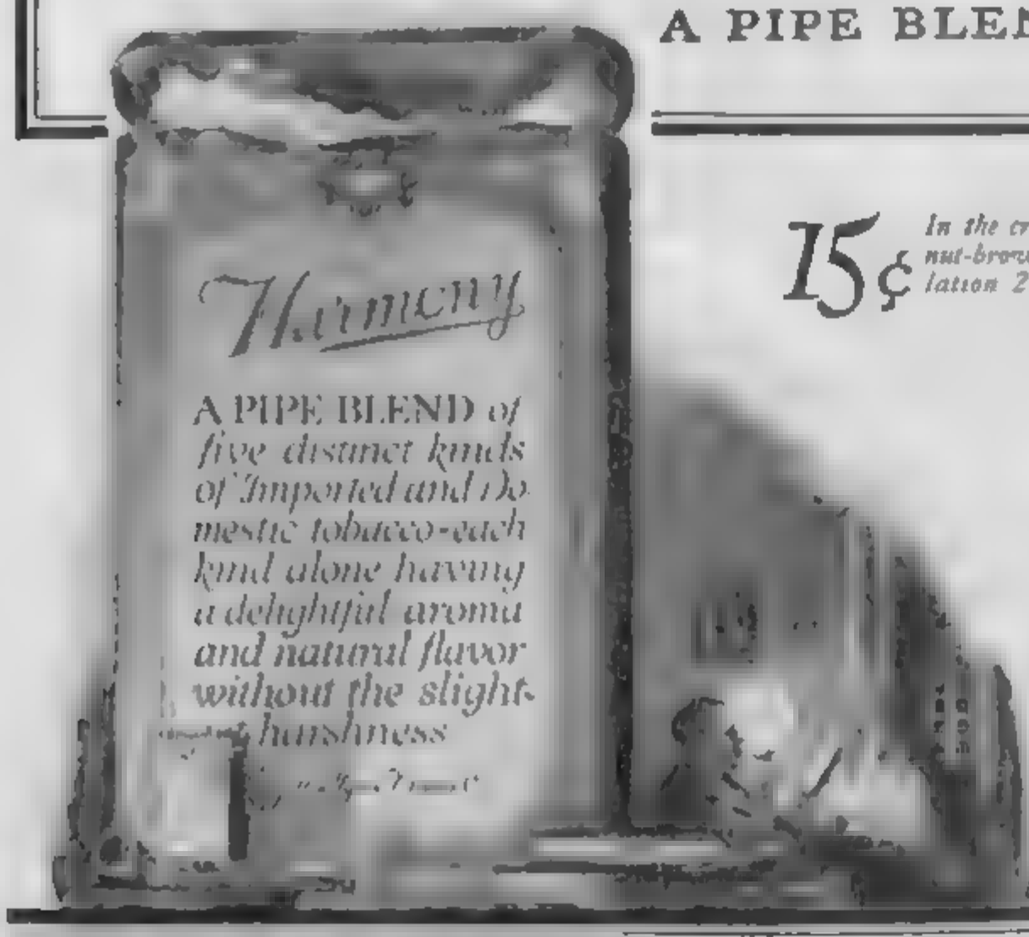
Not One Tobacco—but a Blend of Several Tobaccos

Of course a pipe-smoke made of *several* choice tobaccos, skilfully blended, tastes better than a pipe-smoke made of any *one* choice tobacco alone. But you'll never fully realize how MUCH more richness and "character" and mildness a *blend* can give you until you have actually smoked the Harmony blend in your own pipe.

If your dealer cannot supply you, enclose 15 cents in stamps, for the full-sized 2-ounce tin, postage prepaid. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HARMONY

A PIPE BLEND


Harmony
A PIPE BLEND of five distinct kinds of Imported and Domestic tobacco-each kind alone having a delightful aroma and natural flavor without the slightest harshness

15¢ *In the cream-colored, nut-brown tin. Regulation 2-ounce size.*

Use Golden Star "Auto Body Polish" On Your Car!

Cleans thoroughly—polishes perfectly—with one application. One quart lasts a year. Your dealer can tell you all about it. Manufactured by R. W. MORRIS MFG. CO., Kansas City, Mo.

Paint Your Own Car

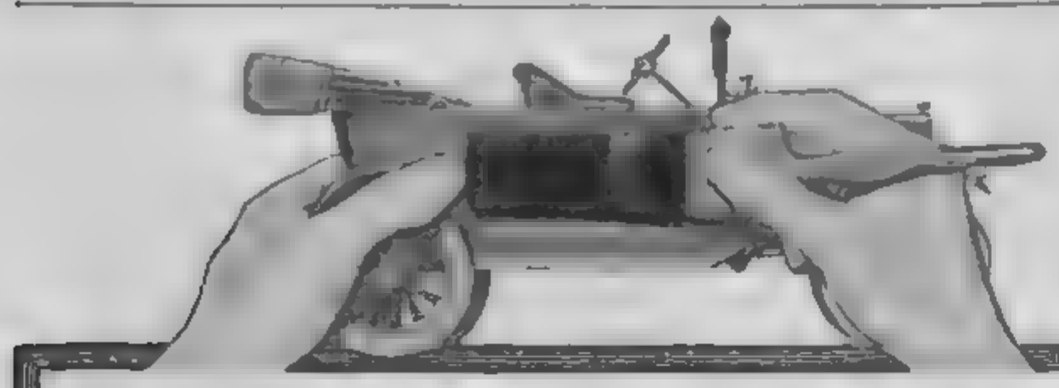
Easy to do and very satisfactory by using AUTONAMEL. Complete outfits, everything needed, $5 to $10. Write for free booklet and color card.
AUTONAMEL COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

If your money is earning less than 4% interest it will pay you to write for a copy of our free Booklet "M" which explains the advantages of our plan of Banking by Mail.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 65 CAPITAL & SURPLUS $8,000,000.00 MILLION DOLLARS.

You're The Man! We want your spare time. Will you sell it? All about you are subscribers for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. You can earn $20 a week in your spare time securing their subscriptions. Address THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 158 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA



Paint Your Ford for $1.00

You can do it easily, quickly and conveniently with Glidden Auto Finish.
—easily, because Glidden Auto Finish makes your car like new with only one coat.
—quickly, because it goes on in short order and dries in less than 48 hours.
—conveniently, because you don't have to lay up your car for a week or two.
Go to your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you send $1.00 ($1.25 in Canada) for one quart of Auto Finish Black to THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., 1502 Berea Rd., Cleveland, O.

Note to Dealers—Send at once for our Marketing Book of Glidden Auto Finishes.

GLIDDEN AUTO FINISHES

as flyers in the American Aviation Corps with the French Army. A few more were scattered among the strictly French units. Of the thirty-eight, three had been killed, two or three had gone home disabled, a few had served out a short-term enlistment, and the rest were still at work.

The uses of the aëroplane in battle grow month by month. At first, they merely marked for batteries or dropped projectiles in a rather unscientific fashion, and as units. Then the enemy began sending fighting machines to bring down the observers with machine guns. So, before the war was a year old, the machines, and the men who flew them, became specialized.

Roughly there are three types of machines, with skilled pilots to correspond. Heaviest and most formidable are the armored aëroplanes, the artillery of the air, equipped often with small cannon as well as machine guns, which guard places like towns, where they need not fly very far or fast. Then come the two-man observation machines, the infantry of the air, which do the work of marking for batteries and scouting. Last come the little, very fast, one-man machines, whose business is solely to fight in the air—to bring down other aircraft. This last type calls for great skill as well as courage in the aviator, and it is a compliment to our American aviators with the French that they run, for the most part, this type of machine.

Now we are teaching men to fly in our aviation school; but we are not teaching them, as yet, to fight in the air. Indeed, practice in this work is difficult to get, except under battle conditions. A target that will represent the motion of an aëroplane in flight has not yet been devised. And shooting a machine gun from an aëroplane doing a hundred miles an hour at another aëroplane making a like speed differs radically from shooting at a fixed target. Moreover, the use of the aëroplane in war has been extended to a point of which we scarcely dream on this side of the water.

Recently they have taken to swooping down and turning their machine guns on exposed troops. Further, during the Somme advance they often directed not only the artillery but the infantry advance. Soaring dangerously near the ground above the heads of the attacking force, they signaled the position and numbers of the enemy, and advised the infantry officers whether to go on or to dig in and hold. All these tricks and many others our aviators with the French Army know; our regular-army officers know them not, because they are brand-new developments of the last year.

A New Military Art

As an illustration of the innovations in land warfare, of its specialization, let me mention what the French call *camouflage*, which means the art of concealing things from the enemy. The French say: "A gun discovered is a gun destroyed." The armies hide their artillery from aëroplane observers as carefully as they hide their snipers. During the height of a great battle on the Western Front I skirted a sunken field of some forty or fifty acres. It had been planted in wheat before the battle; the wheat stood now, rank and overripe. From this field came the constant bang-bang-bang-bang! of field guns. Yet the only thing visible to the eye was a light mist of artillery smoke hanging over the wheat.

There may have been a hundred guns in that field; but, though I looked long and carefully, I saw not one. How it was done I do not know; and I asked no questions. That was a secret of the *camouflcurs*. Now I take it for granted that we know little of this art. Yet among these scene painters and landscape gardeners of war at the Allied Front there is more than one American.

Concerning the Americans on the Italian Front I must speak from poorer information. Of the two hundred thousand or more Italian soldiers who have lived in America, many if not most belong to the class of migratory laborers. These men generally sailed in the steerage for New York early in the spring and returned to Italy late in the autumn. The rest, however, had settled in America for good, but felt their duty to the land of their blood when Italy went to war. Many of them had been naturalized.

Again, a few native Americans of Italian parentage have volunteered. In Rome I encountered a sergeant, a naturalized American, married to an American woman; before the war an engineer in California. He was a Socialist by opinion.

"But Socialists are usually opposed to war and nationalism," said I. "What are you doing here?"

"I am here to fight not for king or for country, but for the spirit of the Latin race!" he replied.

On the Isonzo Front I heard of a naturalized American who has achieved a commission by his valor and intelligence. In the hinterland of the Adamello Alps I was hailed in sharp American by a captain of cavalry. He is a broker in Philadelphia, married to an American woman; and he was almost pathetically eager to hear some "home talk" in Broadway slang.

At least seven-eighths of the war on the Italian Front is mountain fighting. The Isonzo sector resembles, in its higher reaches, the Catskills; the Julian Alps are like the Appalachians, though in places they rise much higher; the rest of the way is a steeper version of the Rockies. The Italians are expert mountain fighters, with a technic of their own, much of which has been developed during this war.

We have range after range of mountains in this country, one or more of which might have to be defended in case of invasion. Moreover, war in this country might call for military engineering on a gigantic scale; and military engineering is the thing the Italians do supremely well.

By this time the drift of my remarks may be apparent. Making a conservative deduction from Lord Northcliffe's figures, let us say that we have in the armies of the Entente Allies forty thousand American citizens—a whole army corps. Assembled, they would make the most formidable body of its size that ever wore our uniform. Scattered intelligently through a new volunteer army, their value would be beyond calculation. As England has learned, the great difficulty in forming a brand-new army from a peace population is not in training the men but finding and educating the officers.

Our Obvious Course

Hundreds of these Americans are finished officers of the new warfare. They could take high command in our new regiments, or they could become instructors. Thousands of others, still in the ranks of the allied armies, would be better material for subaltern officers than almost any man now in civilian clothes. The rest, as non-commissioned officers, or even as privates, would make admirable stiffening among raw troops.

We may, before long, find ourselves in an alliance, avowed or tacit, with the Entente Powers. And the obvious thing to do would be to ask diplomatically for the return of these men to our flag.

If we keep out of this war, and if at its close we still intend to create an adequate modern army, the proper course is no less plain, though a little more difficult. We should be keeping track of these men, in order that when they are discharged we may persuade as many of them as possible to adopt a regular military career in our own army. In that case we at once encounter two obstacles:

First, the Department of State has ruled—somewhat hazily—that an American who has forsworn his allegiance to enter a foreign army in this war is no longer an American citizen.

The other is more serious: We have no provision for taking officers into our regular force above the grade of second lieutenant. One of these American officers with foreign armies who wished to enter our army would have to begin at the bottom.

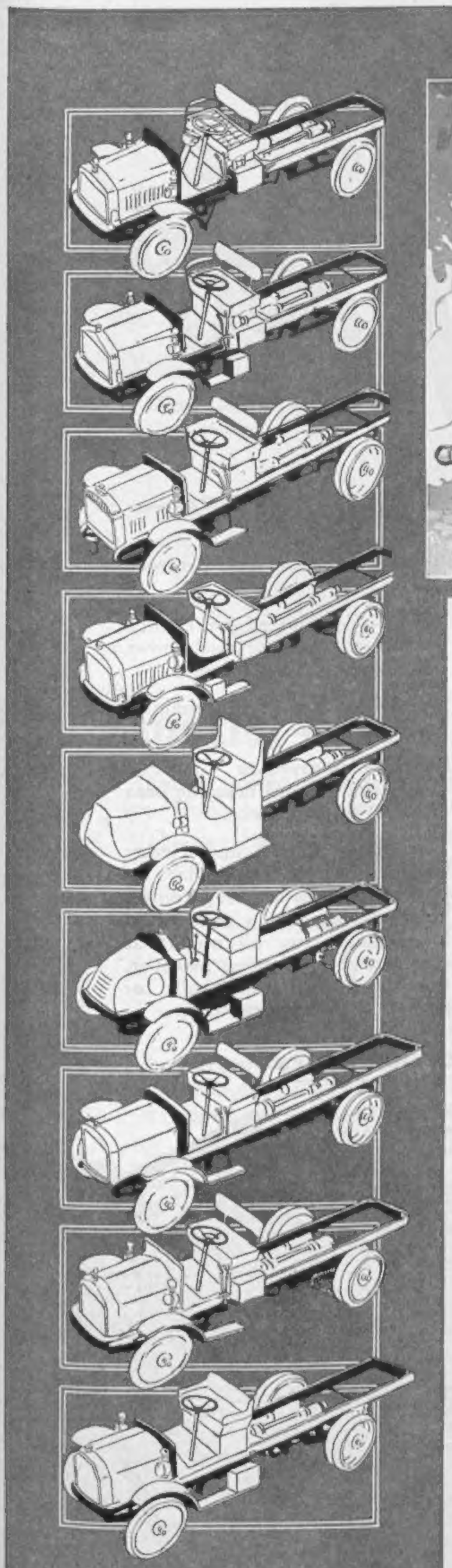
Now a veteran who has been a colonel or a major in this most real of all real wars, who knows more about some specialty than any man in the American Army, would be more than human if he consented to enter a peace army at its very lowest rank. And these men, with their knowledge and their proved ability, are the ones we may need most of all.

But our army, like most others, is jealous of its promotion system, and we may expect opposition to a change in the present course of procedure; in fact, a chief of a bureau in Washington, with whom I discussed this matter, said:

"Do you expect men who have stood by to give place to outsiders?"

This may not be the spirit of the army as a whole, but it is the spirit of some of its members.

It will require some intelligent understanding on the part of Congress and some self-sacrifice on the part of the Army. Yet we shall be foolish wasters if we do not grasp this opportunity.



Choose from the Dominant Ten

Base Your Choice of Motor Trucks on Specifications

You demand strength—economy—high service achievement—durability—specialized mechanical development in your motor truck.

Big buyers whose individual orders range from one to fleet equipment, who buy on proved specifications, confine their choice to ten big dominant manufacturers.

Definite Features of Advantage And even among the ten dominant manufacturers, SERVICE trucks stand out with certain very definite features of advantage—the result of the most exhaustive investigation of motor truck requirements.

Six Chassis—One to Five Tons SERVICE motor trucks are designed in six chassis sizes. Each is as individual as though it were the only model built—each is refined—developed—individually built for the work it has to do.

20% Super Strength

Among the dominant ten manufacturers whose product finds biggest use among careful buyers, SERVICE Motor Trucks stand out with 20% super-strength. Frame, springs, motor, worm drive construction—the truck throughout shows super-efficiency—super-strength—super-development of manufacturing ingenuity.

Yet with this super-strength—this super-design—SERVICE motor trucks are notably light, adding to wonderful road stamina, real remarkable economy.

67% of SERVICE truck sales were Re-orders in 1916
60% of SERVICE truck sales were Re-orders in 1915

Models to Meet Your Requirements—new prices

1 ton truck	$1425	2 ton truck	$2350	3½ ton (Special Contractors)	$3350
1½ ton truck	2100	3½ ton truck	3100	5 ton truck	4150

The normal increase in price of Service Motor Trucks is particularly reasonable in view of the general advance among all manufacturers.

13 Point Booklet

Send for our big Illustrated Thirteen Point Booklet. It will give you just the information you are looking for.

Service Motor Truck Company

Main Office and Factory: Wabash, Ind.

Dept. T3

Chicago, Ill.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Des Moines, Iowa	Washington, D. C.	Detroit, Mich.
New York, N. Y.	Newark, N. J.	Baltimore, Md.	Savannah, Ga.	Denver, Colo.
Norfolk, Va.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Columbus, Ohio	New Orleans, La.	Knoxville, Tenn.
St. Louis, Mo.	Buffalo, N. Y.	Cincinnati, Ohio	Hoboken, N. J.	Memphis, Tenn.
Louisville, Ky.	Salt Lake City, Utah	Youngstown, Ohio	Philadelphia, Pa.	Birmingham, Ala.
Omaha, Neb.	Milwaukee, Wis.	Canton, Ohio	Rochester, N. Y.	Dayton, Ohio
Boston, Mass.	Bridgeport, Conn.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Tulsa, Okla.	Nashville, Tenn.

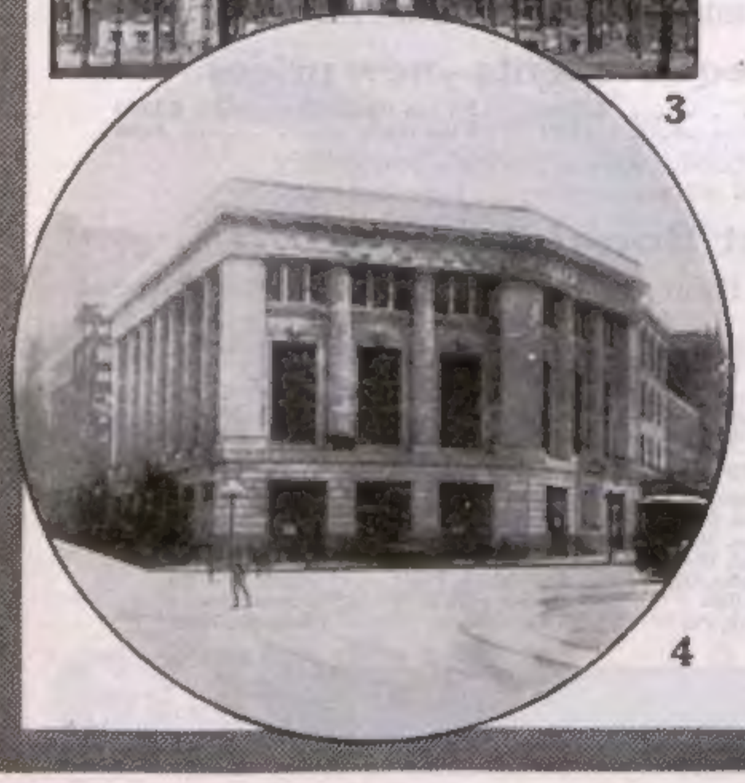
Barrett Specification Roofs

A copy of The Barrett 20-Year Specification, with roofing diagrams, sent free on request.

1

2

3



4

In Grand Rapids, for instance—

IN almost any American city—you can pick out any of the leading commercial buildings and say with fair certainty, "*That building has a Barrett Specification Roof.*"

Take the City of Grand Rapids, for instance. Here are the four newest buildings: the new Hotel, a new Wholesale Grocery, the new Y. M. C. A., and the new Bank.

They all have Barrett Specification Roofs.

Most permanent buildings in the country carry this type of roof—and their popularity is not to be wondered at when you consider the following features:

First—Lowest unit cost per year of service.

Second—Guaranteed for twenty years, with a record which shows that they last much longer.

Third—Freedom from maintenance expense.

Fourth—Approved as "Class A" construction and take the base rate of fire insurance.

Tile, Slate, Shingle and Ready Roofings—all have their place on different types of steep-roofed buildings; tin is now rarely used for roofing. For all important commercial structures, however, the standard practice calls for Barrett Specification Roofs.

Guaranteed for 20 years

We are now prepared to give a 20-Year Surety Bond Guaranty on every Barrett Specification Roof of fifty squares and over in all towns in the United States and Canada of 25,000 population and more, *and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.*

This Surety Bond will be issued by the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore and will be furnished by us *without charge.* Our only requirements are that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us and that The Barrett Specification, dated May 1, 1916, shall be strictly followed.

The Barrett Company

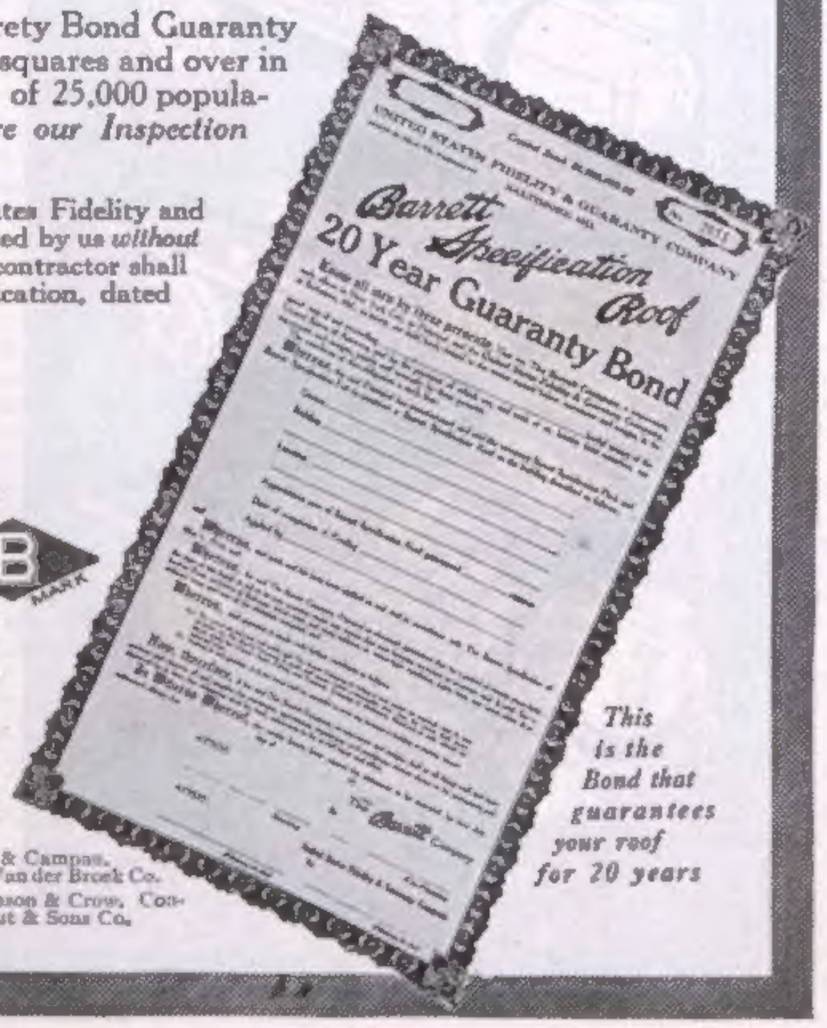
Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston
St. Louis	Cleveland	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh
Detroit	Birmingham	Kansas City	Minneapolis
Nashville	Salt Lake City	Seattle	Peoria

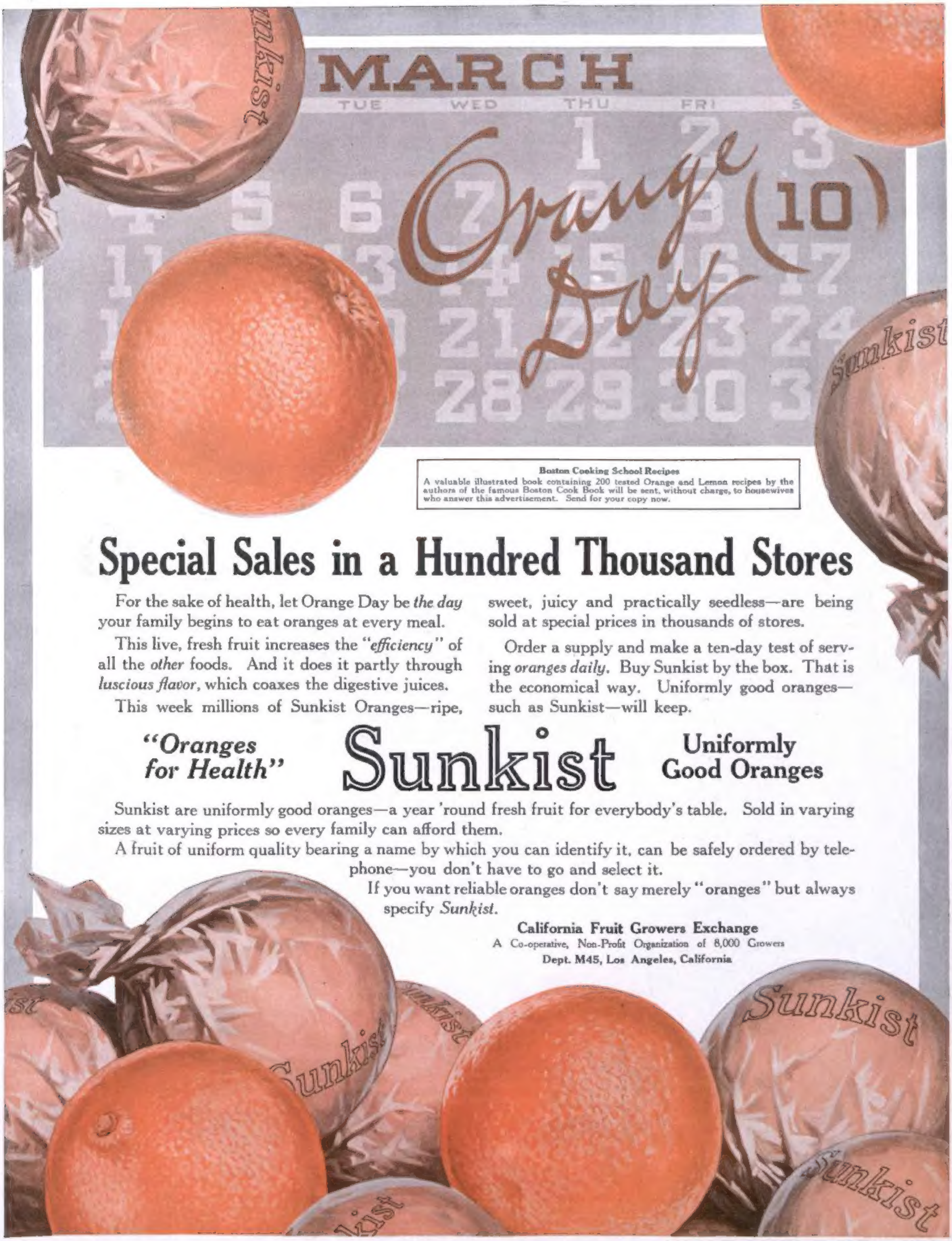
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Halifax, N.S. Sydney, N.S.

Description of illustrations:

1. Pantlind Hotel, Grand Rapids, Mich. General Contractor: Fuller Construction Co., N. Y. C. Roofing Contractors: M. W. Powell Co., Chicago, Ill. Waterproofing Contractors: Tuttle Roofing Co., N. Y. C.
2. Caulfield Building, Grand Rapids, Mich. Architects: Wernette, Bradfield & Mead. Contractors: Horner & Kelly. Roofing Contractors: Elkenhout & Sons Co.
3. Y. M. C. A. Building, Grand Rapids, Mich. Architects: Robinson & Campau. Contractors: Hauser, Owen, Ames Co. Roofing Contractors: George Van der Broek Co.
4. National City Bank, Grand Rapids, Mich. Architects: Williamson & Crow. Contractors: Hauser, Owen, Ames Co. Roofing Contractors: Elkenhout & Sons Co.



This is the Bond that guarantees your roof for 20 years



Boston Cooking School Recipes
A valuable illustrated book containing 200 tested Orange and Lemon recipes by the authors of the famous Boston Cook Book will be sent, without charge, to housewives who answer this advertisement. Send for your copy now.

Special Sales in a Hundred Thousand Stores

For the sake of health, let Orange Day be *the day* your family begins to eat oranges at every meal.

This live, fresh fruit increases the "*efficiency*" of all the *other* foods. And it does it partly through *luscious flavor*, which coaxes the digestive juices.

This week millions of Sunkist Oranges—ripe, sweet, juicy and practically seedless—are being sold at special prices in thousands of stores.

Order a supply and make a ten-day test of serving *oranges daily*. Buy Sunkist by the box. That is the economical way. Uniformly good oranges—such as Sunkist—will keep.

"Oranges for Health" **Sunkist** **Uniformly Good Oranges**

Sunkist are uniformly good oranges—a year 'round fresh fruit for everybody's table. Sold in varying sizes at varying prices so every family can afford them.

A fruit of uniform quality bearing a name by which you can identify it, can be safely ordered by telephone—you don't have to go and select it.

If you want reliable oranges don't say merely "oranges" but always specify *Sunkist*.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Co-operative, Non-Profit Organization of 8,000 Growers
Dept. M45, Los Angeles, California

Victor

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Hearing the world's greatest artists is an everyday pleasure with a Victrola

Just as real, just as enjoyable, in your own home as though you were hearing them in the great opera houses and theatres of the world.

Hearing them at home on the Victrola has these advantages: You can make your choice of artists and selections, and have as many encores as you desire.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—$10 to $400.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Important Notice. All Victor Talking Machines are patented and are only *licensed*, and with right of use with Victor Records only. All Victor Records are patented and are only *licensed*, and with right of use on Victor Talking Machines only. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coördinated and synchronized by our special processes of manufacture; and their use, except with each other, is not only unauthorized, but damaging and unsatisfactory.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Victrola